REAL WEST

50¢ MARCH 1973

CDC 00174

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

The Original "Singing" Cowboy,

JOHN WAYNE

Famous LIGHTHOUSES of the OLD WEST

LA TULES, "Notorious" Gambling Lady

The Mystery of DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY

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$31,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

$16,000.00 FIRST PRIZE

JUST SOLVE OUR SIMPLE PUZZLES AND YOU MAY BE ON YOUR WAY.

FIRST PRIZE	**$16,000.00**
Second Prize	$ 5,000.00
Third Prize	$ 3,000.00
Fourth Prize	$ 1,500.00
Fifth Prize	$ 700.00

Plus 95 other GIGANTIC CASH AWARDS! Just name this popular breed of dog and you're off and running!

Official Entry Blank

Aquarius $31,000.00 "MAN'S BEST FRIEND" CONTEST!

RULES & DIRECTIONS

Fill in the blank squares to complete the name of the breed of dog pictured above. (We've filled in the first letter to get you started). The clue words or pictures will help you fill in the rest.

GENTLEMEN:

I would like to enter your $31,000.00 cash award "MAN'S BEST FRIEND" puzzle contest. Here is my completed entry puzzle with 25c for postage and handling. If my answer is correct, please RUSH me all contest details, and let me know how to get started towards that gigantic $16,000.00 first prize!

Stealing is a_____	C	RIME
Opposite of Close		PEN
Young Sheep		AMB
		ADDER
Opposite of Out		N
		AR

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$31,000.00 CASH AWARD
"MAN'S BEST FRIEND" SERIES

Name (Please PRINT Carefully) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

AQUARIUS CONTESTS 7551 MELROSE AVE. Dept. 8476, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90046

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SAVES UP TO 2 GALLONS OF GAS EVERY HOUR!

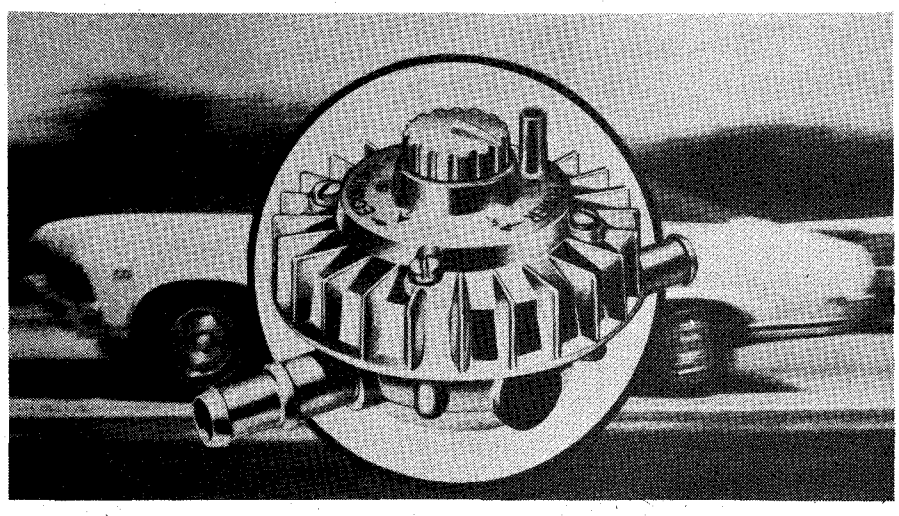
And Gives You Up To 25% More Horsepower Doing It!

How? By eliminating "Fuel-Pump Slop-Over"! And thus feeding your car up to 25% LESS gas (as much as two gallons an hour in heavy stop-and-go driving) . . . *at the same exact time that it gives you up to 25% MORE Horsepower doing it!*

Like this . . .

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TO YOU? Just this—

- **Up to 8 miles MORE per gallon—INSTANTLY!**
- **Jackrabbit starts—INSTANTLY!**
- **Skyrocket passing power—INSTANTLY!**
- **Up to 10 miles more per hour top speed—INSTANTLY!**
- **And up to $100 a year savings on your repair bills alone—INSTANTLY . . . and for as long as you drive that car!**



What does it cost you? Less than a new set of spark plugs! Less than five cents for every dollar you can save on gas bills THIS YEAR ALONE!

And how does it work? As simple as this—

Stops Your Fuel-Pump From Over-Feeding Your Engine One Minute . . . And Starving It The Next!

Your car, like every other car, stores its gasoline in a gas tank . . . and then draws that gas out of that tank and feeds it to your engine with a fuel pump. This fuel pump was invented over fifty years ago! It is a mechanical idiot! It has no brain—just a pump! And therefore, it always feeds your engine THE SAME EXACT AMOUNT OF GASOLINE, whether you're stopped dead in traffic . . . or spurting past another car at eighty mile an hour!

Think about it for a moment! The way gas is fed into your engine today, when you're pulled up for a light your engine is being flooded with gas that it can't possibly burn! (That's why stop-and-go driving is so incredibly expensive—because most of your gas goes right out the tailpipe.) Then when you pick up speed again to turn onto a highway, your engine is still wasting a little less gas at 20 miles an hour . . . wasting a little less gas at 30 miles an hour . . . and finally getting just the right amount of gas for top performance at about 40 or 50 miles an hour!

And then, if you go over 50 miles an hour . . . if you really want to zoom away at 60, 70 or 80 . . . or if you need "instant-muscle" to flash away from another car on a curve . . . then your "idiot fuel pump" STILL gives you the same exact amount of gas it fed you when you were going 40 miles an hour LESS—and leaves you puffing and puffing with your neck stuck out, as though that car was 20 years old and carrying a ton of cement!

IT COULD COST YOU YOUR LIFE ON A BAD CURVE! IT DOES COST YOU UP TO $100 A YEAR ON WASTED GAS ALONE! AND IT CAN ALL BE CORRECTED— IN JUST FIVE MINUTES WITH A SCREWDRIVER—LIKE THIS . . .

Now, just picture the startling difference with this ED ALMQUIST *MINI-INJECTOR* on your engine—

As you can see by the photo above, the MINI-INJECTOR is small enough to hold in your hand. It slips right on to your engine, between the fuel pump and the carburetor. A 12-year-old boy can put it on perfectly, using nothing more than a screwdriver, even if he never opened the hood before. But once he's done . . . and once you switch on that engine again . . . you're going to HEAR the difference—and FEEL the difference—from the very first second that engine ROARS to life again.

Yes! ROARS to life again! Because this is a NEW TYPE OF ENGINE you're driving with from now on! An engine that operates at absolute top gas-power every single driving second! THAT DOESN'T GET ONE DROP OF GAS IT DOESN'T NEED . . . AND DOESN'T WASTE ONE OUNCE OF POWER THAT IT CAN DELIVER TO YOUR WHEELS!

And this fact shows up for you the instant you start your car! Because—even on freezing mornings—your key is hardly in the switch before that engine is purring with power! Why? Because now there's no gas-flood at all. The walls of that cold engine aren't being choked up with raw gas that keeps the spark from catching fire . . . and that then drains out into your tailpipe, exactly as though you poured it right on the ground!

Now at this time—YOUR ENGINE ITSELF SIGNALS TO THE MINI-INJECTOR EXACTLY HOW MUCH GAS IT NEEDS TO START! And the MINI-INJECTOR tells the fuel pump to deliver JUST THAT AMOUNT OF GAS, AND NOT ONE DROP MORE!

You're off in less time than it takes a second passenger to close the door! And you're about to take the most thrilling ride of your entire driving life!

You Would Never Have Believed That Your Engine Could Deliver Power Like This! AND ALL AT A SAVING OF ONE GALLON OUT OF EVERY FIVE!

Now pull into the street and start cruising up to the first traffic light. You'll notice instantly that your foot sits lighter on the pedal . . . that your engine sounds silken-smooth . . . that it's practically floating up to that light, even though it was stone-cold only a few short seconds ago.

There's no coughing, or stalling or bucking—even in those first few cold minutes. And when you pull up to the light, and put your foot on the brake, your engine will tone right down to a contented purr. It will be quieter than you've ever heard it before, without the slightest shiver in the rest of the car itself. Because now that engine is NOT trying to spit out excess gas! Not trying to jerk away from your brake! NOT letting you know every waiting second that you're pouring money out of its tailpipe!

Now the light changes to green. Wait a second, and then carefully place your foot back on the gas pedal. Make sure to give it LESS pressure—THIS TIME—than you ever did before! BECAUSE THAT FOOT IS GOING TO GIVE YOU MORE BLAST-OFF POWER FROM THAT CAR THAN YOU'VE EVER KNOWN BEFORE! AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND A DAY OR TWO GETTING USED TO IT!

Prove It At The Lights! Prove It On The Hills! PROVE IT ON THE HIGHWAY— BY FLOATING RIGHT PAST OTHER CARS WHEN YOU WANT TO!

From that moment on, driving becomes a totally new experience for you! Because your car suddenly acts like an athlete—instead of a fat overfed fool!

Now you're not fouling that car with too much gas *80* per cent of the time! Now you're not splashing your plugs . . . eating away your valves . . . corroding your cylinders . . . or draining power out of your engine for every mile you drive!

Now, instead, for perhaps the first time in your life, you are sitting behind the kind of lean, tough, instant-response engine that only sports-car drivers knew before! An engine that flattens hills right down at the merest touch of your foot! That takes off screaming at the lights whenever you want to . . . leaves other cars sitting behind you, choking in your dust!

An engine that simply glides past other cars at 70 . . . 80 . . . 90 miles an hour—whenever you want to walk away from them! And that has so much reserve power left that you KNOW that there's no jam you can get into on the highway that it can't zoom you right out of at the lightest touch of your foot!

And—most important of all—STILL USING EVERY THRILL-PACKED SECOND ONLY THE EXACT AMOUNT OF GAS THAT IT NEEDS AT THAT INSTANT—AND NOT ONE SINGLE DROP MORE! So that the gas savings pile up—day after day . . . week after week . . . month after month! Till you've put a $20 bill back in your pocket . . . a $50 bill back in your pocket . . . a $100 bill back in your pocket—all from a simple little "engine-brain" that costs you originally less than a single set of spark plugs!

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS!

Here's how it saves you up to one gallon out of every five—at the same time that it gives you the most power-packed ride of your life!

Think of this MINI-INJECTOR as having two main parts. The first is a "Miniature brain." And the second is an extra fuel pump connected right on to the brain.

Now, what happens when you put this MINI-INJECTOR onto your car is this: The miniature brain automatically senses the exact amount of gas your engine needs at every driving second (it does this by measuring the vacuum pressure within that engine from second to second).

Your fuel pump, on the other hand, has no such measuring device. So it never knows how much gas your engine really needs. So it simply delivers the same amount of gas to that engine, no matter how hard, or how easy that engine is working!

But now MINI-INJECTOR Takes over! And if your fuel pump is delivering TOO MUCH gas to that engine, MINI-INJECTOR blocks that extra gas with its own fuel pump—sends it back and holds it under compression until your carburetor calls for more gas!

Or, when your fuel pump is delivering TOO LITTLE gas to your engine (for example, when it's a life-or-death case of passing another car on a curve), MINI-INJECTOR skyrockets its own fuel pump into action, and shoots in that extra gas your engine needs. THE VERY SECOND IT NEEDS IT!

So you save the money you want—and you get the power you need—EVERY MINUTE YOU DRIVE!

Prove it yourself, entirely at our risk, today!

Prove Every Word Of It At Our Risk! Far More Power On Far Less Gas From The Very First Second—Or We Send Every Cent Of Your Money Back!

And what's the cost for all this performance and all these savings? Only $11.98 complete—less than this MINI-INJECTOR can save you in your very first month!

And you try it entirely at our risk! Just slip it on, and measure the results! Either you're thrilled from the very first take-off—or every cent of your money back!

No ifs, ands or buts! It works for YOU, or it costs you nothing! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon . . . today!

AGENTS, DEALERS, AND DISTRIBUTORS INQUIRIES WELCOME!
MINI-INJECTOR, 1044 Northern Blvd., Roslyn, N.Y. 11576

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

MINI-INJECTOR, Dept. J14839
1044 Northern Blvd., Roslyn, N.Y. 11576

Yes, I want to try your revolutionary new mini-injector entirely at your risk.

☐ I am enclosing only $11.98 to cover full costs at this time. I will try it on my car for one month at your risk. If it does not do *everything* you say, I will then return it to you for every cent of my money back *at once.*

CAR MAKE _____

MODEL _____ YEAR _____ # CYL. _____

Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ *Zip* _____

☐ *If you wish your order sent C.O.D.,* check here. Send only $1.00 now as good-will deposit. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. charges. Same full money-back guarantee, of course.

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REAL WEST

Volume XVI
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The Brand of Quality

Executive Editor/Salvatore Gentile
Managing Editor/Edward T. LeBlanc
Gun Editor/Major R. O. Ackerman
Treasure Editor/E. S. LeGaye
Art Director/Madelyn Fisher

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By Louise Cheney

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By Maurice Kildare

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By Glenn Shirley

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YUKON STEAMERS
By Cy Martin

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How psychic are you?

TEST YOURSELF WITH THESE PROVEN OCCULT MIND OPENERS AND DISCOVER YOUR OWN HIDDEN POWERS WAITING FOR RELEASE!

Test your ESP, clairvoyancy, ability at palmistry, witch-like attributes or analyze your handwriting...only $2.25 for each test. THESE DO-IT-YOURSELF TESTS WERE DEVISED BY RECOGNIZED, RESPECTED EXPERTS IN THE FIELD OF THE OCCULT. Psychics, Astrologers, Tarot Card Readers, Mediums, ESP and Telepathy Experts, Palmists, Numerologists, Graphologists, Yoga Specialists, and gifted spiritualists have all joined with us to give you a direct line to your inner being. They have helped to devise these exciting tests to help you discover and develop your inner powers of psychic awareness and ESP. Simply discovering your own psychic powers may help you solve problems and acquire a new life force.

THE WORLD HAS THOUSANDS OF WITCHES....ARE YOU ONE?

Literally thousands of people have occult powers. Powers of which they are unaware. You may be a true witch with psychic powers you waste every day....Yet these powers may bring you love, wealth, benefits beyond your wildest dreams. You might actually work miracles, make people around you happy simply by becoming conscious of and using your own inner strength. P.D.I. makes you aware of that ability—allowing you to call on it when you need it.

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If you become a member of our unique club you will be invited to occult parties, to meet psychic and other occult devotees. You also have the opportunity to join occult encounter groups and take part in occult research and experiments and psychic tests. You will have an opportunity to travel to unusual places with other members of P.D.I.

Cut out the coupon and mail it together with payment for each test or membership desired to:

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Join the Psychic Dimensions Club now, as a regular member ($8.00 annual fee), and receive our special FREE test. "Is everyone's personality revealed by their handwriting?"

☐ YES! I want to join THE PSYCHIC DIMENSIONS CLUB. I enclose payment of $8.00 for a Regular Membership and expect to receive my free test—"Is everyone's personality revealed by their handwriting?" I understand this is the same test offered at $2.25 in this ad.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ *Zip*_____

I have enclosed $_____ ☐ check ☐ money order

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

WANTS WESTERN MOVIE MATERIAL

Dear Sir:

Your magazine is really tops. I like the letter department and "Ask Your Questions" most. I have learned a lot about many things through it. Great work.

I wonder if you could help me. I had stolen from me over 25,000 clippings of western movie stars such as Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson, Gene Autry, Harry Carey, Ken Maynard, Eddie Pole, William and Dustan Farnum and a host of others. If anyone can help me rebuild my collection, I will send them a gift. I have organized a "Yesterday's Western Movie Hero's Club (Lest We Forget Club) of the western film stars in honor of those who have passed on. How can we forget the western heroes of yesterday.

I do salute your fine magazine. Sometime give us a cover with the movie western greats. I am sure many would be very pleased.

Gratefully,

Chaw Mank
Drawer 30
Staunton, Illinois 62088

WANTS BOOK TITLED "SEVEN AND NINE YEARS"

Dear Sir:

My grandfather followed the first wave of settlers into Iowa Territory in the 1840's after the Sauk and Fox Indians had been dispossessed and exiled to Kansas. In 1896 I was nine years old and my grandfather was long deceased. In his bookcase upstairs I discovered a book, "Seven and Nine Years among the Commanches and Apaches". Of course I read and reread the book with avidity. It never occurred to my child mind that the book was a historical gem which once lost could never be replaced. I was orphaned soon afterward and never saw the book again. Several writers of paper back westerns have alluded to it obliquely as merely "Seven and Nine." Can you find any trace of this book?

Yours Sincerely,

Charles Carson
3501 Hilyard St.
Eugene, Oregon
97405

Maybe some reader can help Mr. Carson.

WANTS MORE INFORMATION ON HOOT GIBSON

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading the October issue of REAL WEST and found it very good. There was one article about Hoot Gibson that I was especially interested in, and I was wondering if you would give me addresses of companies who would have more information on his movies. One of his movies was "The Rambling Kid" and having read the book years ago, I would like to know who played the different characters in the movie. Thanking you and hoping to hear from you soon.

M. Graham
P.O. Box 854
Wetaskiwin, Alberta, Canada

APPALOOSA—INDIAN SPOTTED PONY

Dear Sirs:

Just finished reading a back issue of Real West, the October 1968 issue. I enjoyed reading all the articles especially the one about the march of Chief Joseph. It is too bad the inhumane tortures of the soul, mind and body that a once proud and self sufficient group had to suffer through. All on account of self appointed people who dared to cast them into a total dilemma that some have been unable to overcome to this day. I personally admire the Nez Perce. Once a person earns their friendship, you have a friend for life, because of their belief that a true friend is a brother. I also admire the Nez Perce's gift to mankind, the famous "Indian Spotted Pony", the great Appaloosa. Enclosed is a poem I hope you will like. I wrote it in admiration of this great stout hearted horse.

Respectfully,

Charles Adamson
General Delivery
Grangeville, Idaho
83530

INDIAN SPOTTED PONY
By Charles Adamson

Most interesting horse on the loosa
Real horsemen's horse, the Appaloosa!
They have courage and plenty to spare
Lots of dependability to get you there!
A stout hearted horse, that's plain to see
Speed, endurance, spirited and integrity!
Anything any horse can do, they will deliver
Watching them in action makes you shiver!
A real winner, just watch them prance
As good as the best on any good ranch!
They give their best, then give some more
Just like their ancestors in the days before!
Runs many a mile, big as you please
Then ready to run back swift as a breeze!
Ready, alert, always watching their step
Bursting with energy and full-o-pep!
A "humdinger" always tries to understand
Keeping their minds on the business at hand!
They know what you say, don't have to tell them twice
Might even shake their head, meaning no dice!
Pays to understand them, to know what they mean
It's usually one or another and no in-between!
They are safe with kids, ladies and good friends
Don't make him ornery, he won't break, he bends!
Full of mischief, anything for the thrills
Like scraping under a low limb in the hills!
Horse among men, a real "Lolla'palooza!"
"Indian Spotted Pony", "The Great Appaloosa!"

NAICHE WRONGLY IDENTIFIED

Dear Mr. LeBlanc:

In your last issue I find on page 27 a "rare" photograph of Chief Naiche. I quite agree that it is rare, for it is a photograph not of Naiche, but of Noche, sergeant major of scouts of the company of Apaches under Gatewood.

Several years ago the Smithsonian Institution sent me a number of photographs for identification by the older Apaches living on the Mescalero Apache Reservation. You will recall that many of Geronimo's band were permitted to leave Fort Sill in 1913 to make their homes on this reservation. Among them was Naiche.

This photograph had been labeled "Naiche" by the photographer; evidently the Smithsonian had doubts, for if anyone will carefully compare this with one of Naiche (and there are many) it is obvious that this is not Naiche. Then who is he?

Not only Christian and Maelia Naiche, son and daughter of Chief Naiche, but Sam and Belle Kenoi identified this as Noche. And Mrs. Kenoi was the daughter of Uncas Noche, hence granddaughter of Noche, and should have known.

Similarity of the names, Naiche and Noche, may have accounted for a

(continued on page 73)

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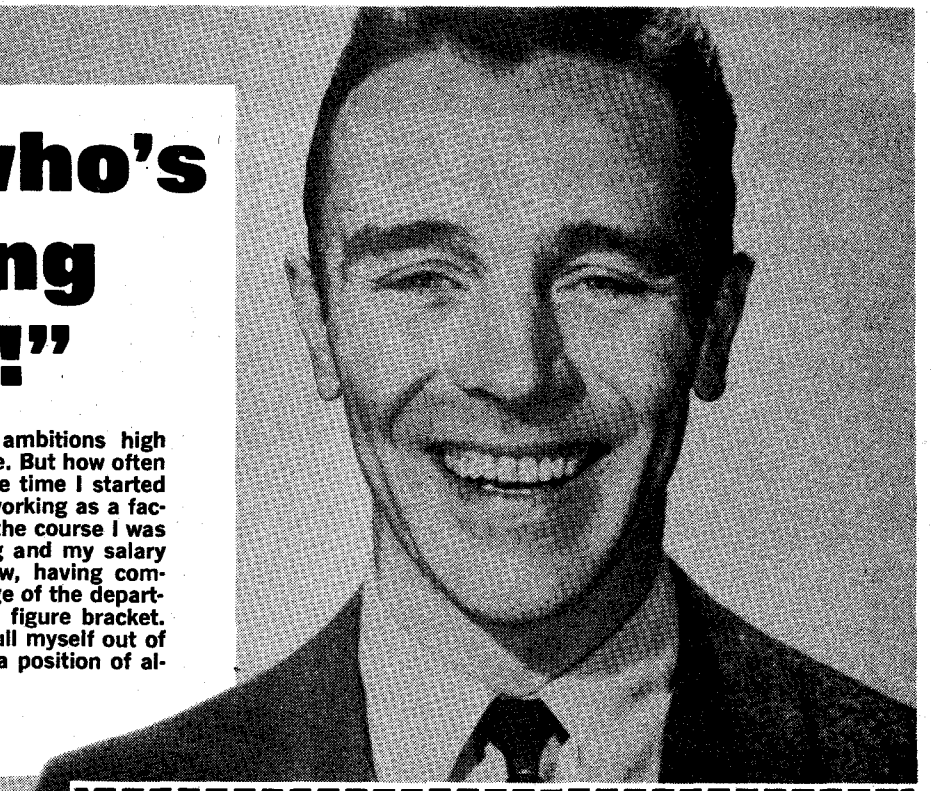
"Look who's smiling now!"

Sometimes a man sets his ambitions high enough to make skeptics smile. But how often he gets the last laugh! "At the time I started studying with LaSalle, I was working as a factory clerk. Before completing the course I was transferred to cost accounting and my salary was increased by $1800. Now, having completed the course, I'm in charge of the department and headed for the five figure bracket. LaSalle's course helped me pull myself out of a boring and ill-paid job into a position of almost unlimited opportunity."



The words in quotes come directly from one of the pleased reports that are sent to us by LaSalle graduates. LaSalle files contain many letters from men and women who have increased their earnings with the help of LaSalle training. You, too, can prepare for the career opportunity of your choice through LaSalle home study — without interfering with your present work—and by devoting only a little of your spare time.

LaSalle has been a leader in home education for more than sixty years, enrolling over 2,000,000 ambitious men and women in its many courses. You study under the supervision of LaSalle's experienced faculty. Upon satisfactory completion of your study, you receive the LaSalle diploma—a respected credential.

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- ☐ Bookkeeping

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- ☐ Management Training

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- ☐ Real Estate Brokerage

TRAFFIC & TRANSPORTATION
- ☐ Complete Training

STENOTYPE
- ☐ Machine Shorthand

LANGUAGE INSTRUCTION
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MUSIC INSTRUCTION
- ☐ Piano ☐ Guitar ☐ Other

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DRAFTING
- ☐ Complete Training

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- ☐ Basic Training

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- ☐ Basic Training

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DENTAL OFFICE ASSISTANT
- ☐ Complete Training

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- ☐ Oil, Water Color

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WRITING
- ☐ Fiction
- ☐ Non-Fiction

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma

Mr.
Mrs. ..... Age .....
Miss *(Circle title and please print)*

Address ..... Apt. No. .....

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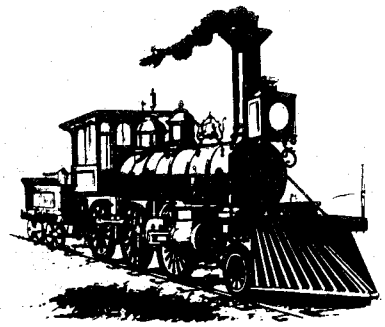
Recollections of DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY



By Tom L. Coleman

This is the amazing account of Walter P. Scott who is called the greatest prospector of them all and it may be true for he found gold where no grubstaked hunter of gold had ever looked before.

Santa Fe Railway

Death Valley Scotty.

My introduction to Death Valley Scotty came by way of a paragraph in a Los Angeles newspaper in early March 1905. It read about as follows:-

Yesterday, Walter P. Scott rode out of the desert into Brawley, California on a Mule. He began immediately to make arrangements with the railroad for a special train to take him to Los Angeles, some 300 miles distant. While settling his accounts with the railroad Scott made no effort to conceal the large roll of bills from which he peeled the necessary amounts. One of the gaping public asked him where he got all that money.

Scotty answered:- "I have a hole in the ground in Death Valley where there is a lot of it."

Some ten days later another Los Angeles paper had a paragraph: "Yesterday

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Santa Fe Railway

Scotty's wife

afternoon an automobile drove down Spring Street and parked at the curb between Second and Third streets. The driver dipped into a sack he had on the seat beside him and began shoveling out double handfuls of silver dollars across the sidewalk.

He then sat back to enjoy the scramble.

Before long a reporter showed up and asked some questions. He found the driver was Walter P. Scott known as Death Valley Scotty. He had been a miner, cowboy, and 12 years with Buffalo Bill's Wildwest Show. At present he had a mine in Death Valley that gave him lots of money to throw around. This was his idea of fun.

Two weeks later Scotty repeated the Spring Street show. The newspapers gave him what he wanted most, publicity. The headlines read, "Wealthy mining man; mystery mine in Death Valley; all the money he needs."

For several weeks Scotty was quiet; thinking up other ways to draw attention.

The following lines are from *Santa Fe. The Railroad That Built An Empire* by James Marshall.

Just before noon on July 8, 1905 a heavily built man, topped by a Stetson walked into the office of J. J. Byrne, general passenger agent for the Santa Fe Railroad in Los Angeles.

"I am Walter Scott of Death Valley," he announced. "Can you put me down in Chicago in 46 hours?"

"I guess so", said Mr. Byrne; never a man to lose his aplomb.

"How much?" asked Scott.

"5,500". said Mr. Byrne. "Have you any suggestions for a name for this train?" asked Mr. Byrne.

"Yes" answered Scott. "Call her THE COYOTE SPECIAL" "How soon can you get going?"

"You be at the station at 12:30 next Sunday afternoon. We will start about one o'clock," said Mr. Byrne.

THE COYOTE SPECIAL backed into the La Grand station shortly before leaving time.

The train consisted of baggage car #210; dining car #1707 and pullman observation car MUSKEGON. The engine was ten wheeler #442 with engineer John Finley at the throttle.

At 12:47 a limousine drove up with Mr. and Mrs. Scott. They went to the pullman where Charles E. Van Loan, a reporter and Frank Holman, a Santa Fe representative were waiting. Scott went to the engine, where he shook hands with the engineer; made a speech to the crowd and went back to the pullman.

At one o'clock Conductor George Simpson highballed and *The Special* slid out of the station and was soon on its way east.

From there on crowds lined the way day and night, to see *The Special* go by.. Fast engine changes were made often. 80 seconds was considered slow. One mile was clocked at 96 miles an hour. Over a twisting track near Needles, Fred Jackson took the 1010 engine at 65 miles an hour and the dinner the passengers were eating was thrown to the floor.

The Special rolled on day and night with Mr. Van Loan dropping off dispatches to the Associated Press. The ride was page one news all over the country and interest kept mounting. A few miles before the end of each division Mr. Scott would make his way dangerously to the engine to hand out $20 gold pieces to the engineer, fireman, and division superintendent.

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At Dodge City Mr. Scott sent a telegram to President Theodore Roosevelt. It read "An American Cowboy is coming east faster than any cowboy ever rode before. How much shall I beat the record?"

At 11:54 A.M. July 11 *The Special* pulled into Dearborn Station. It had taken just 44 hours and 45 minutes to travel the 2267 miles from Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Scott returned a few days later on *The California Limited.*

For several weeks there was little news of Scotty. He was reported to be visiting his mines.

During the summer of 1907 my father, R. R. Coleman, was building for the Pacific Coast Borax Company The Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad. This railroad ran from Ludlow, California to Beatty, Nevada to connect with the Tonopah and Goldfield road. I was a timekeeper in one of the camps. At a point about 40 miles south of Beatty early one morning an automobile drove into camp. The night watchman went to the car and found four men who wanted breakfast. He told them he was just waking the cooks; breakfast was at 6:30. When they growled over the delay the watchman said he would see the boss.

The night watchman came to the tent I shared with Jim Wainscot, the superintendent. He told Jim of the visitors.

Jim began dressing and so did I. We went to the standing automobile. As we approached one of the men said, "I am Death Valley Scotty. We want to get breakfast and this fellow says we have to wait until 6:30. We are in a hurry and do not want to wait."

Jim answered him. "I don't care if you are Jesus Christ, you can't eat here until 6:30 because that is when we have breakfast."

One of Scotty's men had a hand crank which he slipped into its slot and started the engine. They got into the car and started off toward Rhyolite, Nevada.

My eyes were bulging at witnessing this brush between Jim and this highly publicized character.

Scotty's car was a double chain drive Thomas-Flyer, one of the best cars in the world at that time.

While at home in the summer of 1909 on a college vacation, I heard The Alexandria Hotel Bar was a popular hangout for movie stars. I stopped in the Alexandria to see who I might see. I saw no movie stars but I did see Death Valley

A replica of the famous "Coyote Special", Death Valley Scotty's famous record-breaking Los Angeles to Chicago train.

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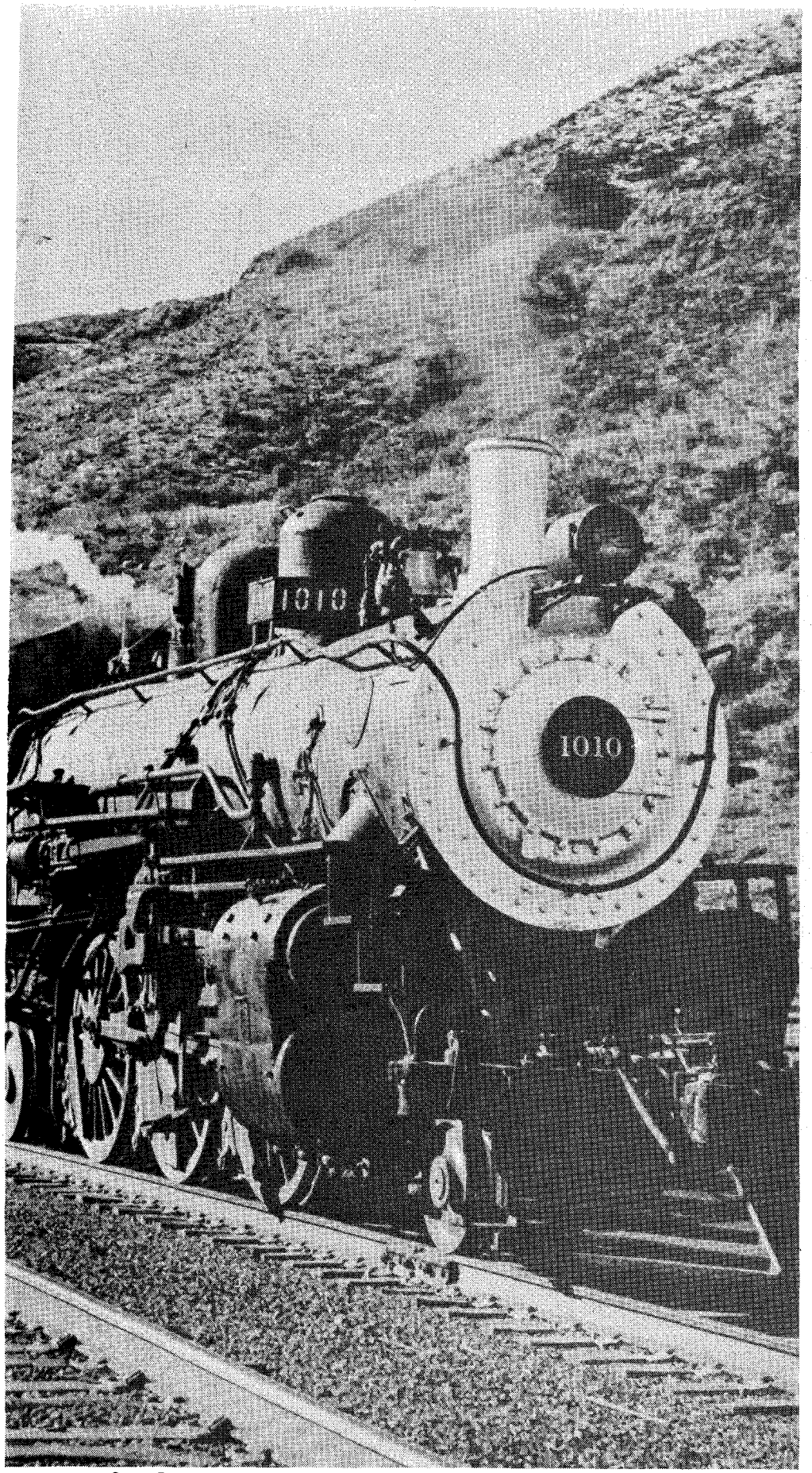

Santa Fe Railway

Scotty. I spoke to him and recalled the incident near Death Valley a couple of years back. We laughed that off over a couple of Waldorf Specials. Whenever I was in Los Angeles I would stop by the Alexandria Bar and Scotty was nearly always there. I told Scotty I thought The Santa Fe was backing him and he said I would find out sometime how wrong I was. And I did just that.

While Scotty was with the Buffalo Bill show he charmed a New York banker into putting up an $8,000 prospecting grubstake. The banker had Scotty sign a contract that bound him for longer than ordinary grubstakes did. Scotty actually worked at that grubstake for three years with no luck and then he forgot it. When the banker read the stories about Scotty he figured Scotty was holding out on him and he brought suit for his share of Scotty's wealth.

When the suit came to trial it disclosed that a wealthy real estate man in Chicago named Albert Johnson had been the one who backed Scotty in all his clowning. Johnson got as much fun out of the stunts as Scotty did. Scotty was shown to have had no wealth; no mine. He said he never had a claim in his life. So the Santa Fe was not his backer.

Scotty was not seen around the Alexandria any more. Word was that he and Johnson were working on a deal west of Beatty, Nevada where they were going to build a CASTLE. This proved to be true. After several years the CASTLE was completed at a reputed cost of $2,000,000. There were 18 bathrooms; a $160,000 organ and furniture from all over the world.

Scotty and Johnson were getting old and did not throw money around as they did in the early days. Johnson formed a Trust called The Gospel Foundation of California. The CASTLE and other securities were incorporated in this Trust.

The CASTLE was run on a commercial basis for a time but was not very successful.

Johnson died in 1948 and was buried in his home town of Berlin, Ohio. Scotty carried on at The CASTLE until 1953 when he died. Scotty was buried near the CASTLE overlooking Death Valley.

In 1970 The United States Park Service bought The CASTLE and incorporated it with The Death Valley National Monument.

Now the Scotty stories are told the year round by the Park Rangers.

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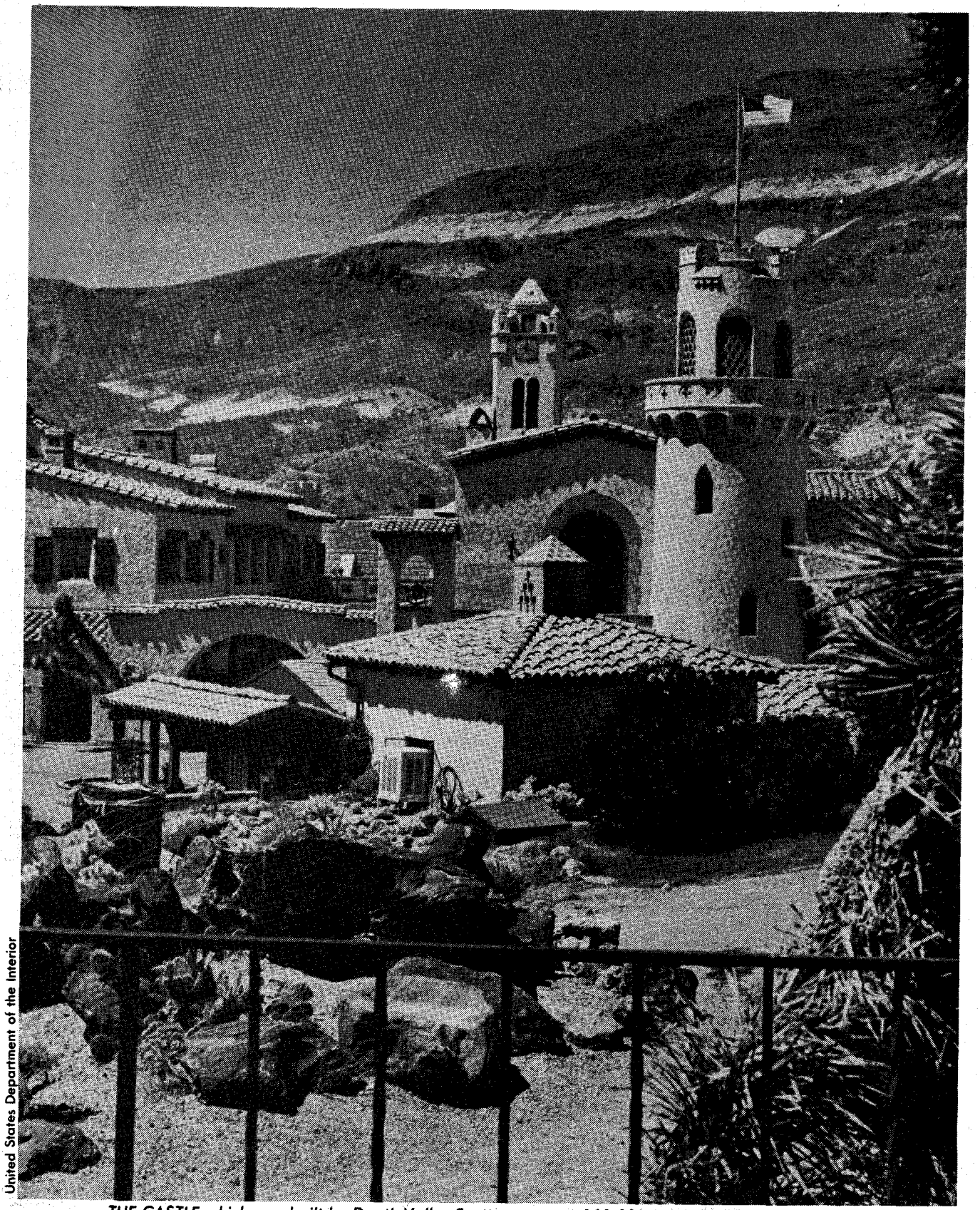

United States Department of the Interior

THE CASTLE which was built by Death Valley Scotty at a cost of $2,000,000. It is now part of the The Death Valley National Monument.

Scotty is more publicized now than he was when he was alive, which is as he would have had it.

Scotty has been called, The greatest Prospector of all time, and he possibly was just that. There are no rules for prospectors to follow. The popular conception is for the prospector to take a burro train into the wild places in search of ore that may prove commercially workable. Scotty had tried this route and nothing came of it. So he took the Santa Fe railroad to Chicago where he found a million dollars in a real estate office. This paid off handsomely for 49 years.

So be it. ●**RW**

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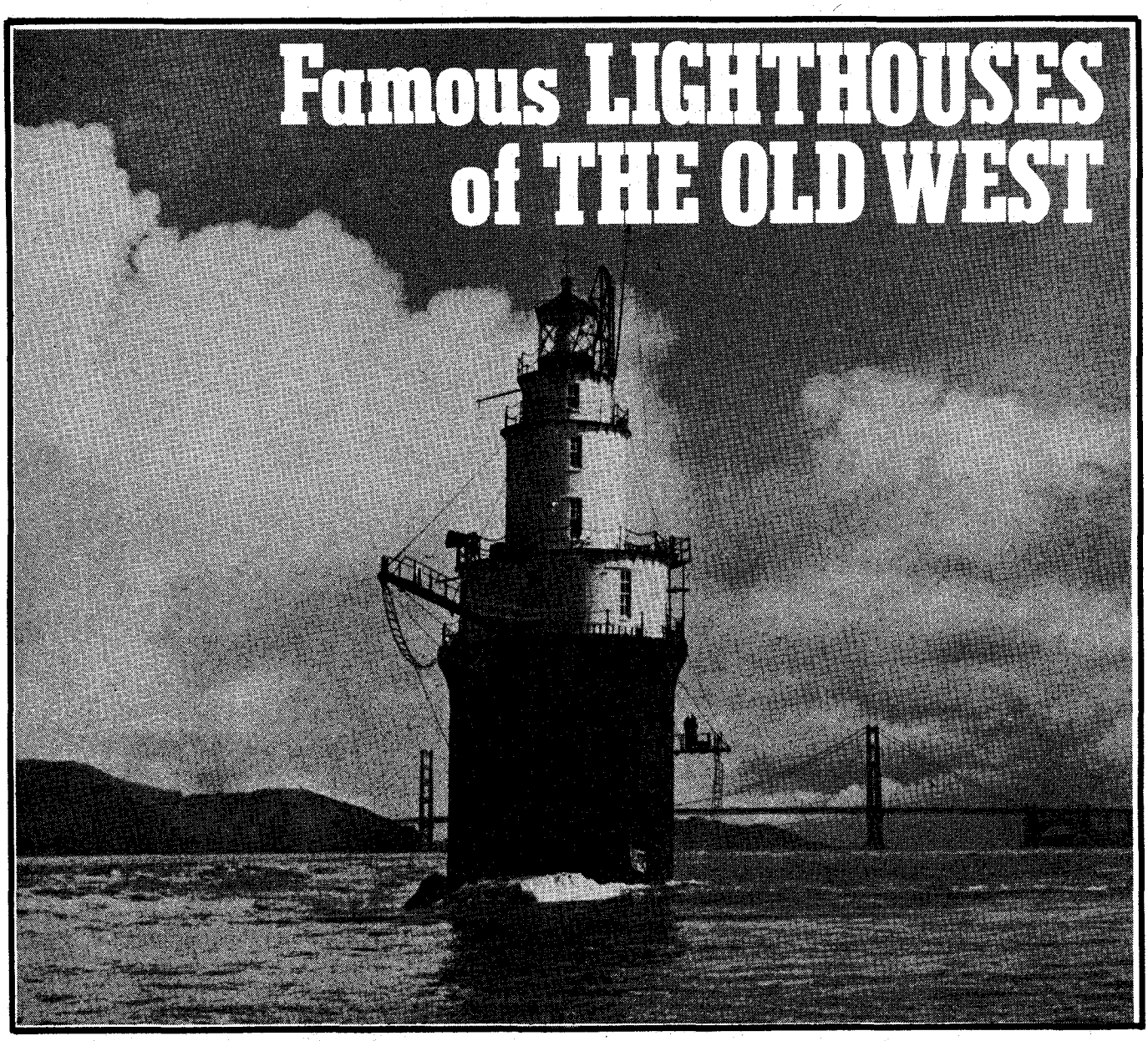
Famous LIGHTHOUSES of THE OLD WEST



Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard

Mile Rocks Light Station with Golden Gate bridge in the background. The spot marked the site of many shipwrecks before the light was built.

Ship captains approaching our rugged Pacific faced rugged crags, racing tides, and treacherous reefs. To safeguard shipping against these natural hazards, picturesque lighthouses were built, some of which had to serve as Indian forts as well!

By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

On a lonely rock about 20 miles south of the mouth of the Columbia River, there is a haunted house, forlorn and deserted. Its setting, amid churning seas near an infamous graveyard of ships, is perfectly suited to its melancholy reputation, but renders the place quite safe from Halloween pranksters and other irreverent visitors. Only one side of the rock on which it stands is approachable even in calm seas, so the Tillamook Rock Lighthouse, now abandoned, guards its secrets well.

What stories the old place could tell! West Coast lighthouse history is a subject that abounds in ghosts, shipwrecks, violent storms, Indian attacks, and fantastic engineering achievements. Old lighthouses occupy a unique corner of western history because, as aids to navigation, they were essential to the safety of vessels venturing into the rivers and harbors that offered access to the fabled riches of the interior. Miners rushing toward one gold strike or another were followed with almost equal haste by those who came to build cities, railroads, and industry, and nearly all came by sea.

The rocky crags of our famous West Coast scenery must have seemed a fearful barrier to shipping. It was all very well to have rich claims, land, and unlimited opportunity waiting beyond those reefs, but how was a ship to approach them? It was difficult in daylight, but at night or in one of the treacherous fogs that plagued the area,

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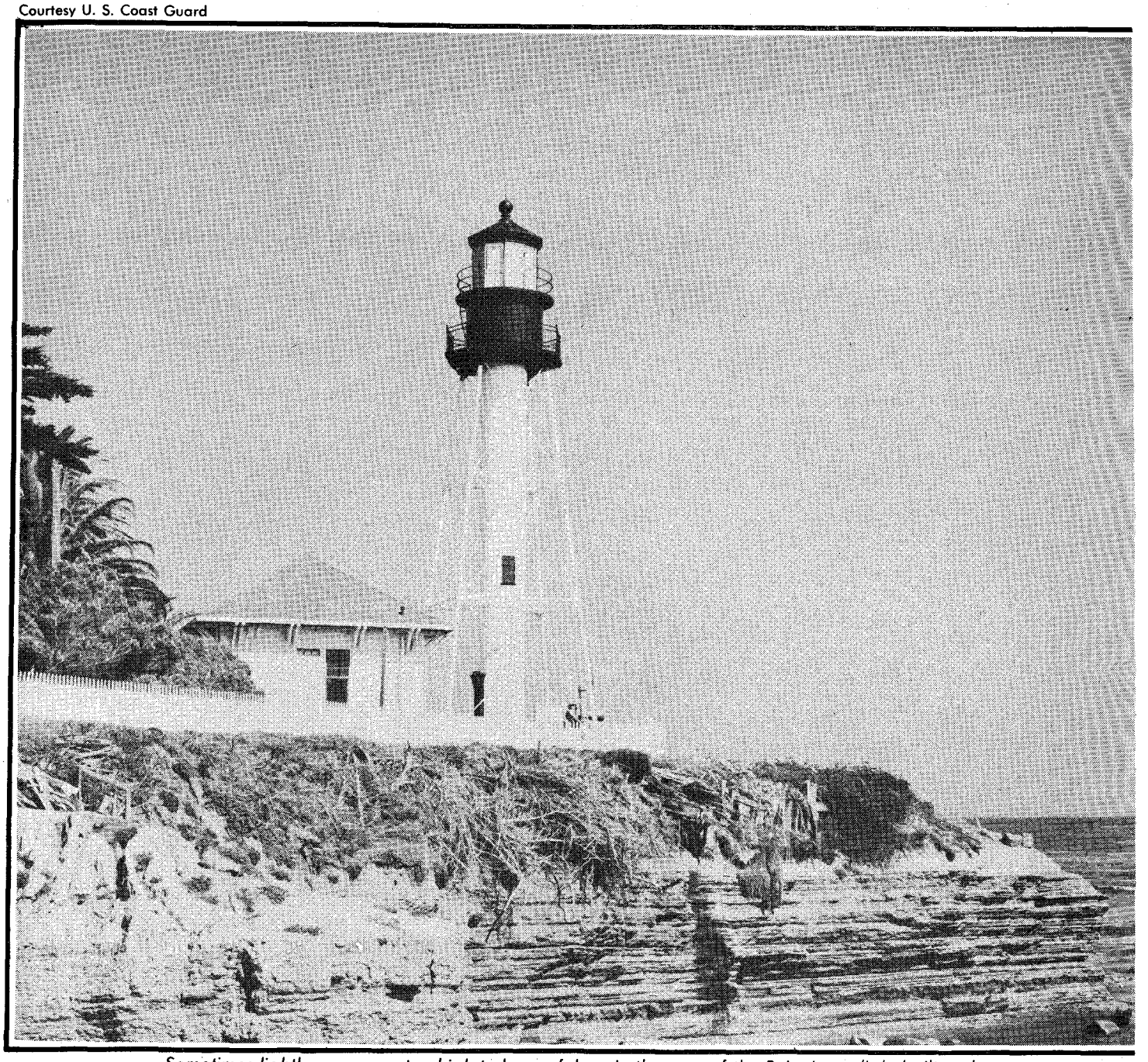
Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard



Sometimes lighthouses were too high to be useful, as in the case of the Point Loma light built at the edge of San Diego Harbor. Heavy fog, hanging low over the sea, sometimes obscured the light, so a new structure had to be built at a lower elevation.

navigation was nearly impossible. Public outcry demanded that something be done to provide the necessary landmarks and lights.

Certainly, lighthouses weren't anything new. The first ones were built in very ancient times, and included the Pharos of Alexandria, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. It was constructed of marble about 200 B.C., and shot a huge pillar of fire into the night sky to serve as a guide to ships.

As time passed, lighthouses rather grew than diminished in popularity and importance. One of the acts of the very first U. S. Congress in 1789 was to establish a federal lighthouse authority, placing the many lighthouses that had been built by various colonies under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department. In the following years, dozens of additional lighthouses were put into operation all along the busy eastern seaboard, and later on important inland waterways as well.

But the West Coast remained without a single permanent lighthouse until a surprisingly late date. Although Cortez is supposed to have ordered a fire to be burned every night in a coastal hut in western Mexico as an aid to shipping, the idea was not favorably received. Residents complained of the smoke and ashes, and this early "lighthouse" was discontinued. In 1769, Portola ordered a lantern to be hung at sunset near San Diego Harbor, but the next known light was seen thousands of miles away to the north, on top of the Baranof Castle in Sitka, Alaska in 1837. The Russians were finding navigation rough going in the treacherous Alaskan waterways. However, although some of them were enterprising seamen, the Russians never seriously considered Alaska anything but "the Colonies"—their name for the place—so they didn't trouble to develop a system of lighthouses.

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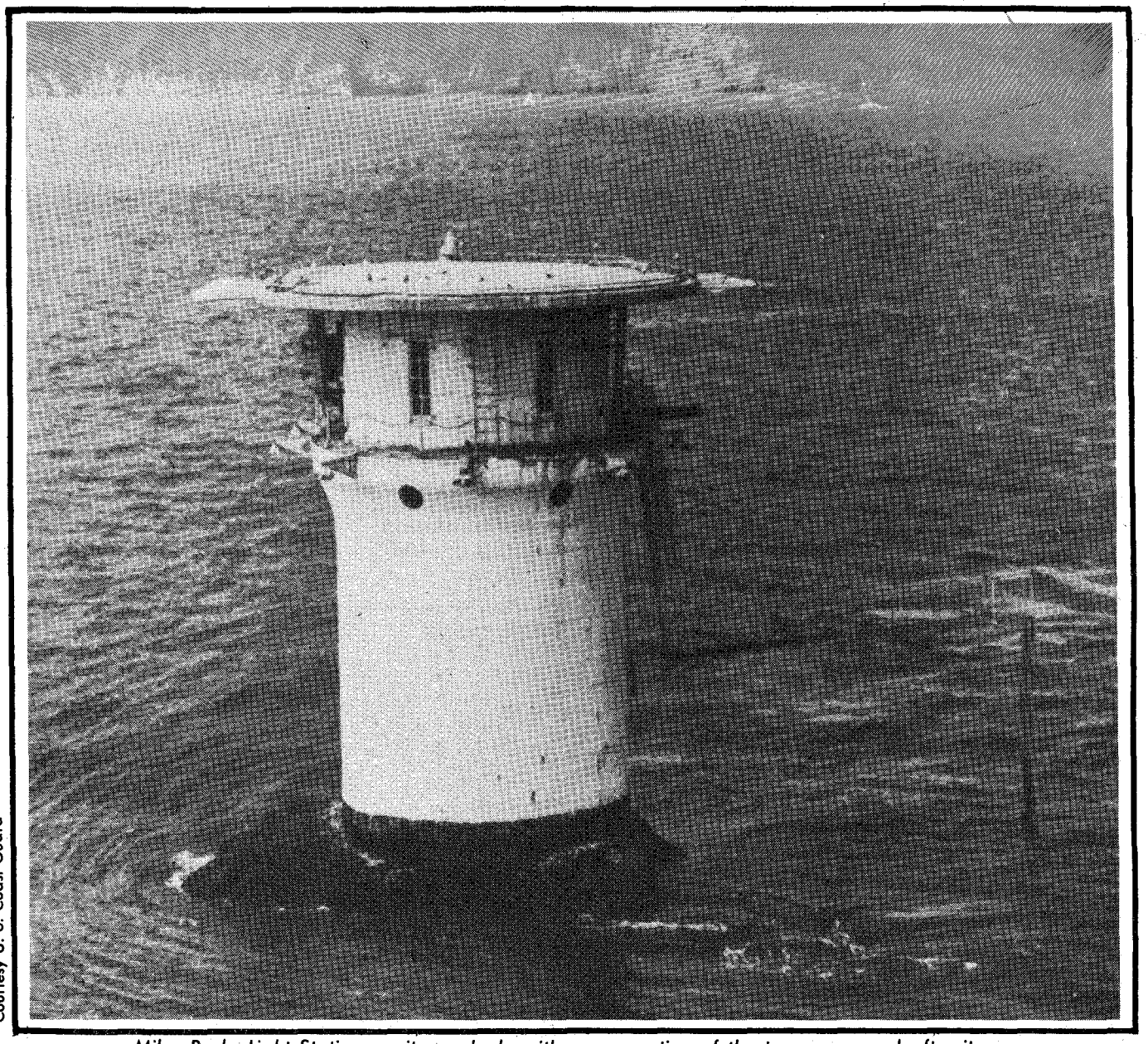

Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard

Miles Rocks Light Station, as it now looks with upper section of the tower removed after it was converted to automatic operation in 1966.

But along came the Gold Rush, and suddenly thousands of ships were plying their way up and down the Pacific coast, groaning with passengers and cargo. The problems of navigation rapidly became a subject of first priority. A vigorous new lighthouse authority called the Light-House Board was established by Congress in 1852, and swiftly let contracts for six new lights on the West Coast.

The first chairman of the Light-House Board was a distinguished and colorful naval officer, Commodore William B. Shubrick. As a young man, Shubrick had sailed with James Fenimore Cooper, who was his close friend, and had served aboard the CONSTITUTION in her historic battles with the CYANE and the LEVANT. As an experienced seaman, Commodore Shubrick knew precisely what value there was in having a lighthouse in the right place at the right time. He remained at the helm of the Light-House Board for 19 years.

Despite construction woes, which were to become commonplace in the building of western lighthouses, the firm of Gibbons and Kelly began work vigorously, and by 1853, the first West Coast lighthouse was illuminated, on Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay.

Building a lighthouse on the rugged western coast was never an easy business. The construction crew and most of the materials had to be shipped in from somewhere else, and forbidding rocks and cliffs, the very dangers lighthouses were being created to protect against, were formidable obstacles. Construction sites on high, isolated promontories could only be reached by men carrying their tools and materials on their backs, up or down steep pathways carved out of rock for the purpose. Some sites were too small or seaswept to allow a crew to live there at all while building a structure.

One such place was St. George's Reef, outside San Francisco Bay. A light was urgently needed six miles offshore, on the seaward end of a giant reef, where dozens of ships had perished. However, it turned out that proposing it and accomplishing it were two separate things. Rough seas, winds, storms, and skyrocketing costs caused countless delays, and Captain A. H.

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Payson, the engineer in charge of one summer's work on the project, reported officially that between July 1 and September 26, 1888, which was the entire work season for one year, "there were fifty-seven good days, fourteen days when the men landed but were driven off, and seventeen days when no landing was attempted."

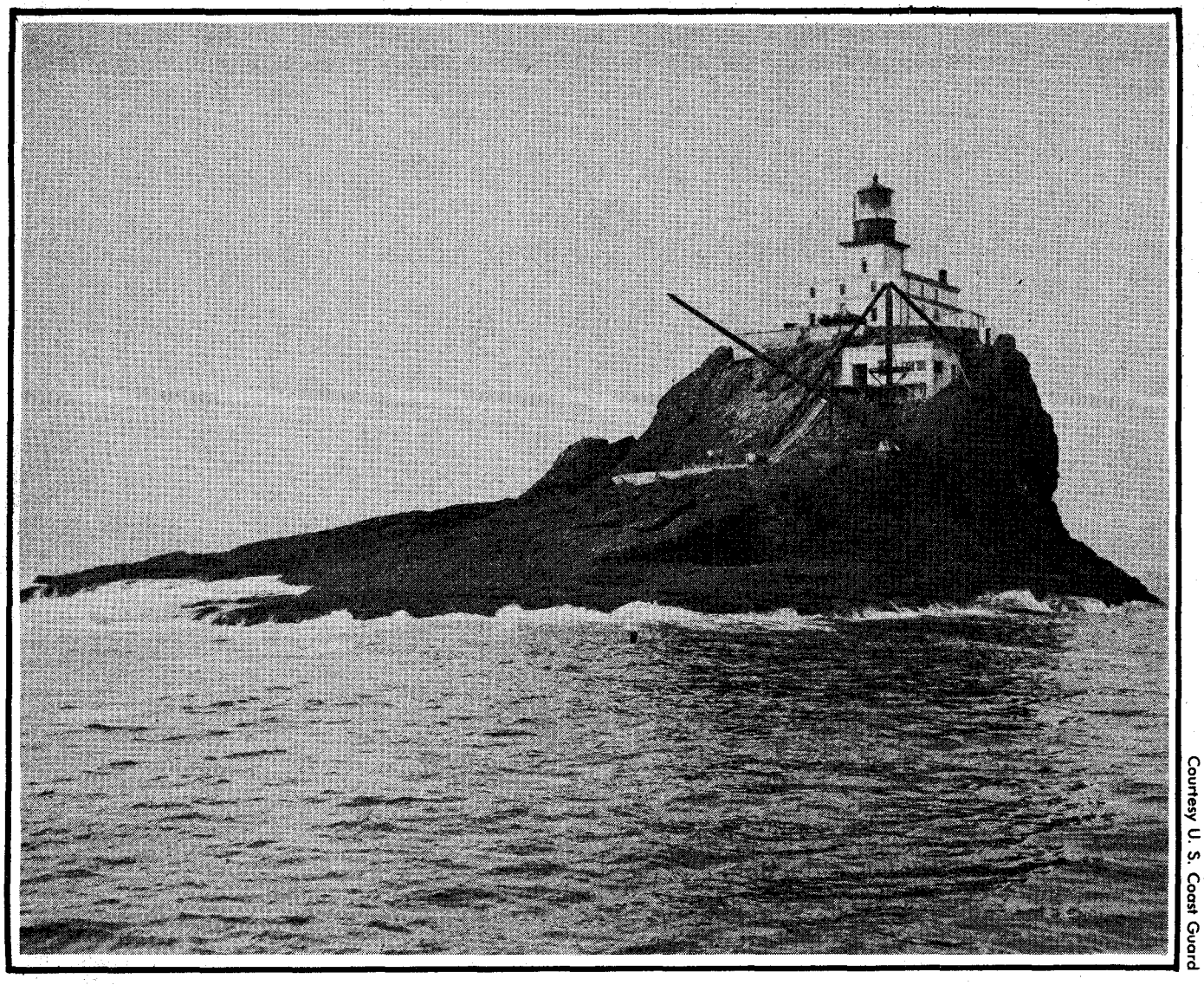
Altogether, the lighthouse on St. George's Reef, built of huge blocks of granite, took 10 years to construct, and cost more than $700,000., making it the longest, most expensive such project ever undertaken in the nation's history. It began operation in 1891, and still stands today, an engineering marvel.

Another lighthouse outside of San Francisco that offered unusual construction problems was the Farallon Islands light, which went into service in 1855. The greatest problem was in hauling heavy building materials, mostly rock, up a steep cliffside, so a mule was shipped over to help. The poor fellow was violently seasick all the way over, but recovered rapidly on the island, and after helping to haul rock and other things up the cliff, became a sort of pet. True to his species, the mule outlasted quite a few of the lightkeepers who came to Farallon, and he died on the island at a ripe old age.

Western lighthouses were made more difficult to build because of a problem that was common to all frontier projects that needed congressional funding. Congressmen who had never been west of St. Louis simply had no idea of the vastness of western distances, the ruggedness of western country, nor the enormous costs involved in purchasing and transporting materials. Captain Payson noted this communications gap in his report on the St. George's Reef project:

"To those unfamiliar with the conditions...$10. a ton for 60 miles of water carriage seems exorbitant, but we have a bad bar-harbor at one end of our line, a rock in the open sea at another, and only about nine weeks in the year when we can really count on smooth weather...It must be remembered also that ... we must not only have the material landed, but it must be landed rapidly and in sufficient quantities to keep the rock gang busy...there is a large element of risk of total loss of vessel and cargo."

But although there were formidable hazards and expenses involved in establishing the St. George's Reef Light, the most notorious of all was the one at Tillamook Rock. When it was decided to construct a light there,



Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard

Tillamook Rock Lighthouse, 20 miles south of the mouth of the Columbia River in Oregon. It was taken out of service on September 1, 1957 and now has a reputation for being haunted.

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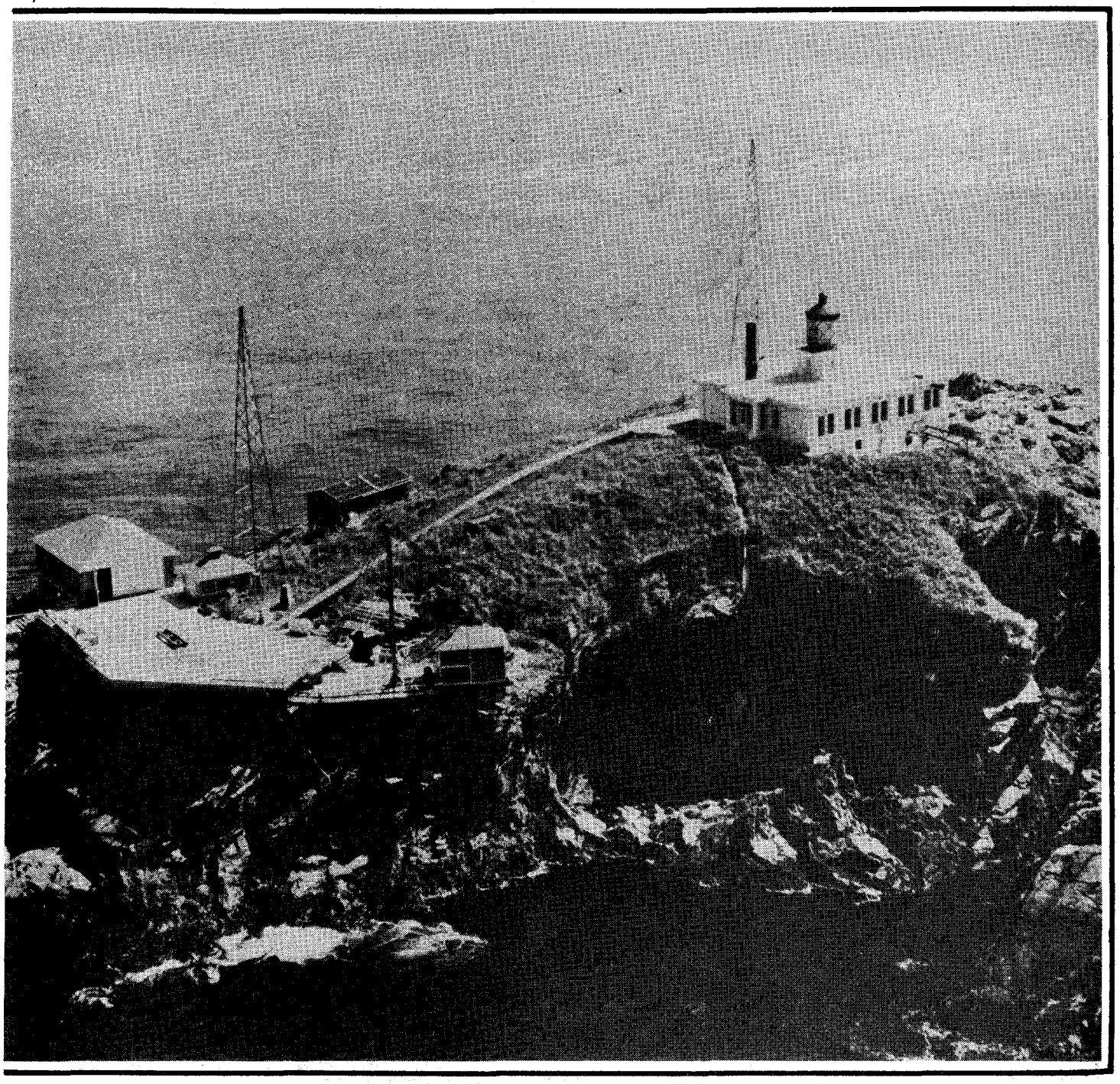

Cape Spencer Light Station, Alaska

no one had ever been known to set foot on the rock, which is a crag 120 feet high, about a mile off the scenic Oregon coast, sheer on three sides, and protected by twisting rip-tides and whirlpools on the other. Local Indians, who had probably lost some of their people trying to land there, considered the rock cursed, and avoided it. With such a reputation, it was not surprising that four attempts in relatively calm seas were required before one surveyor was able to land. Shortly afterward, a famed English engineer, especially hired for the job, was drowned in his first attempt to set foot on Tillamook. His body disappeared into the swirling waters, and was never found.

The crew that finally did get onto the rock was attacked by sea lions, and pelted by rough weather. However, American ingenuity is a stubborn quality, and a shelter was devised for the crew. But in a January storm in 1880, it was torn to shreds, and the men were exposed and without supplies. A kite rig was arranged to drop food and equipment over from a supply ship, as no vessel could get closer without piling up on the rocks. From the very beginning, Tillamook Lighthouse had an ominous name.

At last, the light was completed, amazingly in only 575 working days, at a cost of $125,000. To avoid peril to personnel and ships, a derrick was constructed to carry everything and everybody on and off the rock, but the stormy, moody seas in this lonely outpost resisted the presence of man. In 1886, a chunk of concrete broke off the building in a storm, and was hurled into the lighthouse. The following year, rocks picked up by the sea smashed through the lantern 133

(continued on page 64)

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REAL WEST'S MOVIE HALL OF FAME

JOHN WAYNE

By Mario A. DeMarco

The name John Wayne on the movie marquee signs has brought millions and millions of movie fans into the theaters. It was roughly estimated that this star of stars has made over $350,000,000 for the producers of his films in which he has been acting for forty years. Very few of his fans would hardly guess that this rough and tough cowboy is considered to be the first singing cowboy on the screen. You might raise your eyebrows and exclaim to yourself that you didn't think he could sing with that rough voice of his. Back in 1933 when he was doing a series of western action pictures for Lone Star Productions, known as the "Singing Sandy" series, Wayne would quietly sing a song before he went into action. What the moviegoers didn't realize was another well known singer would do the vocalizing while John went through the motion with his lips.

How he got the name of "Duke" is another fact that few fans know of. The name was given to him because of a dog that John owned as a youngster. The small dog became attached to John and followed him everywhere. Before going to school he would leave the dog at the nearby fire station; the firemen then dubbed the owner's dog "Little Duke", and later the little was dropped. A good thing because everyone used to call him Marion, a name today that would hardly fit on this 6 foot plus giant.

He was born on May 26, 1907 at Winterset, Iowa. His father, who was a pharmacist, was advised by the family physician to move to a locale which had dry air. Upon the doctor's advice the Morrison family packed up and moved to a small town on the Mojave Desert. The advice proved correct and Mr. Morrison regained his health and moved to Glendale, California permanently. Duke attended Glendale High School where he was an outstanding football player and debating star. From there he enrolled at the University of Southern California on an athletic scholarship. He became a star tackler for the Trojan grid team and played alongside another player by the name of Ward Bond, who was also to make his mark in the movies.

Director John Ford, who was making a film entitled "Salute," had taken his entire crew to the U.S.C. campus to film some scenes which required the services of the members of the football team. It was then that Wayne became acquainted with John Ford, a friendship that would last for many years. One summer vacation Duke had gotten a job as a prop man at the old Fox Film Studios, and Ford spotted him while he was lugging some of the heavy equipment about the studio. Mr. Ford persuaded the young man to accept a minor part in a picture he was directing at the time. Duke accepted and this is when the "acting bug" bit him.

In 1929 Raoul Walsh was making an epic outdoor picture entitled "The Big Trail" and was searching for an unknown to play the lead. Ford heard about it and talked Walsh into giving Duke the role. The great picture was finished and released in 1930 as a "silent." Marion Morrison was given the new movie name of John Wayne and a star rating. After viewing the picture it did prove that the young star needed more acting experience.

John was then cast in a series of "quickie" westerns which did little to improve him. He left the studio and signed up with Columbia Pictures and again did another series of below par westerns. It was Warner Bros. Studios that changed John's whole aspect on movie casting. They cast him in a group of adventure pictures which later set the pattern for him that proved that this was the type of screen hero the fans wanted. Several years later he was making the "Singing Sandy" series for Lone Star Productions, in which he portrayed the first singing cowboy hero in the movies, several years before Gene Autry or Roy Rogers were heard of. In these pictures Smith Ballew (who later became a singing cowboy himself) dubbed in his voice for Wayne's.

Wayne remained with Lone Star which later became Republic Studios until 1936. He then made a series of non-westerns for Universal pictures which proved to be entertaining and action packed. Several years later, Bob Livingston, who was the head of the very popular "Three Mesquiteers" series which was being done for Republic Studios, was leaving and the studio needed a replacement for him, so they signed John Wayne for the part. It proved to be a wise move and he became the studio's most valuable star.

His biggest break came when his old director friend, John Ford, signed him to play the lead in a western he was doing at the time entitled "Stagecoach." John played the part of the strong silent "Ringo Kid" which shot him to the top of the ladder. The picture was recognized as a classic western. It was not only a single success with the fans but the critics as well. It labeled John Wayne as a "new" find.

In 1949 exactly 20 years after he first began his movie career, he awoke one day to find himself listed in the top ten film stars in box office draw. Since then he's been in the top ten each year, and in 1950, 1951 and 1954 was selected as the "Number One of the Top Ten." To date he has worked in 200 pictures which has grossed his producers well over $300,000,000! In 1949 Republic cast him as the tough Sgt. Stryker in "Sands of Iwo Jima," which earned him a nomination for an Oscar. 1970 proved his greatest year, his role of the rough one eyed Rooster Cogburn in "True Grit" won him an Oscar for the best male star, an honor in which he was overdue in receiving.

His own film production company BATJAC was formed by him and his sons which has produced such great pictures as "The High and Mighty," "Hondo," "The Alamo," and "Green Berets," (the later two were also directed by him), "War Wagon," "Chisum," and "Big Jake." This year he has finished doing "The Cowboys" for Warner Bros. and provides plenty of thrills and suspense for his millions of fans. Today, when he's not doing pictures, he's relaxing at his waterfront home in Newport Beach with his wife, the former Pilar Pallete, and their three children. He also had four children by his first marriage and is a grandfather 19 times over!

John Wayne, the action star knows what his public wants and gives it to them in every picture that he makes. Long live the "Duke" of the movie western stars—may he continue to make westerns for many years to come. ●RW

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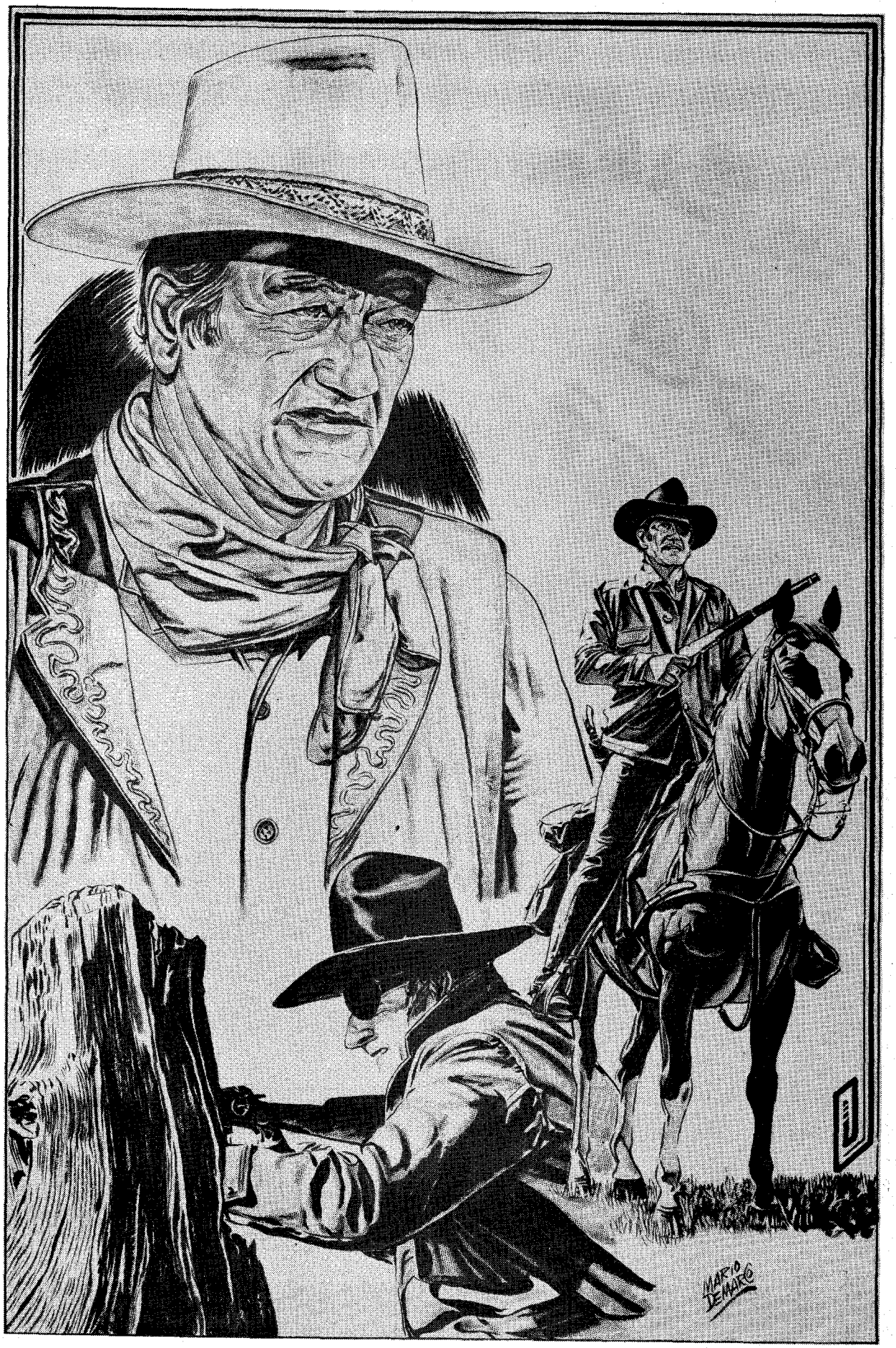

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LA TULES Gambling Lady

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

Gertrudis Barcelo was her name and she rose to fame in Sante Fe, New Mexico, where she ran her own gambling house. She had the most luxurious place in town with thick rugs, elaborate mirrors, and big chandeliers. Her customers claimed it was a pleasure to lose to the lady!

La Tules was a respectable woman and a faithful wife whose only sin, per se, was that she operated an open gambling house and smoked cigars.

The lady was a gambler and from all reports a good one! Whatever else she was before gambling became her forte is a topic of considerable disagreement and speculation. At any rate, it is an established fact that she operated a plush gambling salon during a period when respectable women did not gamble, drink or smoke, much less frequent questionable establishments that catered exclusively to men.

Doris Cerveri

From reviewing all that has been written about Gertrudis Barcelo, it appears that each writer of New Mexico's early history, especially that part pertaining to Santa Fe, enlarged on her activities adding more uncomplimentary and damning facts with each new writing.

A Missouri trader, Josiah Gregg, started the gossip ball twirling when he published his *Commerce of the Prairies* in 1844, a primary source of information about the Santa Fe Trail. Gregg was definitely a Puritan who was horrified about the degradation of gambling in Santa Fe.

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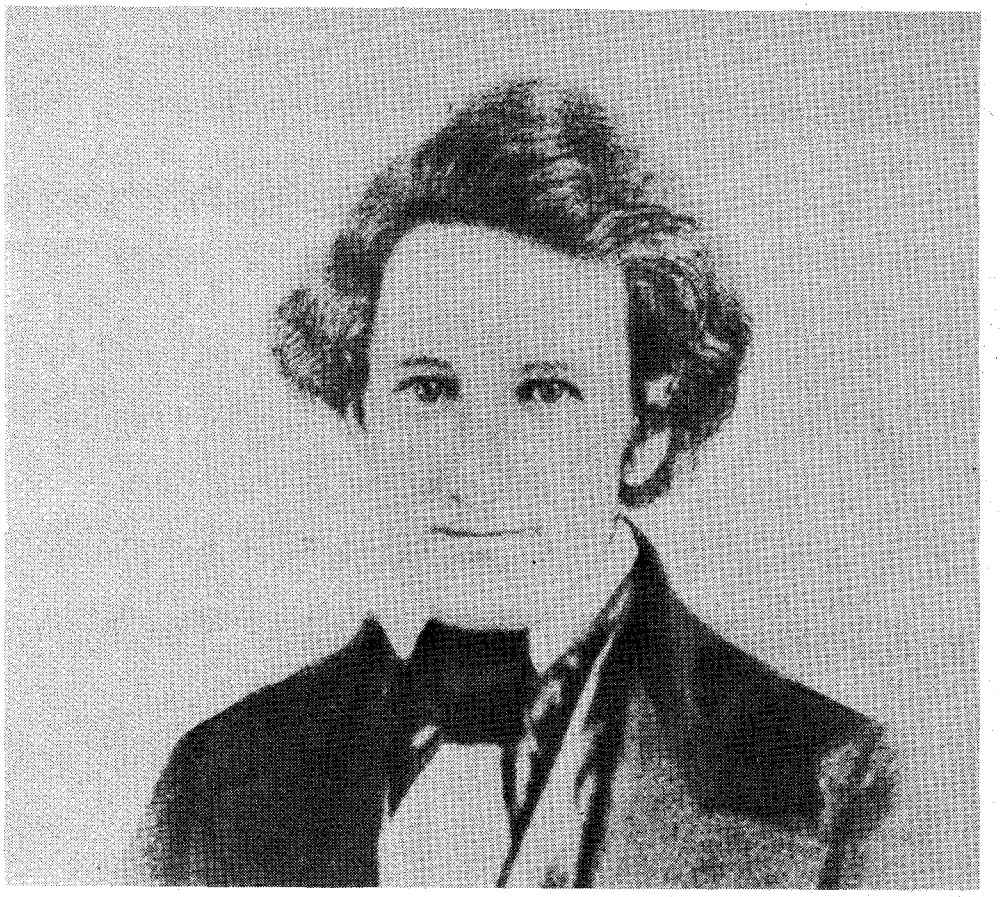
Courtesy Museum of New Mexico



Josiah Gregg, a Missouri trader on the Santa Fe Trail. He authored "Commerce of the Prairies" which first mentioned La Tules, the gambling lady of Santa Fe.

Horrified, he wrote, "the governor himself and his lady, the grave magistrate and the priestly dignity, the gay caballero and their titled senora all stake their doubloons upon the turn of the card. Even poor peons press with equal avidity to test their fortunes."

In his book, Gregg portrayed Gertrudis as "La Tules",—a Mexican "Diamond Lil"—a roamer of loose habits who moved to Santa Fe from Taos. According to him, she did not prosper when she first came. Finally her luck changed, however, and when she won several hundred dollars she opened her own place. Throughout the years her luck never wavered and she eventually accumulated a large fortune. Her reputation grew, too, and she became known as the most expert monte dealer in all of Santa Fe. That was quite an accomplishment when one considers there were 60 licensed gambling houses there.

And her establishment was the most luxurious of all; thick Brussels carpets brought by wagon train over the tortuous Santa Fe trail covered hard-mud floors. Elaborate mirrors from the United States adorned the walls, and huge, homemade chandeliers heavy with candles, burned brightly all night in the several rooms. In addition to the grand sala which stretched the length of today's Burro Alley from San Francisco Street to Palace Avenue along the Plaza, were private card rooms.

Elaborate fancy balls were held in this long sala, usually attended by officers attached to the Mexican garrison, and many influential and fashionable society people graced her establishment.

The game of monte referred to a mountain of cards left after a certain number had been dealt from a Spanish deck. The suits were clubs, swords, suns and cups with ten cards in each suit—ace to seven, plus jack, horse in place of queen, and king. The game's outcome was by pure chance. It was played on a table, covered with green or red, divided into four squares. The banker, held the pack face down, drew two cards from the bottom and placed them on the "bottom layout", the lower two squares. Two cards were then drawn from the top and placed on the "top layout". Bets were placed on these cards. The pack was turned face up and if the card in sight, the "gate" was of the same suit as either of those in the top layout, the banker paid all bets on that layout. If the gate was of the same suit as either card in the bottom layout, the banker also paid that. If there was no card of the same suit as the gate in either or both layouts the banker won.

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

Lady Tules as depicted by Harper's Monthly Magazine in April 1854. She died at Santa Fe in January 1852.

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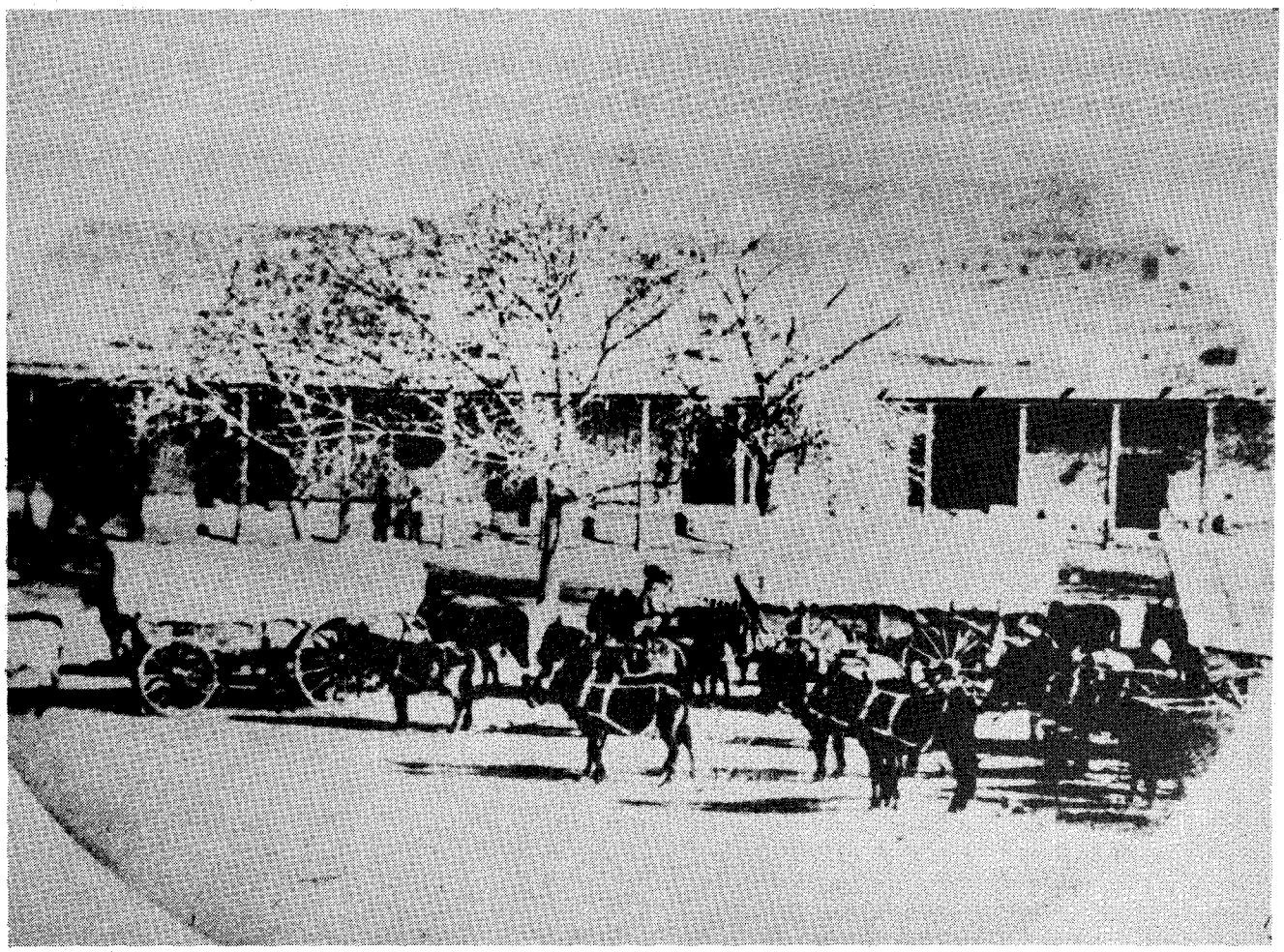

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

A wagon train arriving in Santa Fe.

Another writer, George Wilkins Kendall of the New Orleans *Picayune,* wrote in his *Narrative of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition of 1841,* that she was not Spanish at all, but French. He called her Madame Tule, or Toulouse, and said that she set the fashion of dress to the belles of Santa Fe.

Susan Shelby, a granddaughter of Kentucky's first governor and member of one of the state's wealthiest families, met and married Samuel Magoffin, a prominent Yankee trader. She narrated in her *Down the Santa Fe Trail and Into Mexico,* that Spanish women displayed their limbs and smoked cornshuck cigars and fat priests drank wine at a ball she attended which was given by United States occupation officers in Santa Fe for traders from the States. The worst offender was, she wrote, "a stately old woman with false hair and teeth, a Dona Tula who led youths to final ruin in her gambling establishment."

Matt Field, a London-born Irishman, and itinerant actor, was on the other hand, no Puritan when it came to gambling. He first met La Tules in 1839 and was entranced by her deftness in handling the cards. He described his night at the monte table. "A female was dealing (the famous Senora Toulous) and had you looked in her countenance for any symptom by which to discover how the game stood, you would have turned away unsatisfied; for calm seriousness was alone discernible, and the cards fell from her fingers as steadily as though she was handling only a knitting needle." According to Field she had the dignity of an Empress.

One good word in her favor, which most writers admit, was that she was held in high regard by U. S. Army officers. The poor, it is said, looked upon her with reverence. It is interesting to note that the U. S. Occupation made no move to delegalize gambling during their stay in Santa Fe.

When Stella M. Drumm, librarian of the Missouri Historical Society, edited Susan Magoffin's journal in 1926, it was noted that Lieutenant Colonel David D. Mitchell, a U. S. officer in Santa Fe, "was at a loss how to raise money which was needed to purchase supplies for a push into Chihuahua by General Stephen Kearny's force in 1846. Mitchell reportedly asked Senora Tules for a loan but she refused. Later when he escorted her to a grand ball, she was so flattered that he received the loan without further argument.

She is also credited with alerting U. S. officers to the Mexican-Indian conspiracy of December 1846. Some writers refuse to believe this but historian Paul Horgan in his *The Centuries of Santa Fe* (1965), was of the opinion that she could have heard the plot in her gambling rooms.

Another uncomplimentary writer, W. W. H. Davis, believed the same as Gregg that she came from Taos to Santa Fe where she made a fortune. He further snidely remarked that her wealth leavened the social slump which gained her admittance into the most fashionable and select circles.

Ralph Emerson Twitchell went one step farther and enlarged upon her fame as a woman of shady reputation by asserting that although she was the lawful wife of

(continued on page 68)

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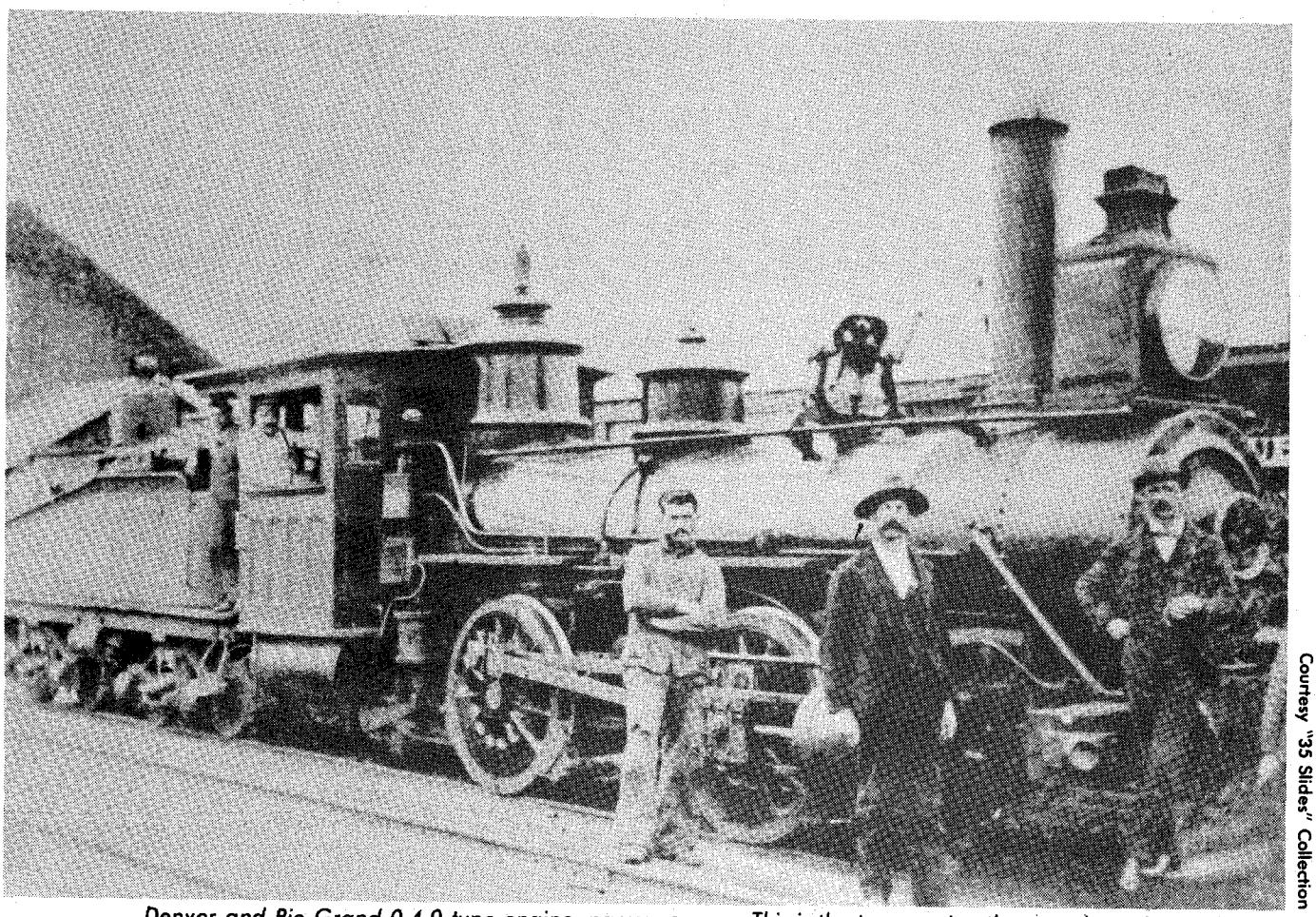
The TOLTEC Narrow Gauge RAILROAD

By
Cy Martin

The forty-five mile route to Silverton from Durango was the only scheduled narrow gauge railroad in regular operation until 1970. Today, the newly named "Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad" operates each summer over the old Denver and Rio Grande's narrow gauge system.



Courtesy "35 Slides" Collection

Denver and Rio Grand 0-4-0 type engine, narrow gauge. This is the type engine that ran through Cumbres Pass in the 1900's.

The Mountain Men left scant trace of their goings and comings on the face of Colorado. The routes they followed in trapping beaver and assembling for rendezvous were not dictated by grade advantage, nor directness, so much as by chance and necessity. Their pack trains, except where they converged in density on such points as Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, left no scars on the mountain side. A few years after the end of the fur trade, even these small reminders of the white man's passing were gone.

But in 1859 the presence of gold at Gregory Diggings near the present site of Central City started a cycle of immense prosperity which was to alter the entire face of Colorado. Immediately it became apparent that while the mountain men were able to pack out their plews by muleback, no such primitive agency was going to sustain any gold camp which sprang up in the Rocky Mountains. Wheeled vehicles alone would be needed to carry the

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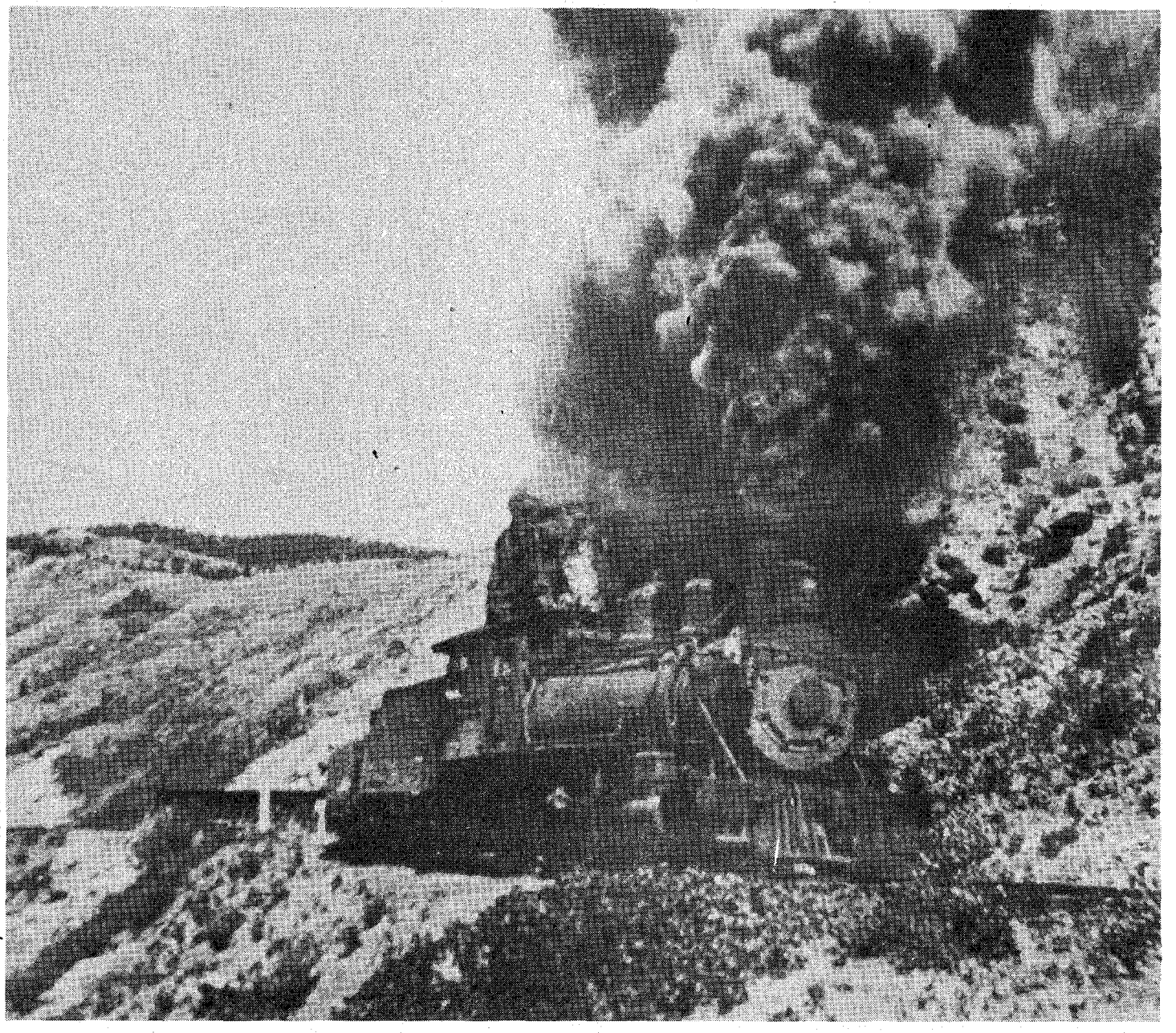
mountain of supplies demanded by the diggin's' such as flour, beans, bacon, whiskey, blasting powder, and mining tools. Only wagons could bring out the ore until smelters and reducing mills could be constructed handy to the source of the golden wealth.

The Colorado 1860's seethed with railroad excitement, most of which were in some way associated with the Union Pacific. General William Jackson Palmer was a great dreamer who with the aid of William Bell, a former London merchant, floated a million dollar bond issue in the East to start a railroad in Colorado. The Denver & Rio Grande Railway was chartered as the state's first narrow gauge carrier on October 27, 1870, and its main line to Colorado Springs, a distance of seventy-six miles, was open for business a year later. From this small beginning, in fourteen years the Rio Grande was operating more than 1600 miles of narrow gauge track. It established what was generally believed to be the major narrow gauge railroad system of the West.

After losing his battle with the Santa Fe at Raton Pass, General Palmer sensed the true destinies of the Rio Grande lay not to the south, but to the west. A change in direction might change the railroad's luck. Even before the fights with the Santa Fe, word came to him of the great inland deposits of low grade, but easily available, coal in the San Juan basin. The General pushed a narrow gauge main line from Walsenburg across La Veta Pass to what would eventually become Alamosa on the banks of the Rio Grande River.

This was on the far side of the towering Sangre de Cristo Range, and the line included the celebrated Mule Shoe Bend (a narrow gauge version of what is called a horseshoe bend) and plunged from the top of the pass, 9339 feet down to the banks of the river. This route, by way of Fort Garland, was a lasting memorial to the road's chief engineer, J.R.Deremer. La Veta Pass was then the highest railway pass in the entire world. All along the way the Rio Grande promoted town sites and made a little money with which to push its reluctant iron over yet another mountain range.



Courtesy "35 Slides" Collection

An early 1900 narrow gauge engine blasting up a grade near Windy Point, east of Chama on the Denver & Rio Grande.

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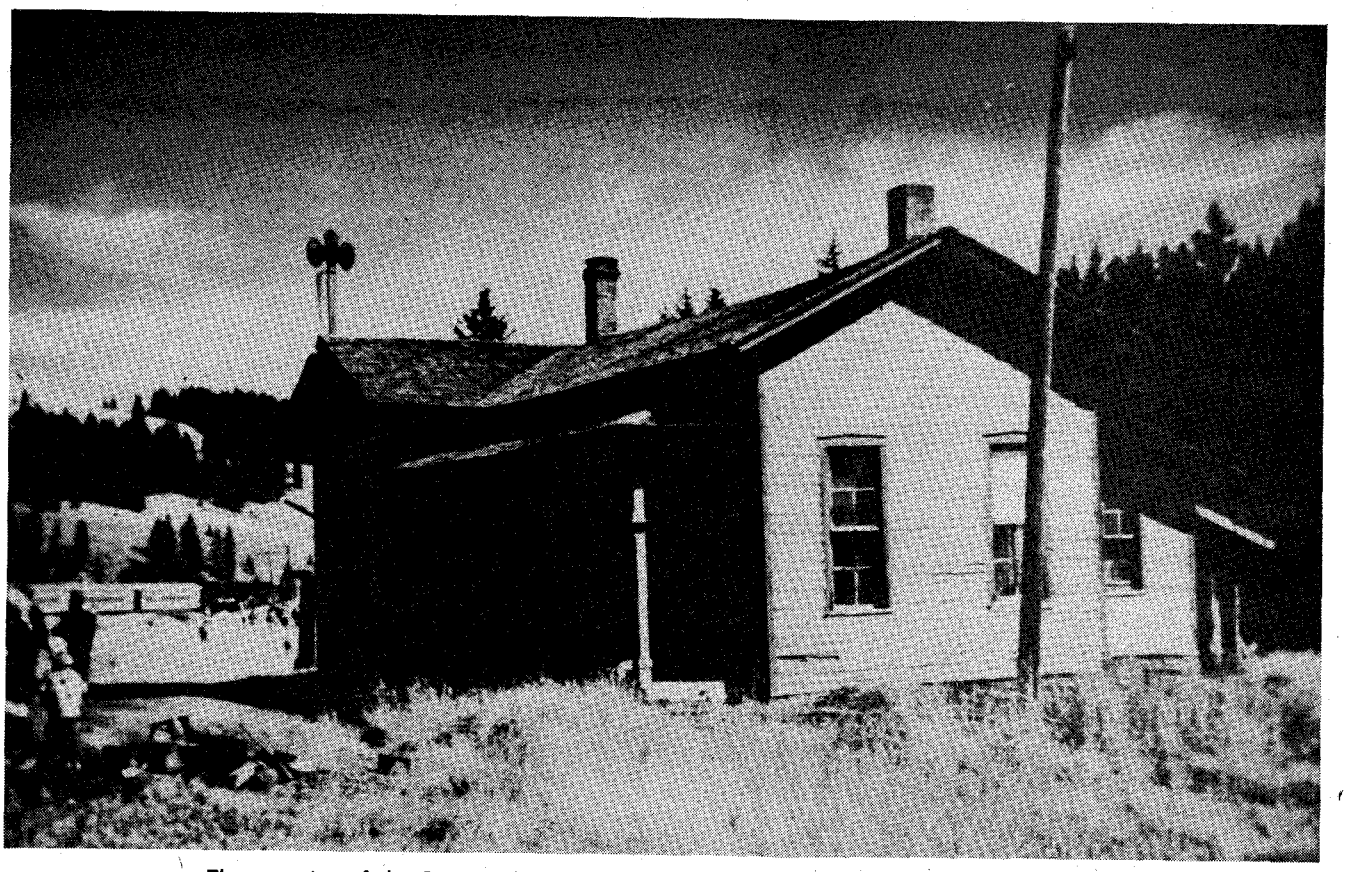
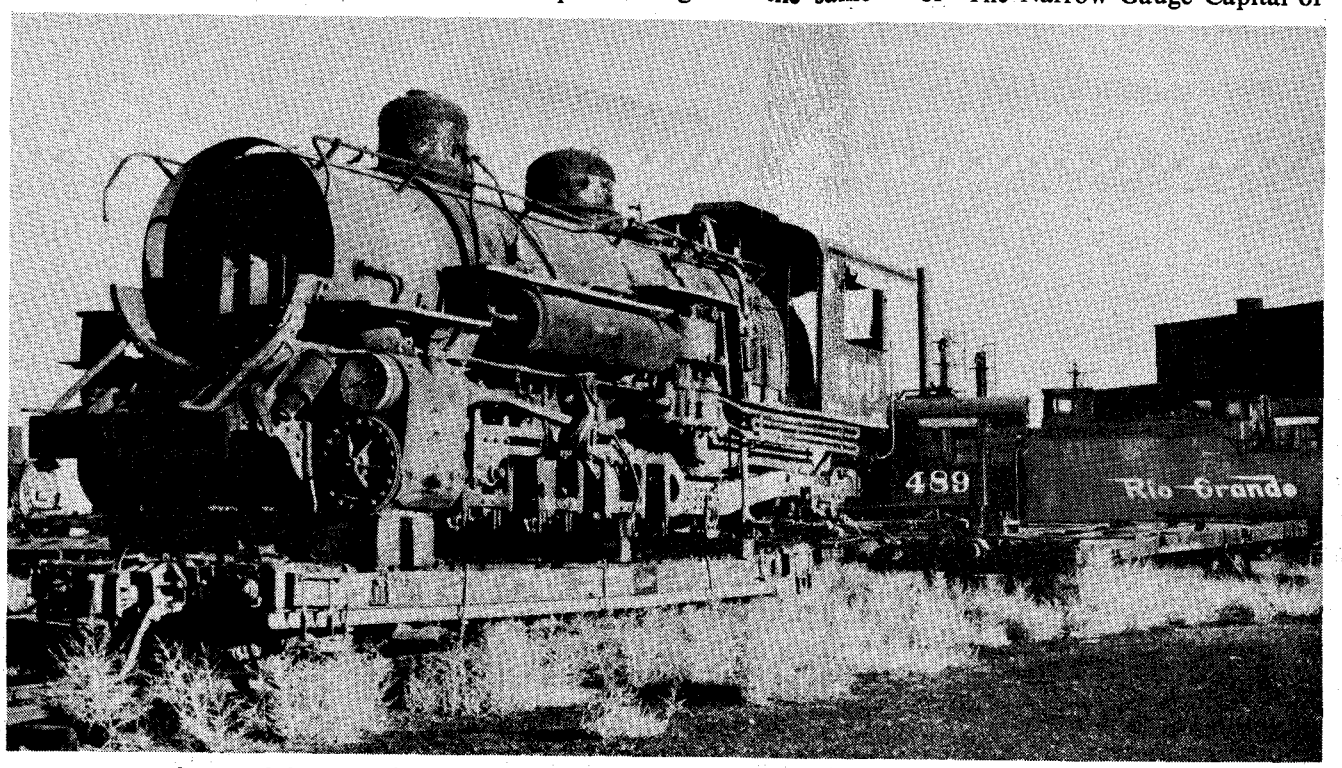


Cy Martin Photo

The remains of the Denver & Rio Grande Western's station at Cumbres Pass. October 1965

Alamosa was born of the parentage of narrow gauge steam and human enterprise. The first buildings of the community were actually hauled in on flat cars. The story is told of the Victoria Hotel, once of frame construction, which was sitting in Garland City in the foothills near Fort Garland on the morning of July 4, 1878, as the railroad crew ate breakfast. The structure was quickly loaded onto a flat car and trundled along the glistening new track to Alamosa. Again, the railroad crew ate supper and slept that night in the same building they slept in the night before. Same beds, same hotel, but in a new town.

However true the legend may be, Alamosa's link with narrow gauge steam has always been a vital one. The community once bore the title of "The Narrow Gauge Capital of



Cy Martin Photo

Denver & Rio Grande narrow gauge engine being scrapped at Alamosa, October 1965

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the World," and it was here the Denver & Rio Grande Western built their most elaborate shop complex. Alamosa soon became the hub of four narrow gauge lines and later a third rail was added over La Venta Pass to accommodate standard gauge engines.

From Alamosa the most awesome and spectacular example of mountain railroading was built into the San Juan basin by General Palmer. During the next few decades this remote and lonely community on the Rio de Las Animas Perdidas was one of the boomingest towns in Colorado.

On February 20, 1880, construction crews commenced laying track south of the railhead at Alamosa on the road-bed which was built to Conejos in 1879. From the railroad's new town of Antonito, a short distance south of Conejos, the company planned to build two lines: one southward to El Paso and the other westward toward Silverton and the rich gold fields of the San Juan.

Labor was extremely scarce during the winter and the company searched far and wide. Men were shipped west from St. Louis and Chicago. The company even went so far as to advertise in the Montreal, Canada newspapers for tie cutters. Despite labor shortages, the narrow gauge line was steadily and slowly driven westward through winter snows and spring rains, which turned the Conejos range into mounds of tenacious mud.

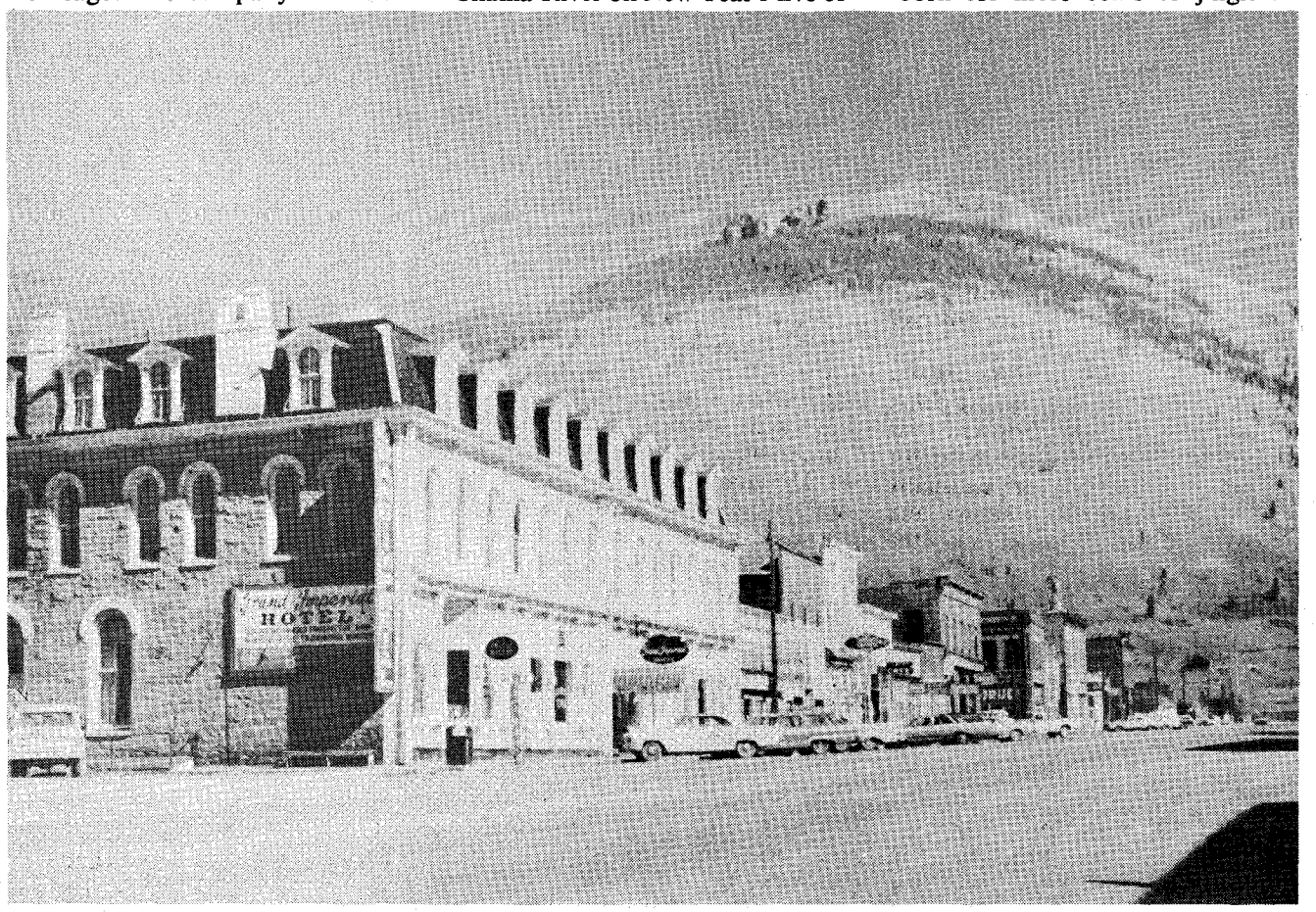
The company, once rails were actually being laid, used a "boarding train" of about eight or more sleeping cars, three dining cars, one cook car, one commissary car, and one storeroom car. By stretching the point, one might consider this the first "passenger" train on the rails to cross Cumbres. The line over Cumbres lay in extremely rough country and construction took well over a year just to reach the Chama River.

While most narrow gauges in the Rockies followed stream beds and their canyons, these rails cut across from one watersehd to another. From the Conejos it cut across to the Rio de Los Pinos, which it followed for a while and then over to the watershed of the Rio Chamita or Little Chama River by way of Cumbres, which the railroad initially called the "Pinos-Chama Summit."

The railhead reached the Little Chama River on New Year's Eve of 1880, and at Chama the railroad built a five-stall brick roundhouse, a frame station and other permanent facilities. The town soon became a substantial lumber town and railroad division point as well as a base for the helper locomotives needed for the steep grade eastward up to the pass. Track crews, meanwhile, worked to upgrade the newly completed track from Antonito and to prepare it for operation.

Construction pushed westward from Chama. In May the head of track reached Amargo, twenty-three miles further east. West on the Animas River, forty-four miles south of Silverton, the town of Animas City sprang up in 1876 as a smelter and shipping town to supply the mining camps of the area. But true to its exploitive character, the Denver & Rio Grande made its own plans and in September of 1880 surveyed a townsite a mile to the south of Animas City which it called Durango.

Protest as they might, the citizens of Animas City could do nothing and Durango absorbed completely the little pioneer town on the River of Lost Souls. Thus, Durango was born for more coins to jingle in



Cy Martin Photo

Silverton, Colorado, 1966.

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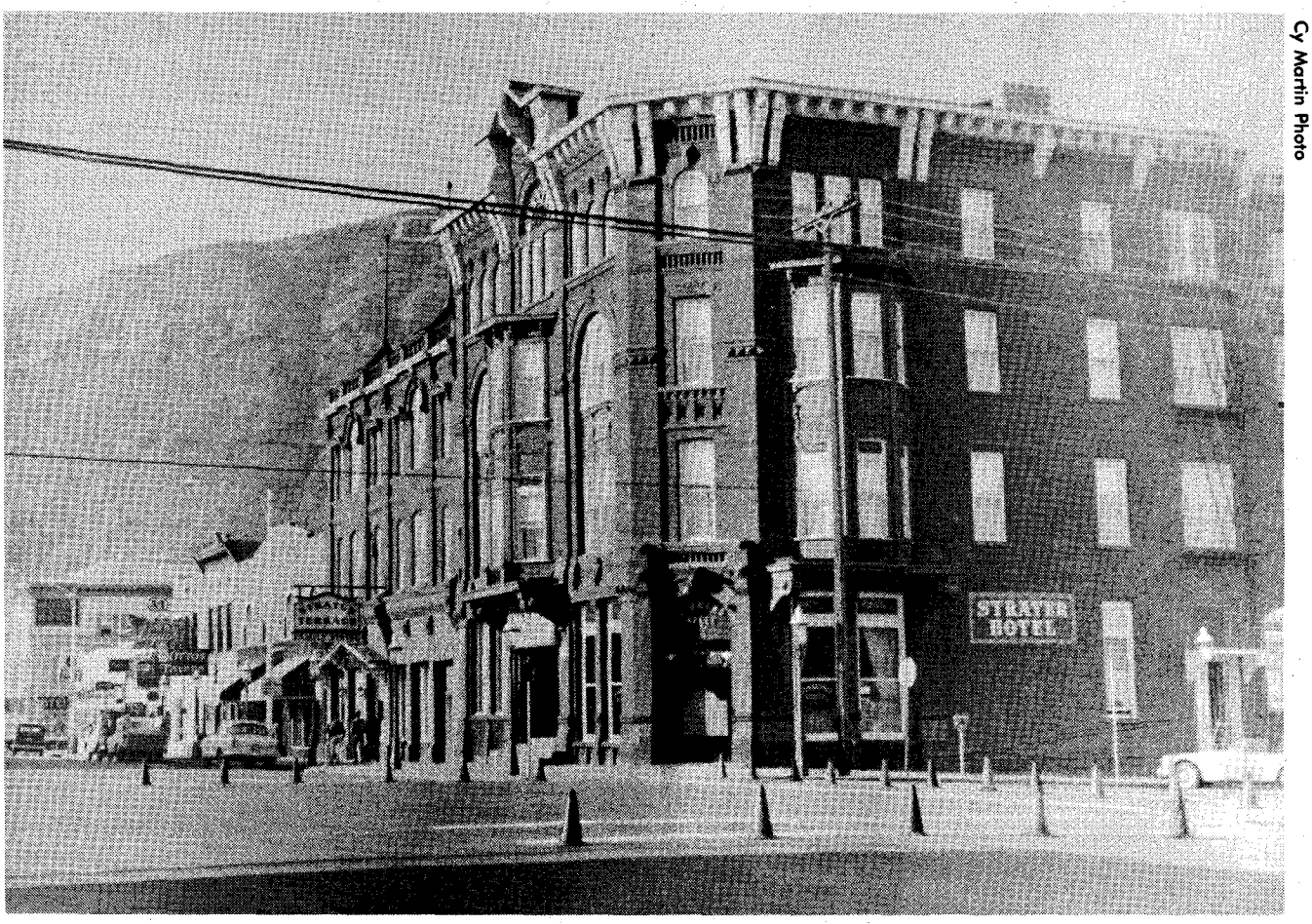

Cy Martin Photo

Durango, Colorado as it looked in 1966. The Strater Hotel has been in operation since the gold rush days.

General Palmer's pockets.

Durango, unlike many other cities in Colorado was located, platted, and developed as a Rio Grande outpost from the beginning. So strategically located was Durango it eventually justified the foresight of the railroad management by becoming the focus of four other narrow gauge railroad operations.

The Rio Grande tracks arrived from Alamosa on July 27, 1881. They were delayed almost a year beyond the original estimate for their completion by an unusually severe winter of late snows and heavy spring rains. But once the rails were in Durango, no time was lost about making it secure as an outpost of the railroad's ever-growing empire. Less than ninety days after the first train connection with the outer world, graders were pushing the line along the margin of the Animas River building the famed Silverton Branch. At the Silverton terminus another empire builder in the person of Otto Mears set about the construction of three narrow gauge feeders. These were short lines which reached like fingers into the forbidding passes of the Uncompahgre Mountains to harvest the rich ore out of the mines at Red Mountain, Gladstone, Ureka, and Mammoth.

As the focus of all these comings and goings Durango was very much a metropolis. There was a daily connection with Silverton through the superb scenery of the Rio de las Animas Perdidas Canyon. A daily name train, *The San Juan Express,* with a parlor observation car and dining facilities ran to Alamosa and overnight connections with the outer world.

Durango was no one-economy railroad town, it was the gateway to a vast agricultural and cattle empire. Through it passed all rail traffic bound for the feverish diggings which justified the Silverton Branch. To the sprawling Durango smelter came ores to be reduced from the rich mines at Red Mountain, Rico, and the Forks of Animas, with coal mined in large surface fields just west of town.

The tempo of life in the San Juans quickened with the advent of the steam cars. Saloons and call-houses flourished and the placid ranchers, many of Spanish descent, became aware of the fascination of urban vice and took to poker playing for high stakes in the back room of Finch's Nose Paint Saloon. They also spent time assaying the charms of the girls in the front room at Maud Lamb's, an itinerant madam of love who once operated in Leadville and Aspen. When the cowhands heard about the conduct of their opposite numbers in the trail towns which dotted the railroads in Kansas, they began shooting up the town on Saturday nights. A few months after the arrival of the first bunting draped passenger train, a state bordering on civil war existed between the town folk and the railroaders.

A grand ball was announced to inaugurate the services of the West End Hotel and fashionable Durango looked forward to an evening of well-mannered elegance among the potted palms. The scene was raided when Saturday night cowhands shot up the premises and the ball was hastily called off while diners in evening attire stationed themselves with Winchesters behind the hotel windows and took potshots at the cowboys. The perfume which greeted the nostrils of

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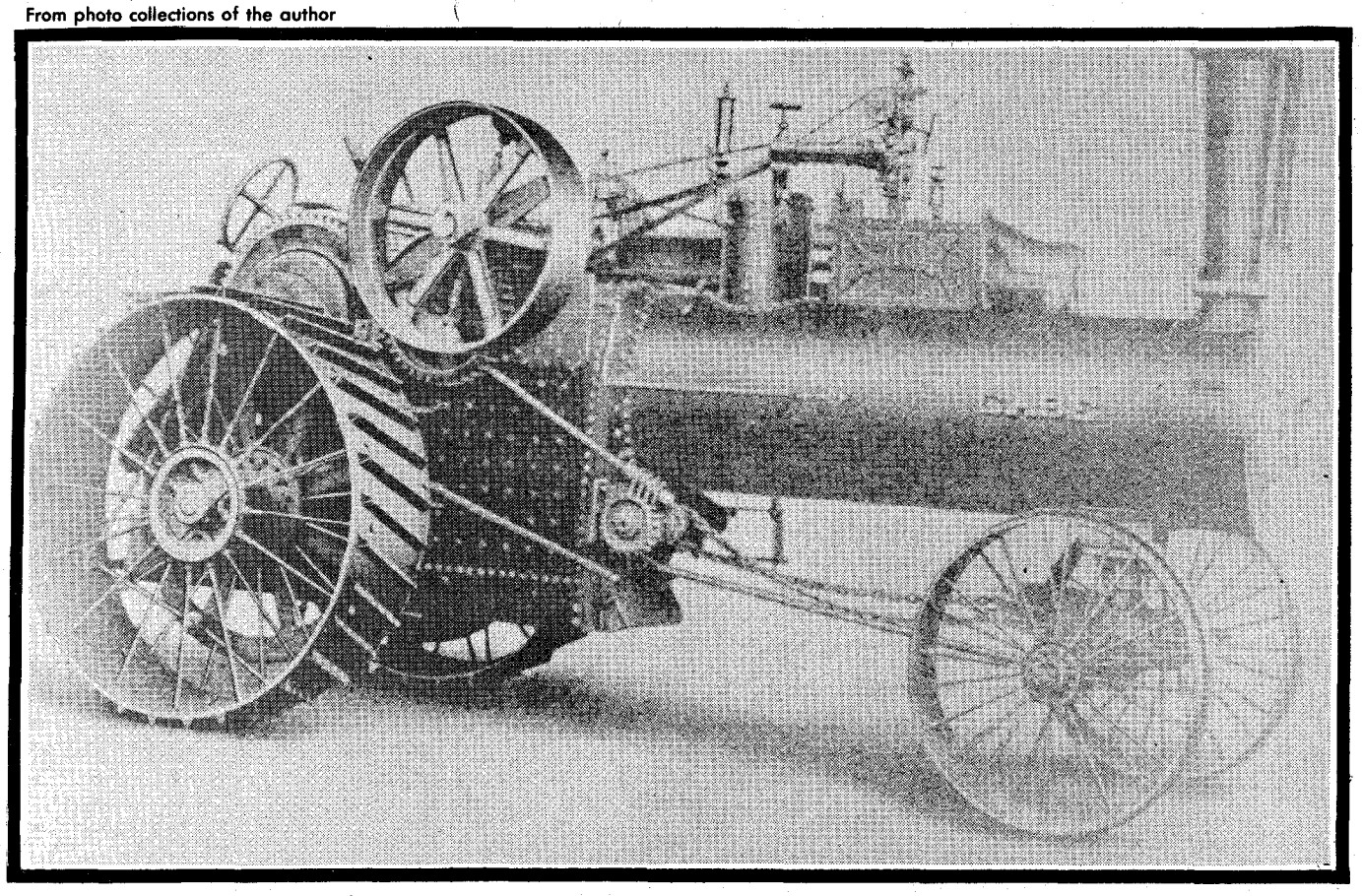

A thresher engine (J. I. Case, 25 horse power) similar to the one that blew up

The Big THRESHER ENGINE Blowup

Threshing time in Coal County, Oklahoma, brought out the steam engines hauling the big grain separators behind them. They needed plenty of water to run safely and folks think it was this that caused the disastrous explosion on Bill Dunn's farm.

By Maurice Kildare

The smoking iron monster came tootling along the country lane pulling a J. I. Case threshing separator behind it. It's speed was all of four miles an hour, which gave farm people along the road plenty of time to get out and watch it go by. Besides that they had ample warning for the small, slightly built engineer, "Mac" Ray, yanked the whistle cord often.

When grain threshing season came along the engines and separators covered the country. They were something to see, when a new fangled horseless carriage didn't travel the rocky, rutted dirt roads once a month.

Farmers who had a crop of wheat, oats or barley to thresh in Coal County, old Oklahoma were considered fortunate beings. Threshing time was considered a gala occasion despite the hard labor involved and all the neighbors pitched in to help.

My father had 100 acres of wheat and about 150 of oats to thresh on the farming land of his A One Bar ranch. As this would take about three days my mother hired two girls on a full weeks pay, $2.50, to help with the cooking, feeding and cleaning up afterwards. In addition a dozen neighbor women arrived to help feed forty men three times a day.

Ray ran thresher engines during the season, then early fall and for the bolly season, a steam engine at the cotton gin. When cotton ginning ended he fired the boiler one day a week to operate the grist mill grinding corn meal.

Scrawny and insignificant appearing, he was nevertheless a *steam engine man.* Therefore he was admired and looked up to because of his superior knowledge.

This particular year was a dry one and water holes in the creeks were few and far between. When the thresher moved to our fields Ray warned the two water haulers not to delay going and coming.

They had to travel better than a mile, over a high hill past our big stock barn and down to Sandy Creek. The wagon wheels were coupled close together, running gear only. Each carried a 500 gallon zinc water tank on a frame. Water was pumped from the creek by hand, using a long pole fitted into it with one hose in the hole and the

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other into the tank through the man-hole. This hard work was sure temptation for lazy men to rest often.

Old enough to drive a bundle wagon for father I was at the separator when Ray shut it down. On inquiry it developed that neither wagon had returned with water.

"I can't see even a speck in the level glass," Ray declared and started raking burning cordwood out of the fire box. "This engine could go sky high if cold water hits the crown plate."

Half an hour later the first water wagon appeared in the field. When it reached the engine Ray made him dump most of the tank into an iron box on the ground next to it. Into it he could run steam to preheat the water, with probably almost the last left in the boiler. It was then injected and presently the rebuilt fire began making more steam.

All the while working at this task, Ray a mild man who seldom spoke an uncivil word, harangued the water hauler.

The time consumed when the separator shut down until steam was up again caused a two hour delay. For this Ray came in for considerable criticism.

He stared at the men who fussed about it and said, "You want this engine blown up and several people killed around here?"

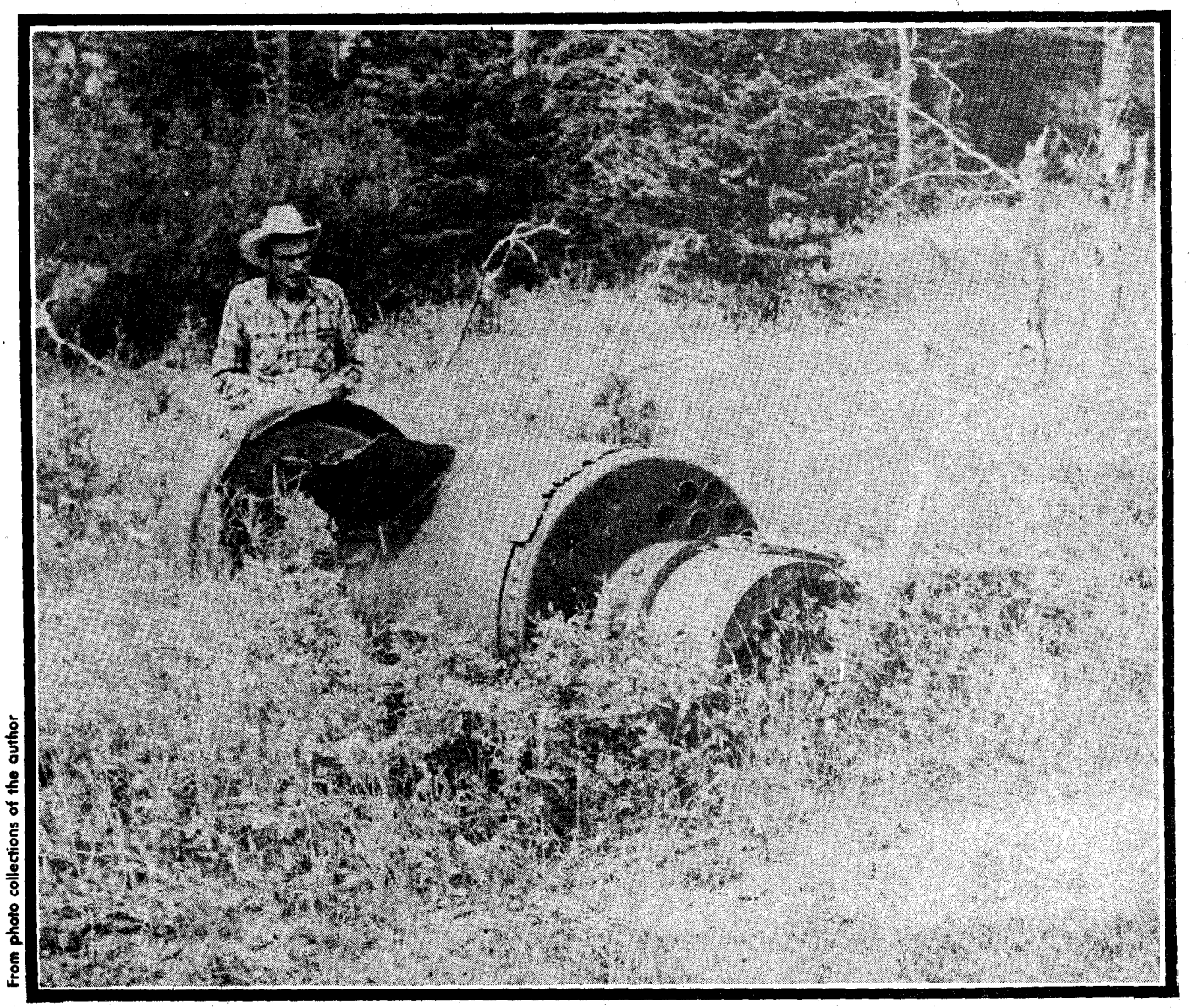
A steam engineer was a real king and no one argued with him beyond that. His slick skinned face and forehead and once burned off hair, revealed that he must have survived more than one boiler explosion.

We got our grain threshed and the engine and separator, preceeded by bundle wagons, moved on to one of Bill Dunn's rent farms. Joel Jimson share cropped it.

Since farmers during threshing time traded work and wagons to help each other, father sent me to the Jimson place. He had run a bundle wagon to help us out.

With 200 acres of oats and 50 of barley to thresh, with more than 300 acres of Dunn's wheat adjoining, this stand was for several days. Here the water situation was worse. The wagons had to go almost three miles to a creek mud hole. The sucker hose end attached to the pump was placed in a big bucket to prevent taking in too much mud. Even so the liquid was still filled with silt.

The first day Ray had to shut his engine down twice waiting for water. The haulers were big, strong youths with hardly any brains and loafed at every opportunity. Delays cost them nothing for they were paid by the month. Other hands griped at them but they only jeered back, saying they could have their jobs any old time.



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Parts of steam engine were hurled as far as three quarters of a mile away

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Ray protested to Dunn, "If I can't get water steady we're going to be a long time threshing your fields."

"You're shutting the engine down too soon," the wiry little Dunn protested, his Texas mustache working up and down at both ends. "They'll get here in time."

"Maybe by Christmas."

Dunn replied that he would take the matter up with the separator and engine owner for whom Ray worked on a percentage basis. Maybe he needed another engineer, Dunn hinted broadly.

Ray snorted, "I doubt that he wants his engine blown to kingdom come!"

It happened the very next day, under circumstances that not even Ray could adequately explain. Except that the boiler was out of water, or nearly so. Something certainly went wrong and none of several theories as to the cause sufficed.

About three o'clock on a hot afternoon Ray had to shut down the works. He pulled only part of the wood fire and perhaps misjudged it a little. A few minutes after doing so he looked around. Seeing neither water wagon in sight went to the stack end of the separator. The operator needed help doing a repair job on the stack blower.

Right behind his departure a wagon drove in, a big lout on it. Driving alongside the boiler he began unloading. Just exactly what he did no one knew and he wasn't around to tell. Whatever he did wrong, probably through stupidity, certainly caused the explosion.

Maybe he let in about 100 gallons of putrid water when the terrific blast roared sky high. The engine tore asunder. Chunks of it were found all over the stubblefield. Only parts of the wagon, mules and the driver were ever located. But there was enough pieces of the driver to shovel together and bury.

The long wheel belt from engine to separator was torn into several lengths. The front end of the engine with the smoke stack struck the separator feeder and the front end smashed in. Fortunately there were no bundle wagons alongside it when the explosion erupted so violently.

Two pitchfork men lounging in the shade under the feeder trough were killed. Ten other hands in close proximity to the engine were injured by pieces of flying metal and scalding steam. Two bundle wagons coming in with loads were overturned and several horses killed. Other wagons farther out were badly damaged when frightened teams ran away.

Half a mile off coming in with a load of bundles, the air currents whipping around my ears was deafening. The team of big Missouri mules got scared and five minutes was required to get them quieted down. Then I drove slowly towards the scene of the big blast.

Utmost confusion reigned. No one appeared to know what to do about broken arms and legs. Several injured bled so badly predictions were made they couldn't last long. However, all of the wounded eventually recovered.

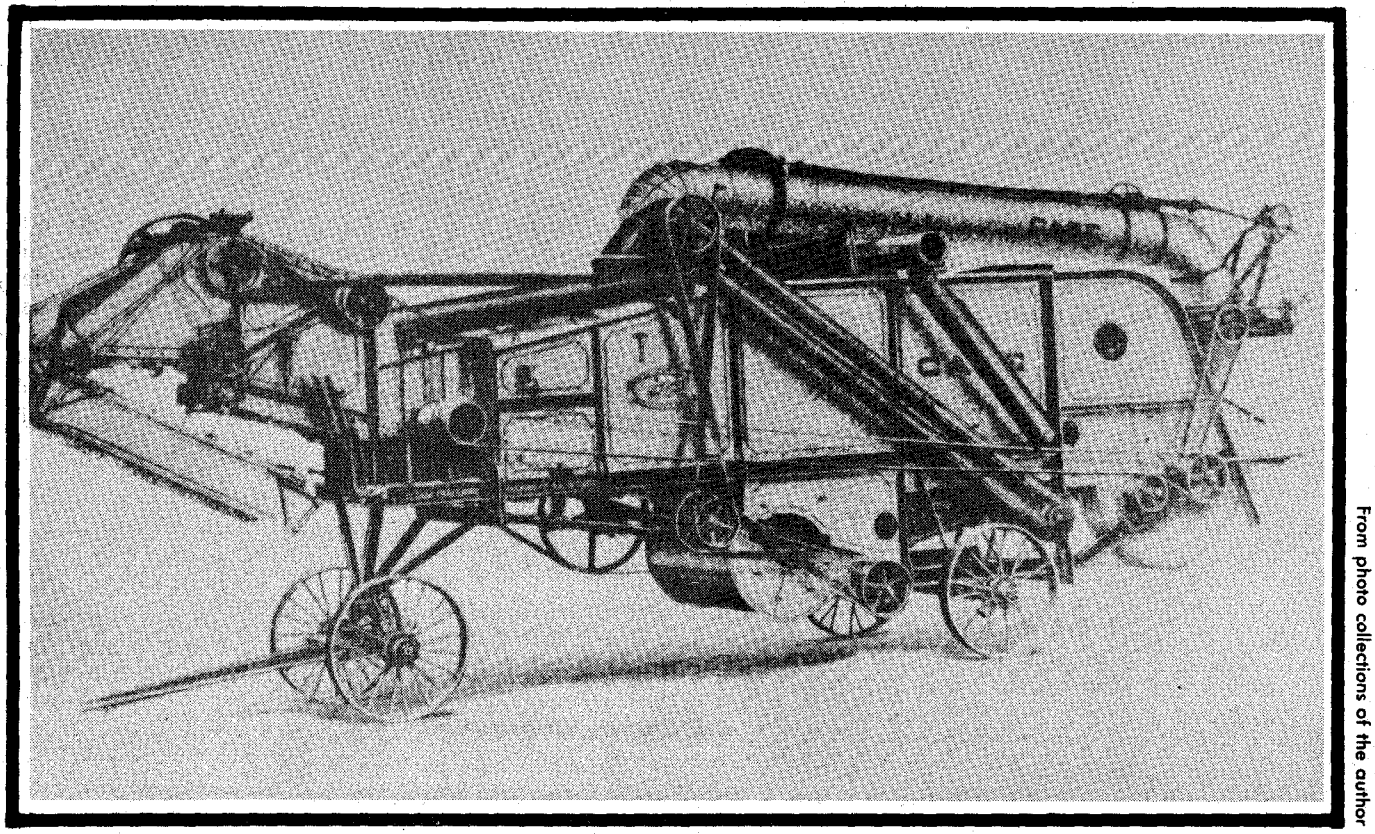
Amid the chaos, Ray dispatched a rider to Clarita for Dr. Taylor.

Ray was the one man who wasn't dazed nor did he lose his head. He shouted, "Quiet down, for hell's sake! Somebody get some women down here with white strips of cloth to bandage the wounded. Do it now and don't walk, run!"

When help did begin to arrive it came in buggies, buckboards and wagons. But Dr. Taylor was out of town on a maternity case and would not be available for at least three hours.

The telephone operator in Clarita got hold of Dr. Haberly in nearby Wapanucka. He came in a hurry, driving to the scene of the tragedy in one of the first Model T Fords seen in that part of the country.

Instead of helping restore any order or confidence in the hair brained crowd of field hands, the women only increased it by weeping



From photo collections of the author

A Case separator did the threshing

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From photo collections of the author

Shocked grain in the fields was hauled to the separator by bundle

copious amounts of tears. They thought everybody was going to expire within the hour. Yet in their way they bandaged bleeding wounds and pasted on some Clover Leaf salve or poured liniment over the bandages. It was all they had in the way of medical supplies.

By the time Dr. Haberly reached the scene there must have been six hundred people in that stubblefield. Most were giving bad advice, knowing nothing whatever about first aid to the stricken.

As Dr. Haberly said afterwards, "It was a wonder they didn't terminate those still breathing, or further injure the fractured cases until they could never walk again!"

One oldster declared, "I know where there's some peppermint plants growing. The leaves will stop bleeding." He took out on a harness horse riding bareback as though a hundred devils were poking hot pitchforks into his hide. Maybe he got lost for he never returned.

Another offered, "I'll go home and split an oak block for splints to go around them broken bones." At least he talked sense but he also disappeared and didn't come back.

The steam scalds were very serious. The self-appointed first aiders covered them with fresh cow manure. When he saw that Dr. Haberly clenched his teeth in holy horror. Taking it all off and disinfecting the bloody raw flesh he applied proper medication, at least what was used for scald burns in those days.

Three were in very critical condition and he advised that they be taken to their homes without further delay.

There were no hospitals anywhere for the explosion victims to be sent to. Although it would be difficult, they could survive the hard way and they did.

Wagons with bed mattresses in the box were brought to the scene. He would allow none of those with broken limbs to be hauled away, as some started to do, before splinted. He worked quickly attending to the injured and performed miracles in that stubblefield. One of the best doctors in all of Oklahoma, he received his medical education in no less than New York City.

In those days antibiotics were unheard of. But Dr. Haberly gave them some type of drug in pill shape that eased the explosion victims' pain. It could have been a morphine derivative since the drug was being used in several forms in those days, especially in patent medicines.

The dead had been laid out and now relatives prepared to haul the bodies home for burial. Pieces of the water wagon driver were being sacked. Dr. Haberly stopped them.

"Has the county sheriff been notified and bringing a coroner's jury out here?" he asked.

The farmers stared at him stupidly.

"Well, in all cases of violent death the deceased must be viewed by a coroner's jury and the sheriff," Dr. Haberly told them. "Only then can the bodies be removed."

A man ran half a mile to the Dunn ranch, the nearest county line telephone. He notified the sheriff at Coalgate, the county seat.

At sundown people began drifting homeward. The sheriff arrived with a deputy and got a few witnesses on the scene. Dr. Haberly departed in his Model T, hoping to get back to Wapanucka without having to drive after dark by oil lights. The headlights burned oil through a wick and the highest safe speed possible was about five miles an hour.

Soon not a hundred people were left on the disaster scene. The sheriff departed, saying no hearing would be necessary. The bodies were hauled away in the wagons.

Engineer Ray said, "Well, I can't kick the living daylights out of that feller who caused the explosion because he's been had," and went home to his dryland farm near Clarita. Dunn had to hunt up another threshing outfit and didn't get one until near end of the month.

Unloading the bundles in my wagon I set out the few miles for the ranch, arriving long after dark. Father met me at the barn, asking why I had come home. He helped

(continued on page 70)

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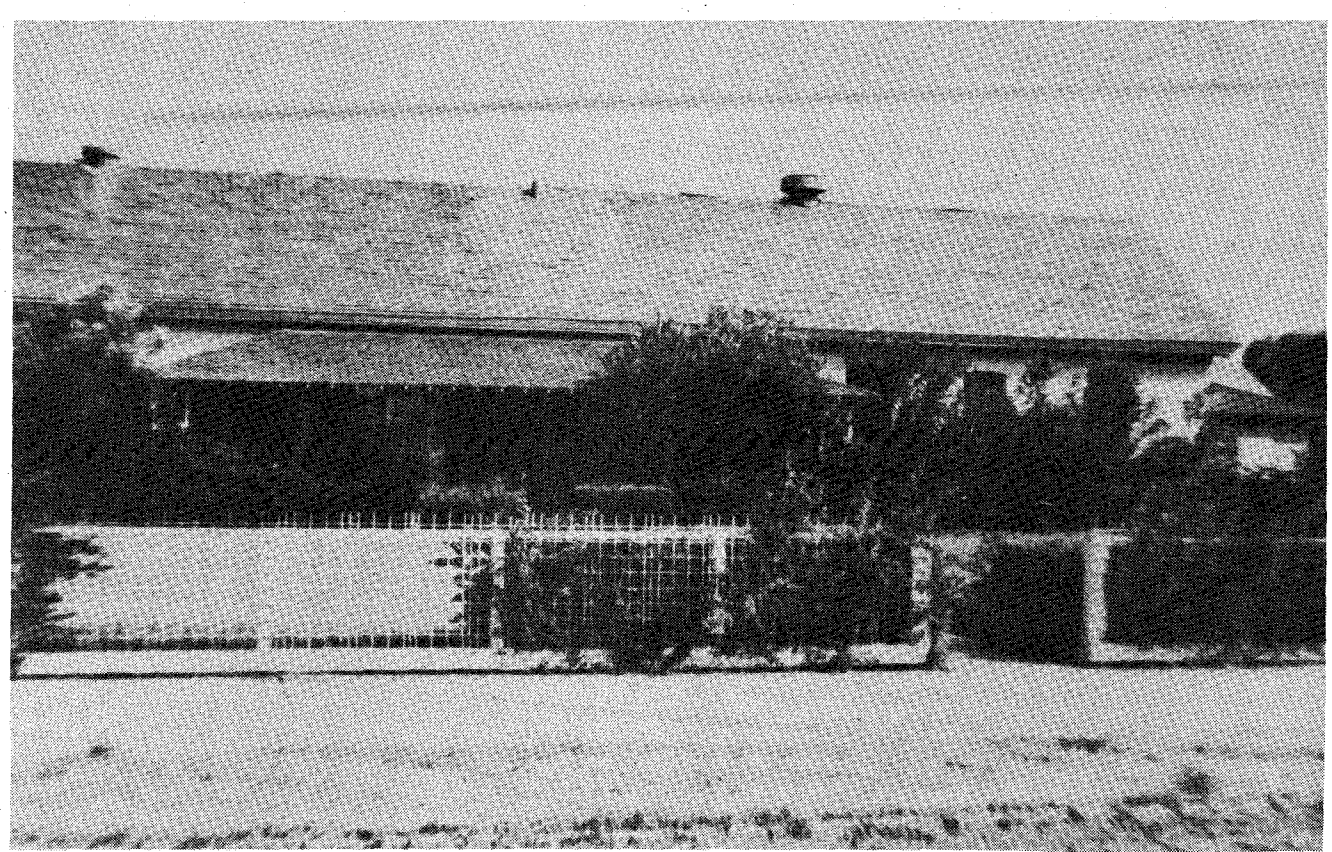
FORTS OF THE WEST

Blood And Thunder At OLD FORT McINTOSH

By Louise Cheney

From the Mexican War down to the end of World War II, Fort McIntosh served as a deterrent to hostile Indians, borderjumping guerillas and cattle rustlers, and as training ground for many of the finest soldiers in the Army.



Courtesy Manuel B. Blanco, Publications Director of Laredo Junior College, Laredo, Texas

Formerly the Ft. McIntosh Armory, the building above is now the homemaking cottage of the Laredo Junior College

The story of old Fort McIntosh on the Rio Grande at Laredo, Texas reads like a swashbuckling adventure tale for it is the story of the whiz of arrows, the twang of bow, the boom of cannon, the rattle of musketry, of brave deeds by brave men. It is the story of the evolution of civilization in the primitive land of the Rio Grande border over a century ago.

Fort McIntosh had its beginning as a U. S. Military Post after the end of the Mexican War. During the war the town of Laredo was held by a company of Texas Mounted Volunteers under the command of Captain Mirabeau Lamar, who had been the second president of the Republic of Texas.. Lamar, seeing the threat of massive Indian attacks upon the border country, before being mustered out, wrote to General Zachary Taylor, advising him not to leave Laredo without military protection. Lamar told his superior that the threat of Indian attacks was serious and that unless protected by soldiers the set-

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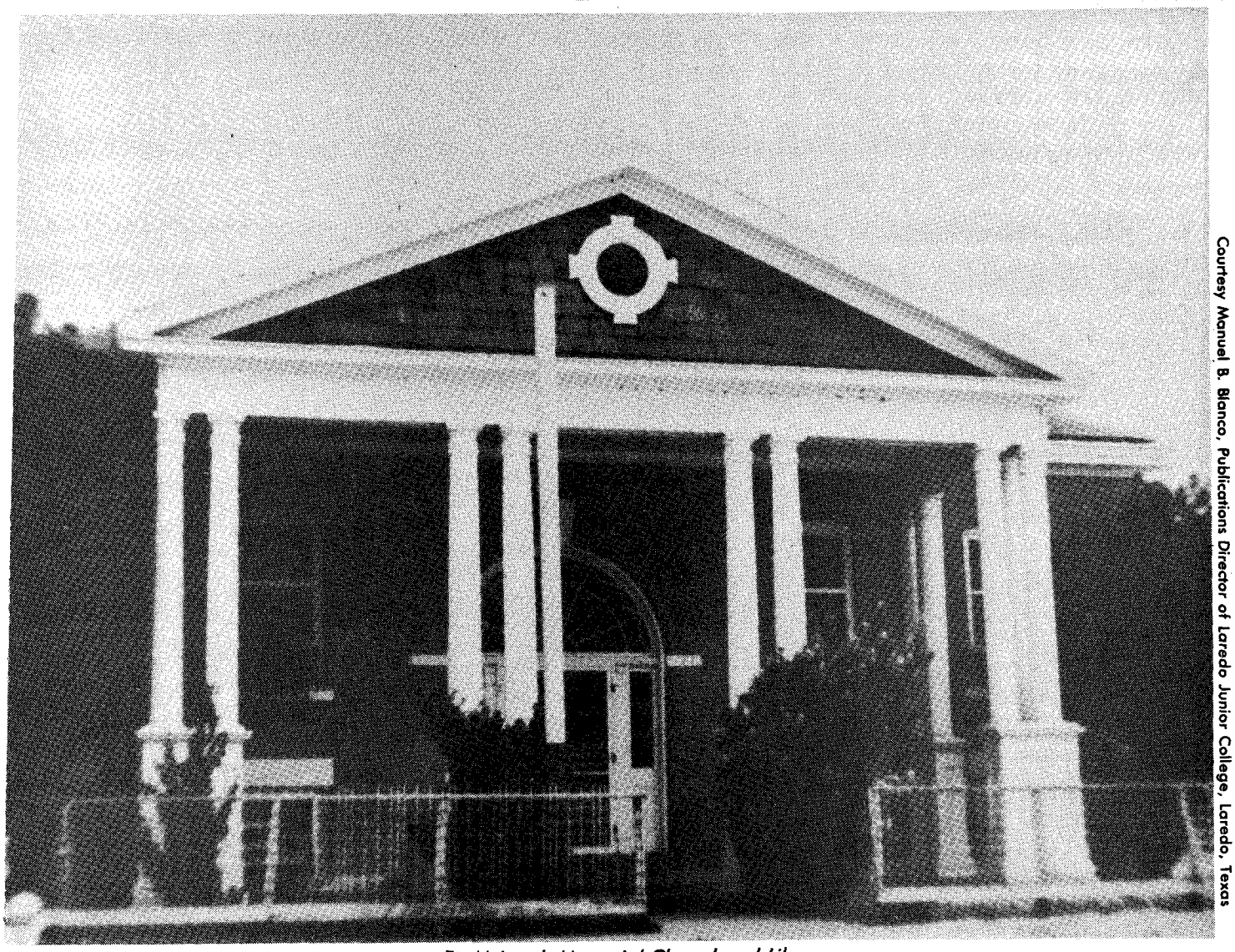

Courtesy Manuel B. Blanco, Publications Director of Laredo Junior College, Laredo, Texas

Ft. McIntosh Memorial Chapel and Library

tlement would probably be doomed to calamity.

To General Taylor, Lamar's letter seemed good advice and he made use of it immediately. On March 3, 1849, a military garrison was established at Laredo near El Paso de los Indios, (Indian Crossing) on the Rio Grande. At first the new post was called Camp Crawford in honor of George W. Crawford, the Secretary of War. On January 7, 1850 the name was changed to Fort McIntosh, in honor of Lieutenant Colonel James S. McIntosh who was killed in the Battle of Molina del Ray in 1847.

The fort was a star-shaped earthworks and covered about an acre of ground which was perched on a bluff about 50 feet above the Rio Grande. Although there was no lumber in the vicinity the first buildings of the new garrison were of frame, the material coming down the Rio Grande from Fort Ringgold at Rio Grande City.

Lamar had been right about the Indians for they raided the settlements in the vicinity regularly and from the very first the troopers were engaged in frequent skirmishes with the savage invaders. A Lieutenant Walter W. Hudson was fatally wounded in a fierce battle with the hostiles and died at the post on April 19, 1850. Later a garrison, Camp Hudson in Val Verde County was named in his honor.

In 1854 General Philip Sheridan visited the post. In his personal memoirs he noted that he arrived at Fort McIntosh during a storm which was referred to in that area as a "norther". Just before the "norther" hit the troops had finished a redoubt for defense purposes. The parapet was constructed of sand since there was no other material available. The howling "norther" completely demolished the hard work of the soldiers in a matter of minutes.

Sheridan also noted that lumber on the Rio Grande was so scarce at that time that the possession of even a tiny bit was a luxury. He wrote that all of the above said material that reached the post came in the form of bacon boxes and that same was used for coffins.

Life was hectic at the post for not only did the Indians raid the settlements but the same settlements also suffered from Mexican cattle thieves.

Once during the summer rains when the Mexican War was raging the U. S. Army sent a steamship up the Rio Grande to Laredo. The river receded unexpectantly and the ship remained stranded at Laredo for two years.

In 1858 Fort McIntosh was abandoned and its stores were removed to Fort Brown also a border fort on the Rio Grande. But a year later in 1859 the post was reactivated and two companies of the First Infantry moved in. Two years later in 1861 when the bloody Civil War erupted, the Union forces left the post to the Confederates who were under the command of Colonel Santos Benavides. On October 23, 1865 when the South had lost the Civil War, Federal forces once more took over the garrison on the Rio Grande and a new fort was built about half a mile from the original site. This time the buildings were constructed of stone and limestone. The post, modern in every respect for that period, became a well ordered garrison.

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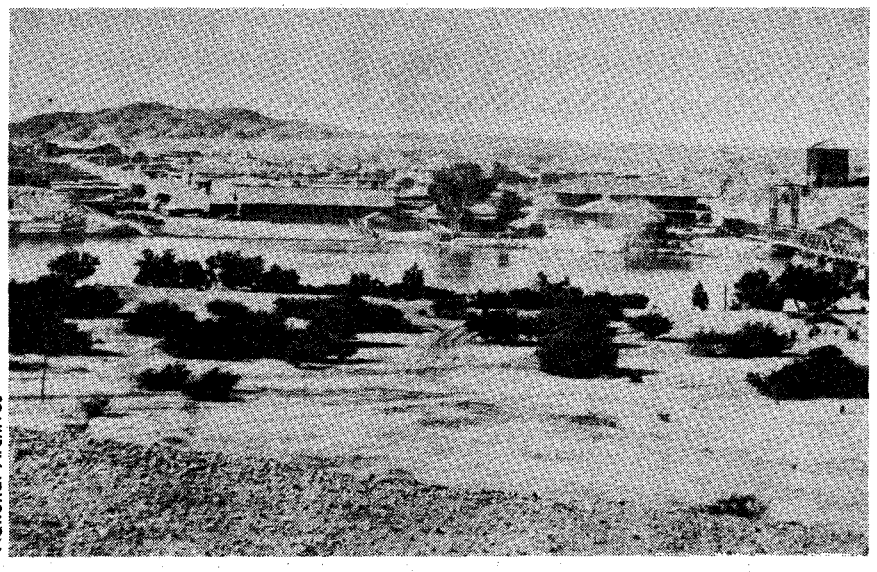

National Archives

View of Ft. McIntosh near Laredo, Texas. The river flowing by is the Rio Grande.

The Humble Sketchbook, put out by the Humble Oil Company gives an amusing story about Fort McIntosh but notes that it is not documented. Once believing that trouble for the garrison might be imminent the commander gave orders to the bugler to sound the call to arms if anything unusual occurred. That very night after the bugler received his orders a barracks building caught fire. In high excitement the bugler gave the call to arms. The soldiers rushed post haste to the Rio Grande and assumed positions. While they waited for redmen or brigands on the river banks, the building behind them burned to the ground.

Lee Myers, well known historian, lecturer and writer of Carlsbad, New Mexico, who researches many of the old forts west of the Mississippi informs me that his copious files on Fort McIntosh contain the following information.

The post was located on the left bank of the Rio Grande in Latitude 27 degrees, 45′ north, Longitude 22 degrees, 47′ west. It was 165 miles from San Antonio, Texas and 242 miles from Austin, Texas and three-quarter miles from the old Spanish town of Laredo. Fort McIntosh was founded as an old Spanish Presidio as a bulwark against the Indians of the border who were hostile. The nearest approach by rail was Brenham, Texas, 350 miles east.

There was no regular means of communication except by government wagon trains. The mails were irregular and subject to interruptions by bandits and redmen. The mail contract called a weekly delivery but often it was delayed two or three weeks. Transportation to Rio Grande City on the Rio Grande at Ringgold Barraks was via steam. Water for the post came from the Rio Grande. Due to the sterile sandy soil and the arid climate it was impossible to raise a post vegetable garden even with irrigation. Stone was the only building material in the area. Work on the fort was done by hired mechanics. In 1866 improvements at a cost of $36,000 were made on the garrison. The sanitary conditions at the fort were excellent and there was a minimum of sickness. In 1877 additional buildings were erected at a cost of $15,000. The post was in continuous operation until after the end of World War II when it was discontinued and taken over by Laredo Junior College.

The roll at Fort McIntosh reads like a military Who's Who as many officers who became nationally famous served there, among them Captain Hamilton P. Bee, who was to become a general in the Confederate Army, the Benavides brothers, Colonel Santos, Captain Refugio and Captain Christobal who played a large role in routing the Indians and bandits along the Rio Grande in the period following the Civil War. Captain John Z. Leyendecker, a Quartermaster for the Confederacy did such a fine job that he was kept on by the Federal forces after they re-entered the post at the close of the Civil War, Major C. C. Silby of the Third Infantry, Major D. B. Clendenin who did a great job suppressing the bandits along the border, General Funston, General Miles, General S. M. B. Young, General J. C. Harbord, General Beaumont S. Buck and surgeons Dr. Henry Sohn, and Dr. William C. Gorgus all served at Fort McIntosh with distinction.

Laredo, Texas, the oldest independent city in Texas has a flamboyant past for through it has marched a great parade of history, the Conquistadores, the soldiers of four nations, the fierce Indians of the border country, the bandits of the Rio Grande, the Texas Rangers, the settlers and westward bound travelers. Laredo has been under seven flags in its lifetime. It was founded by Don Thomas Sanchez, an officer of the Royal Army of Spain and was named after a port on the northern coast of Spain. From 1810 until 1821 the Spanish concentrated their forces there during Mexico's struggle to overthrow the yoke of Spain. In 1836 during the Texas Revolution, Santa Anna, president of Mexico and the self styled "Napoleon of the West", massed his troops there for the attack on the Alamo. In 1840 Laredo was the capital of the short lived Republic of the Rio Grande which claimed the area from the Neuces River in Texas to the Sierra Madre in Mexico. The soil of the border city has felt the tramp of the marching armies of many nations.

Just before the beginning of World War II, Fort McIntosh was an engineer post. During the war units of mechanized cavalry trained there. In 1947 the garrison was discontinued as an Army installation and part of it was taken over by Laredo Junior College. One of the old barracks buildings houses the Administration Building, another contains the Liberal Arts Building and another the science building. The post jail is now headquarters for the college maintenance crew and the post library and chapel now serve the college in the same manner that they served the army. The Homemaking building is now in the old arsenal. The old parade ground is now the college campus.

At the old garrison it is quite easy to visualize its lusty past via the imagination. Fort McIntosh fulfilled its mission for it brought civilization, safety and peace to the Laredo area for all time. ● **RW**

REFERENCE SOURCE

THE HUMBLE SKETCHBOOK, The Humble Oil Company, Houston, Texas.

The files of Lee Myers of Carlsbad, New Mexico.

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by Nono Minor

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE

Indian sign language, its signs and gestures, closely relate to Indian picture writing. It is the way the different tribes of the Plains communicated with one another. It is believed the sign language originated in the buffalo country when the tribes came to hunt. By signs and gestures it was indicated if the tribes were friendly or hostile. Many tribes living close to each other, never took the time to learn their neighbor's language, but communicated by sign language.

In sign language one or both hands are used. The Indian became expert at this, — to the extent it was almost poetry in action. Below are a few words and how to do them.

ABOVE—or one thing above another. Place both hands with their backs up in front of the body, the right hand resting on the left. Raise the right hand a little above the left.
AFRAID—Bring both hands, with one finger of each hand out in front of the chest. Bring the hands back a few inches and bit downward, while curving the fingers.
ARISE—or to get up. Bring right hand, using one finger with the back down and pointing to the front, then move it back and forth until back is outwards and index points upwards.
BABY—Place the right hand, closed, across the left wrist with the palm side up, as if holding a baby.
BAD—or to discard. Hold right fist near the chest, then throw it out and down a little towards the right while doing so open the hand.
BIRD—or wings. With the hands flat at shoulder height, imitate the motion of wings. If the bird is large make slow motions, if the bird is small make rapid ones.
BLESS YOU—Raise both hands with the palms outward and the hands pointing to the front and upward. Lower hands several inches then push them towards the person who is being blessed.
CARRY—Place the thumb side of the right fist against the right shoulder, then thumb side of left fist against the right fist. Stoop slightly forward as though carrying a heavy pack or bag.
CHIEF—or elevated, rising above others. Hold one finger of right hand at side pointing upward, then raise hand in a gradual circle as high as the top of the head, and arch toward the front and downward.
CLOSE—or to draw near. With the right hand slightly curved, and well out in front of the right shoulder, draw the hand downwards and in towards the body. Hold the hand flat and upright.
COLD—Place both hands closed in front of the body at the heights of the shoulder, with body slightly bent. Then give tremulous motion to the hands and arms as though shivering from the cold.
COME—Extend one finger of one hand (usually the right) then make a motion towards the face.
COUNTRY—Make signs by pointing to the ground with one finger of the right hand, then spread both hands low and to the right and left.
CRY, or tears. With two fingers of one hand held at the eye, indicate tears flowing by tracing their course down the face.
DIRT—With one finger of the right hand point to the ground.
DISTANT—With the back of the right hand in front of the right breast, a little lower than the shoulder push the hand to the front and then raise it slightly. The hand should be partly closed. If the distance is long, extend the hand to full length.
EAT—With the right hand nearly closed, pass the tips of the fingers in a downward curve past the mouth. Repeat this two or three times.
EXCHANGE—With one finger of each hand, make a semi-circle and bring the fingers past each other.
FACE—Bring the right hand across the front of the face, holding the hand flat.
FOLLOW—With the palms facing, the left hand a little ahead of the right, thrust both hands forward with a zigzag motion.
FRIEND—Hold the right hand in front of the neck, the palm should be outward with the index and second fingers extending upwards. Raise the hand until the tips of the fingers are as high as the head.
GOOD—Hold the flat right hand with the back up and in front of, and close to, the left breast. Point to the left and move the hand quickly to the right. Keep the hand on a horizontal plane.
GREAT—With the palms of the hands towards each other, bring the extended hands out and in front of the chest. Separate the hands to the right and left.
HAIR—Touch the hair on the head to denote hair of the human.
HALT—Hold the palm of the right hand, held flat, outward in front of the body about shoulder height. Move the hand sharply to the front and downwards, stopping it suddenly.
HARD—Hold the palm of the left hand straight up and strike it with the right fist two or three times.
HEAP—With both hands, indicate the gathering in from the sides, then bring the hands upwards in a curve to indicate a mound.
HEAR—Hold the right hand, cupped behind the ear.
HEART—Close the right hand and bring it to the heart.
HEAVEN—Point upward with one finger of the right hand.
I, or Me—Touch center of chest with extended right thumb.
JOKE—Hold the right hand with the back down in front of the mouth. Fingers should be separated and partly curved and pointing forward, move hand to front and upwards.
KEEP—With the right hand, grasp the left index finger firmly. Move the hands slightly to the right and left.
LAND—Push both hands held flat towards the ground. Spread them sideways.
LAUGH—With both hands partly closed and held palms up in front of

(continued on page 80)

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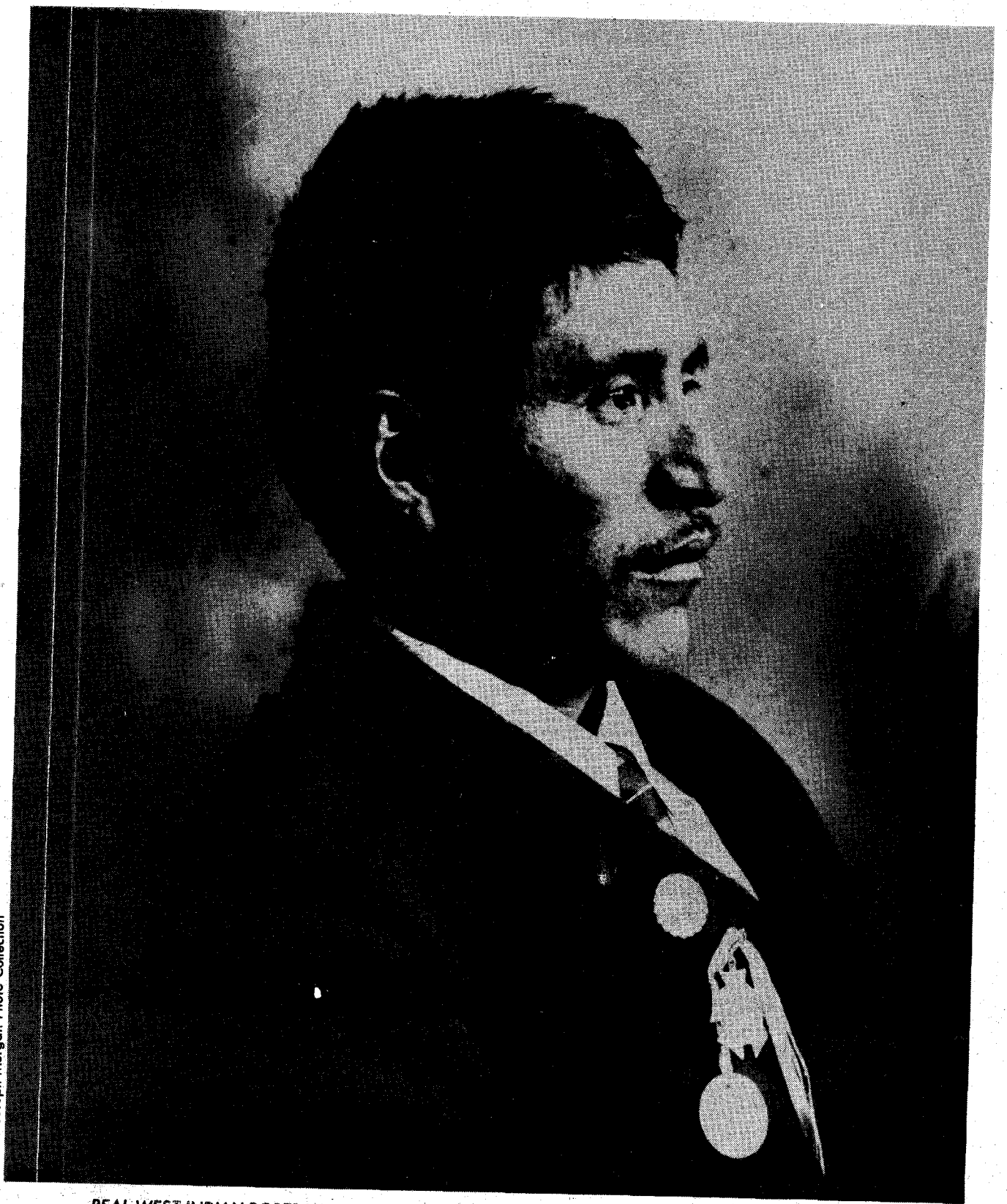

Ronald Joseph Morgan Photo Collection

REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY. YANOSHA. An Apache warrior who fought with Geronimo. Photographed by C. S. Fly in Mexico in 1886.

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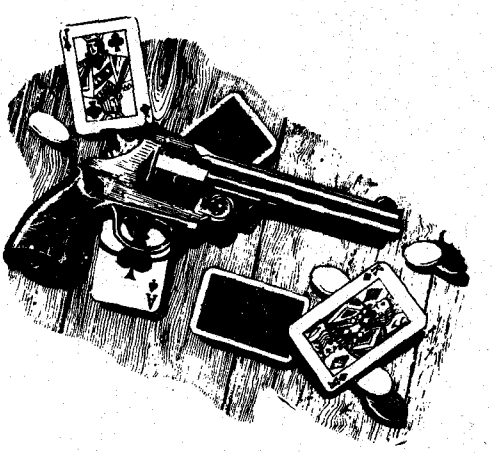
PICTORIAL

LOG CABIN
LIBRARY
NEW STORIES OF STARTLING ADVENTURE
No. 159. NEW YORK. 10 Cents
GENTLEMAN JOE THE GILT-EDGED SPORT
By Jos. E. Badger Jr.

Edward T. LeBlanc dime novel collection

DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST. Log Cabin Library featured many Western novels. Included were some 50 or more about Gentleman Joe. Joe, as can be seen from the above illustration, did not take kindly to cheaters at cards.



Skagway, Alaska in 1898. The turnout of citizens was on the occasion of the arrival of the "Montana Kid".

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ESCAPE

The shark-infested waters of San Francisco Bay were the main deterrent to the Army prisoners on Alcatraz Island in the year 1868 but Dorian King convinced his two companions that they could make it across six-and-a-half miles of water to shore.

Dorian King stood tall in the face of the strong wind. This soldier coughed, covered his mouth, and blinked. He looked at the sun and glanced at the mainland across San Francisco bay. The tide was running out and the sea was so heavy it broke completely over the steamer McPherson as she made her usual trip to Alcatraz Island. King's eyes were like a dirty gray sky. He was a prisoner who ordinarily would have been behind bars, but this was Saturday and wash day and the garrison was given more than usual liberty to move about the island from place to place. Too, it was hardly likely any would try to escape without a boat while under the careful scrutiny of the sentinels on the battlements. Nobody had ever tried it and there were no boats here to use.

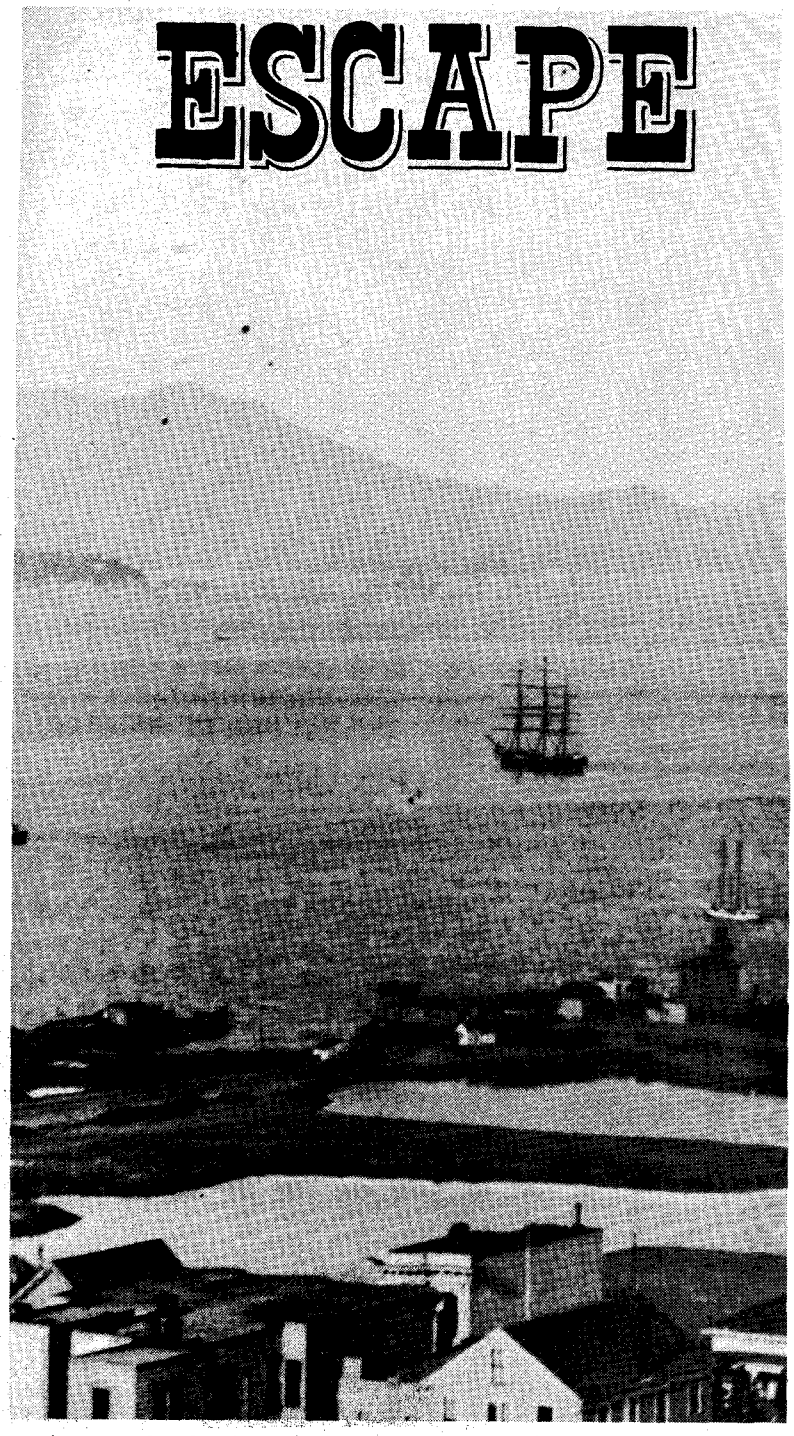
King at times had seen shark fins slicing through the strong currents that swept through the bay. Sweat dribbled down his back and legs despite the coolness of the day. He smiled grimly as he thought of escape. This was his order of the day along with two other companions, discontented soldiers weary of service and the island restrictions. They had agreed to desert with King and he knew them only as Frank and Swaney.
the men, he knew. To escape by ordinary means was not enough, so they adopted a plan that seemed to invite certain death for all of them. The trio determined to elude the sentries in broad daylight and swim to the mainland of Saucelito four miles away hrough perilous water.

This year of 1868 had been one for King right from the start. He had been wounded when mistaken for a burglar on an earlier furlough in San Francisco. His parents were unfortunately killed in an accident, and his pocketbook with his entire bankroll stolen by a pickpocket in Chinatown. Two days before King had fought his army captain in a town fracas over a young woman. The jealous officer had cursed and pushed him violently backwards.

This he shouldn't have done! Dorian King was up in a jiffy punching the officer with a fury. King did not stop until his opponent lay on his face in the street, his nose broken, his jaw greatly swollen, and his chin an unsightly blue black. The girl hadn't seemed much concerned about the fallen officer. She was slim, round faced with a small mouth. She wore a green dress and a big floppy hat decorated with ribbons that flapped in the wind he remembered.

The female had moved close to him, her big eager eyes full of admiration at his physical feat of mayhem. But King, his anger spent, had stepped back disgusted with himself for lack of self control. He believed that she had deliberately tricked both of them into the fight with her feminine wiles. The Captain's army escort had found the prone but semi-conscious officer, seized King and took him back to Alcatraz for imprisonment and punishment for striking a superior.

A group of King's soldier buddies cleverly staged a mock fight to distract the attention of the watching guards while he and his escaping companions quickly clambered unobserved down an island precipice on the city side to reach a hidden cove. This was phase one of their plan. There, they secured small chunks of floating logs to help keep them afloat. Then the trio quickly submerged beneath the sight and out of the range of the sentinels and their rifles at their raised lookouts.



Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay. In 1868 the first escape from Alcatraz Island was recorded. Three soldiers swam in rough water, one emerged at Lime Point successfully. Another was caught in mid bay and returned to face sentence. The third disappeared forever.

The cold water had a numbing effect on all three swimmers, and the rough crashing waves pounded them unmercifully. King hoped that the turbulent seas would keep any sharks at a low enough depth so they wouldn't be aware of them. The waves and the rushing waters soon separated the small group. King, the youngest of the three, hoped that the other two would make it, though he was far from optimistic during his six and a half hour buffeting in the bay. The last ounce of energy had been

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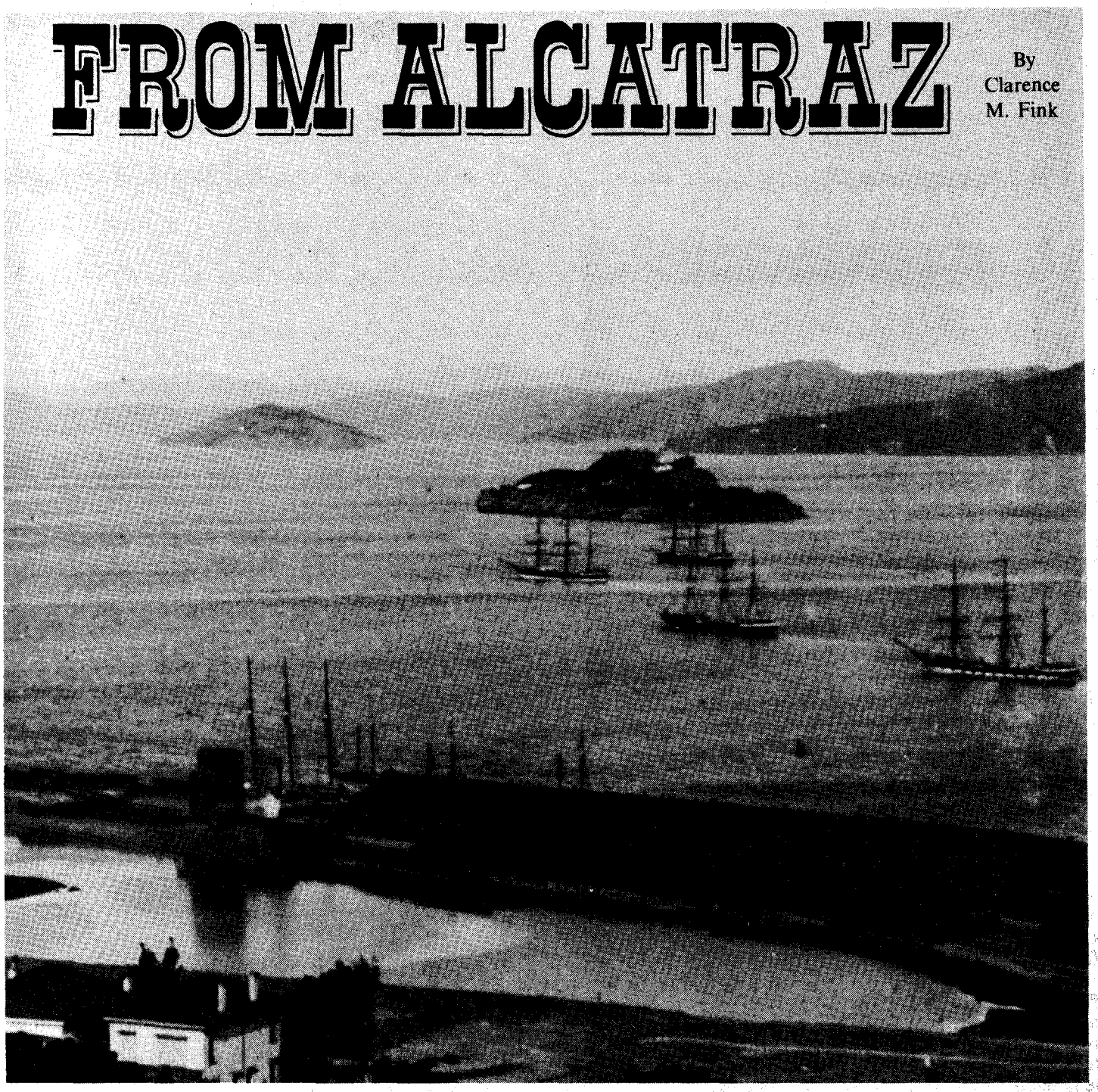
FROM ALCATRAZ

By Clarence M. Fink



Bancroft Library, Univ. of Calif. Berkeley.

drained from him when he crawled from the water completely exhausted. He made slow progress when he dragged himself into a group of large rocks which he hoped would conceal him while he regained his strength.

It was two weeks later that King was to learn the fate of his two desperate colleagues from an old newspaper in San Jose. Frank, the story read, was believed to have become a victim of the chill water and rampaging sea. It seemed that he himself had been seen by a beachcomber leaving the water at Lime Point. Swaney, the story revealed was not as fortunate as King. The smashing waves tore his miserable wooden block from him time and again, and in innumerable instances the wretched swimmer was wholly submerged. The only thing that had kept him going was the looming vision of prison behind him, and the waiting death beneath. Swaney was therefore resolved to keep on his course despite everything.

Finally the tide with great rapidity swept him toward the Golden Gate and the ocean beyond carrying the struggling swimmer with it. To his weary and dim vision the ports of Fort Point began to grow distinct. Finding it impossible to buck the force of this rushing water in his weakened condition, Swaney decided to change course and strike for the southern shore in which the going seemed easier.

Suddenly from out of nowhere he saw a large schooner slicing the water towards him. The half-drowned soldier tried to avoid discovery by diving below the surface,

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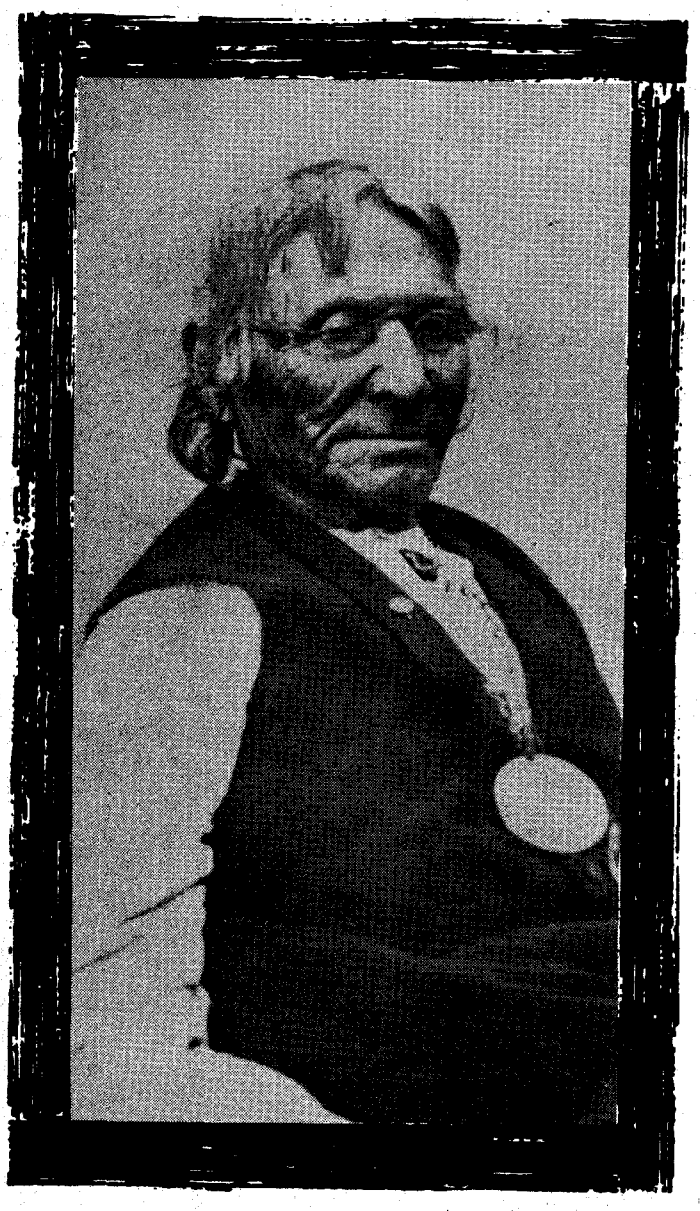
THE TRAGIC LAST YEARS



Smithsonian Institution

Ten Bears, noted chief and great orator of the Comanches at the age of 80.

When the Civil War began, both the North and the Confederacy tried to enlist the powerful Comanche Indians on their side. But, by 1875, the U.S. Army had spent millions of dollars and thousands of lives to bring peace to the Great Plains.

The onset of the Civil War in 1861 found both North and South courting the powerful Comanches in the Southwest. The chiefs signed treaties with both Federals and Confederates, according to which side had the most presents to offer. Sometimes one chief signed three or four different treaties with as many different emissaries of the two Great White Fathers in Richmond and Washington. To the Comanches, all white men were crazy anyhow—and this silly business of *two* supreme white chiefs only proved it all over again.

The Civil War provided a breathing spell for the Comanches in their bitter struggle against the whites. The departure of the garrisons from frontier military posts for far-off battlefields soon halted the invasion of whites into Comanche hunting grounds. Relieved of the double pressure of troops and emigrants, the warriors took life easy for the duration of the war. They became expert cadgers, deftly wangling food and supplies from both sides in the white man's war. They did nothing to prepare themselves for the renewed surge of emigrants after the war was over, and angrily took to raiding settlements and attacking wagon trains again. Troops were rushed in, and the old cycle of raiding and counter-raiding went on until the government commissioners met with the Comanches, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Kiowa-Apaches in the great treaty council at Medicine Lodge in Kansas in 1867.

This treaty council, like the famous 1851 council with the Northern tribes at Fort Laramie, was hopefully designed by the white men to "wipe war forever from the prairie." Held on the bank of the Arkansas River seventy miles south of Fort Larned, it was the last of the picturesque "Grand Councils" ever held on the Plains.

Many noted frontiersmen and scouts attended the vast gathering, as if by premonition that there would never be another held. Jesse Chisholm was there, and the famed frontier trader, George Bent. Aging Black Beaver, the great Delaware scout and guide, watched the proceedings

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of the COMANCHE NATION

By Norman B. Wiltsey

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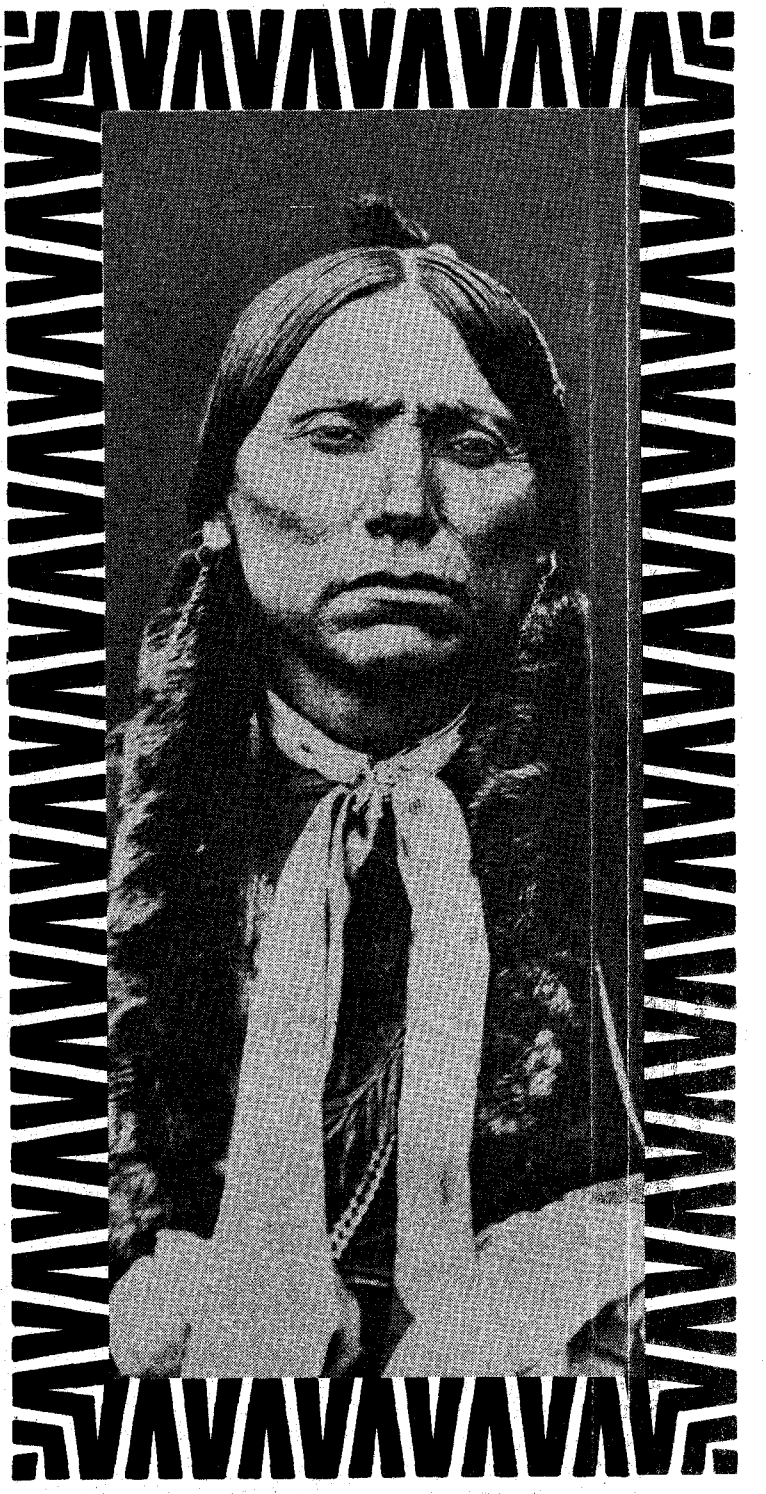

Quanah Parker, half white son of captive Cynthia Ann Parker and a Comanche chief. Parker led the attack on Adobe Wells on June 26, 1874. He surrendered his band on June 2, 1875 at Fort Sill.

with never a smile or show of emotion on his somber face. The Beaver, the sorry remnant of whose people had been driven westward from their beloved eastern forests, must have thought long, dark thoughts as he observed the white men smooth-talking his red brothers. The scene was a familiar and bitter one to the Delaware; he had heard the white man talk in council many times and the theme of his speech, no matter how cleverly disguised, was always the same: "Give me your lands and get out!"

The nervous Commissioners arrived at the rendezvous in Army ambulances in the center of a large wagon train protected by 500 soldiers. Several newspaper reporters accompanied the train, and one of these—Alfred A. Taylor, who later became governor of Tennessee—wrote a graphic description of the colorful maneuvers with which the Indians greeted the train.

"...Thousands of mounted warriors could be seen concentrating and forming themselves into a wedge-shaped mass, the edge of the wedge pointing toward us. In this sort of mass formation, with all their war paraphernalia, their horses striped with war paint, the riders bedecked with war bonnets and their faces painted red, came charging in full speed toward our column...

When within a mile of the head of our procession, the wedge, without a hitch or a break, quickly threw itself into the shape of a huge ring or wheel without hubs or spokes, whose rim consisted of five distinct lines of these wild, untutored, yet inimitable horsemen. This ring, winding around and around with the regularity and precision of well-oiled machinery, approached nearer and nearer to us with every revolution. Reaching within a hundred yards of us at breakneck speed, the giant wheel or ring ceased to turn and suddenly came to a standstill."

This spectacular performance, utilizing the dreaded "Comanche Wheel," was a shrewd bit of psychological warfare designed by the allied tribesmen to be a "test of the white man's good faith." If any soldier had lost his nerve at the crucial moment and fired a shot in panic, the disastrous result would have been instant battle.

Satanta, Kiowa chief, spoke first. Representing himself as a man of peace, Satanta reminded the Commissioners that the Indians were hunters and warriors—not farmers, like the white settlers. Claiming all the country south of the Arkansas for the Kiowas and their allies, the chief spurned all suggestions of soldiers' camps, "medicine lodges" (hospitals), reservations, and houses for the Indians.

"This building homes for us is all nonsense; we don't want you to build any for us," Satanta cried. "We would all die! Look at the Penetekas. Formerly they were powerful, but now they are weak and poor." (The Penetekas had endured contact with the whites longer than any other division of the Comanche nation.) "I want all my land, even from the Arkansas south to the Red River. My country is small enough already. If you build us houses, the land will be smaller. Why do you insist on this? What good can come of it? I don't understand your reason. Time enough to build us houses when the buffaloes are all gone...Tell the Great Father (the President) that there are plenty of buffaloes yet and when the buffaloes are gone, *I* will tell him. This trusting to agents for my food I don't believe in!"

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From "The Life and Adventures of a Quaker Among the Indians," by Thomas C. Battey. University of Oklahoma Press. New edition copyright 1968 by the

Satanta, renowned Kiowa chief who insisted that all lands south of the Arkansas River be set aside for the Kiowas and their allies.

Ten Bears, chief of the Yamparika division of the Comanches, spoke next for the Comanche nation and for its allies as well. The aging orator rose and for a long moment stood looking out over the vast assemblage of his race as if he realized that never again would there be such a vast gathering of free Indians upon their ancestral Plains. Finally he raised his right hand for silence and attention and began to speak. His speech on that occasion has been acclaimed by historians as one of the better examples of Indian oratory in the long history of the red man, ranking with the eloquent speeches of Logan, Pontiac, Tecumseh, and the noble Seneca, Red Jacket. Rich in imagery and poignant with the agony and desperate hope of a proud, harried people, it deserves repeating word for word:

"My heart is filled with joy when I see you here, as the brooks fill with water when the snows melt in the spring; and I feel glad as the ponies do when the fresh grass starts in the beginning of the year. I heard of your coming when I was many sleeps away, and I made but few camps when I met you. I knew that you had come to do good to me and my people. I looked for benefits which would last forever, and so my face shines with joy as I look upon you. My people have never first drawn a bow or fired a gun against the whites. There has been trouble on the line between us, and my young men have danced the war dance. But it was not begun by us. It was you who sent out the first soldier and we who sent out the second. Two years ago, I came upon this road, following the buffalo, that my wives and children might have their cheeks plump and their bodies warm. But the soldiers fired upon us, and since that time there has been a noise like that of a thunder storm, and we have not known which way to go. So it was upon the Canadian (river). Nor have we been made to cry once alone. The blue-dressed soldiers and the Utes came from out of the night when it was dark and still, and for camp-fires they lit our lodges. Instead of hunting game they killed my braves and the warriors of the tribe cut short their hair for the dead. So it was in Texas. They made sorrow come in our camps, and we went out like the buffalo bulls when the cows are attacked. When we found them we killed them, and their scalps hang in our lodges. The Comanches are not weak and blind like the pups of a dog when seven weeks old. They are strong and far-sighted, like grown horses. We took their road and we went on it. The white women cried and our women laughed.

"But there were things which you have said to me which I did not like, They were not sweet like sugar, but bitter like gourds. You said that you wanted to put us upon a reservation, to build us houses and make us medicine lodges. I do not want them. I was born upon the prairie, where the wind blew free and there was nothing to break the light of the sun. I was born where there were no enclosures and where everything drew a free breath. I want to die there and not within walls. I know every stream and every wood between the Arkansas and the Rio Grande. I have hunted and lived over that country. I lived like my fathers before me and like them I lived happily.

"When I was in Washington (Ten Bears had visited the nation's capitol in 1865) the Great Father told me that all the Comanche land was ours, and that no one should hinder us in living upon it. So why do you ask us to leave the rivers, and the sun, and the wind, and live in houses? Do not ask us to give up the buffalo for sheep. The young men have heard talk of this, and it has made them sad and angry. Do not speak of it more. I love to carry out the talk I get from the Great Father. When I get goods and presents I and my people feel glad, since it shows that he holds us in his eye.

"If the Texans had kept out of my country, there might have been

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peace. But that which you say we must live on is too small. The Texans have taken away the places where the grass grew the thickest and the timber was best. Had we kept that, we might have done the things you ask. But it is too late. The white man has the country which we loved, and we only wish to wander on the prairie until we die. Any good thing you say to me shall not be forgotten. I shall carry it as near to my heart as my children, and it shall be as often on my tongue as the name of the Great Father. I want no blood upon my land to stain the grass. I want it all clear and pure, and I wish it so that all who go through among my people may find peace when they come in and leave it when they go out."

Ten Bears' speech was a futile gesture, as in his heart he must have known it would be. The relentless tide of white expansion westward was set in motion against the red man and his ancient way of life, and there was no saving him from being overwhelmed by it. The gulf between the Stone Age and the Steam Age was bridgeless; the people of each could not understand the other.

Hopelessly, the Comanche and Kiowa chiefs signed the treaty providing the exact things they did not want—houses, farms, agricultural tools, "medicine lodges," and military posts. There was nothing else they could do. It was either sign the treaty or fight the soldiers; unlike the Eastern tribes who had been pushed westward into Comanche country, the Comanches and their allies had no place to go. The blood-red sun setting behind the cottonwoods of the council place grimly symbolized the dark destiny of the Comanches.

The muddled Indian situation continued to worsen. Indians who had kept their pledged treaty word and had come into reservations to live, were disgruntled because they did not receive the goods and treatment promised them. The wild bands continued to stay off the reservations and raised trouble whenever the mood hit them. On July 25, 1872, a unique all-Indian council was held on the prairie in the hope that some solution could be worked out. Cherokees, Seminoles, Creeks, Delawares, Comanches, Apaches, Caddoes, Wichitas, Cheyennes and Arapahoes attended. Eloquent speeches were made. "Colonel" John Jumper, a "white" Indian, exhorted the tribesmen to be brothers to each other and to live at peace with all men: "When God created man on the earth, he made the *red* and the *white* and the *black*; the Creator is one, He made us all, and if we live in peace He will love us all."

From an old sketch

Lone Wolf, famous Kiowa leader who wanted none of the white man's houses and reservation living. He urged that they fight the advancing white tide.

Old Black Beaver, who had seen so much tragedy in his long lifetime, arose to plead with his Indian brothers to behave themselves and to act like men instead of children. He reminded them that the buffaloes were going fast, and that when they were gone, the Indian was doomed to starvation unless he "took the white man's road."

A band of Kiowas, under Lone Wolf and White Horse, came whooping in to the council. Encouraged by the presence of these fierce allies, a spokesman for the Yamparika Comanches declared scornfully: "If the delegates here from the civilized tribes are representative men, we have but little respect for them, they are old and dirty...hardly capable of managing their own affairs. We have heard enough of their talk. We don't want to hear these *White Indians* any more."

The Kiowa chiefs then spoke, electrifying their audience by bragging boldly about the raids they had made on the whites. Ten Bears, just returned from a fruitless second trip to Washington, made a speech next, but the great orator of the Comanches seemed tired and discouraged and his words carried no conviction. In closing, he said wearily: "My brothers, if we cannot agree among ourselves, how then can we agree with the whites?" The council broke up on a note of discord and failure.

The scattered tribesmen were called together on September 6, 1872, in what was to be the last council with the white men, at Leeper's Creek, six miles up the Washita from the Washita Agency.

(continued on page 60)

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GENERAL BENSON'S WEEKEND WARRIORS

By A. J. Simmonds

The Cache Valley Brigade, of the Utah Territorial Militia, was active from 1866 to 1876 and in that time had some great fights but only among themsleves.

Courtesy, Special Collections, Utah State Univ.

Brigadier General Ezra T. Benson, Commanding General of the Cache Military District, 1865-69.

Of all the tired insults which regular troops have historically hurled at the National Guard, "Weekend Warriors," seems to have achieved a sort of universal recognition. In the sophisticated defense community of the 1970's, the name is too harsh. But on the Utah frontier of the 1860's, despite still unpacified Indian tribes, the Cache Valley Brigade of the Nauvoo Legion came pretty close to being that gold-braid-and-old-shotgun kind of militia the U. S. Army was always joking about.

All the western territories had their militias, but only Colorado's, Utah's, and Oregon's ever went beyond much more than a paper organization. Utah's went much beyond that. Almost over-organized, the Utah Territorial Militia was a top-heavy army called the Nauvoo Legion, after the Illinois city of Nauvoo from which many of Utah's leading citizens moved west in 1846.

In the early years of settlement, the Nauvoo Legion fought two wars with the Ute Indians without the aid of Federal troops. As late as 1867 the militia in southern Utah simultaneously engaged both the Utes and the Navajo; and everywhere in the Territory the militia protected the first settlements.

In Cache Valley, Utah's northernmost county, the first settlers were organized into companies of Minute Men; and from 1859 to 1865, the Cache towns were under something like military control. But in 1865, in the strange way of bureaucracies everywhere, when Indian danger was virtually past in Cache Valley, Lieutenant General Daniel H. Wells, Territorial Commander-in-Chief, decided that Cache needed a more elaborate military arrangement.

On August 5, 1865, in Logan, the county seat, with ex-Governor Brigham Young in attendance, General Wells formally organized all able-bodied men between 18 and 45 into the Cache Valley Brigade of the Nauvoo Legion. The Brigade consisted of two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry. Ezra Taft Benson was appointed Brigadier General.

The fifty-four year old E. T. Benson was one of Logan's leading citizens. Owner of a large farm, a sawmill, and a gristmill, he had been born in Mendon, Massachusetts in 1811 and come to Utah in the first wagon train in 1847. A member of the Council, upper house of the Territorial Assembly, since 1859, he was also an official in the Mormon Church. Just the previous year he had been in Hawaii on a missionary tour.

Mill owner, politician, churchman, in the fall of 1865, E. T. Benson was determined to also be a conscientious military leader.

In the time-honored National Guard tradition of the summer camp, General Benson ordered a muster of the

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Courtesy, Special Collections, Utah State Univ.

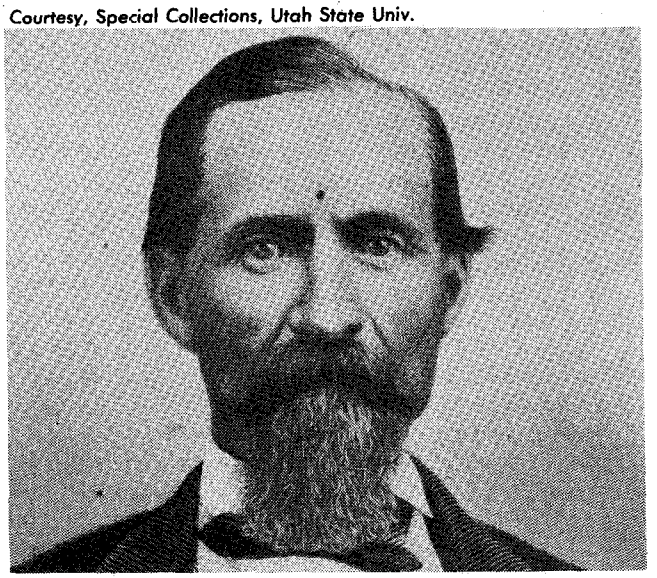
General Benson (right) and his staff reviewing the 1867 muster of the Cache Valley Brigade in the fields west of Logan.

Brigade in the open fields south of Logan. But because virtually every man in the Vally was a farmer, the muster was set for November 9, well after the harvest.

Benson was not satisfied with the muster. As he wrote in his annual report to Lt. Gen. Wells: "I herewith submit to you the Report of the organization of the Cache Valley Brigade, hoping that it will be satisfactory to you, as it is the best that we can do."

The Brigade returns sent to Legion headquarters in Salt Lake City showed a strength of 1,094 men. Also listed were 325 horses, but only 268 saddles. General Benson's cavalry regiment must have included some rough riders. The Brigade carried a motley array of arms: 111 breech loaders, 576 rifles, 115 shotguns, and 388 revolvers. But for all the glory of the new organization, the Cache Militia had only 48 swords, 20 bugles, and 6 fifes and drums. Though they had 20 baggage wagons, the 1,094 men had only 8 tents.

Courtesy, Special Collections, Utah State Univ.



Brigadier General William J. Hyde, Commanding General of the Cache Valley Brigade of the Nauvoo Legion, 1869-1874, who finally obtained a cannon for his army.

Clearly, this would never do. All winter long General Benson and Colonel James. H. Martineau, his adjutant, worked to perfect the organization. Considering the fact that the Indians did nothing more than run off a few ponies, there were those in Cache valley who thought the pair were taking their new duties a bit seriously.

Since no one but the officers had regulation uniforms, no one protested much when Col. Martineau proposed that during drill the privates wear a few leaves in their hats to give some semblance of uniformity. But Logan's town fathers had some second thoughts when General Benson moved the liberty pole from the town square to a hill east of town and used it as a flag pole for warning outlying settlements. Using some dyed table cloths, Benson decreed that a white flag would signify danger and a red one actual attack. The towns were ordered to have someone detailed to watch Benson's pole. If anyone suggested to the general that his system would work only during the daylight and that the Shoshoni might raid the grazing lands at night, that suggestion was not recorded.

In addition to table cloths, General Benson spent a lot of time worrying about organization. He liked things neatly done. And he also liked his friends—liked them enough that he wanted them all to be officers. In practice this meant that the Cache Valley Brigade had a pretty strange organization for a military outfit. Each battalion was divided into two companies of ten men each commanded by a captain and a First Lieutenant; and each company was divided into five ten-man platoons commanded by a Captain and a First Lieutenant; and each divided into two squads commanded by a Sergeant. In theory each battalion would enroll 100 men, and every possible unit was arrived at by multiples of five.

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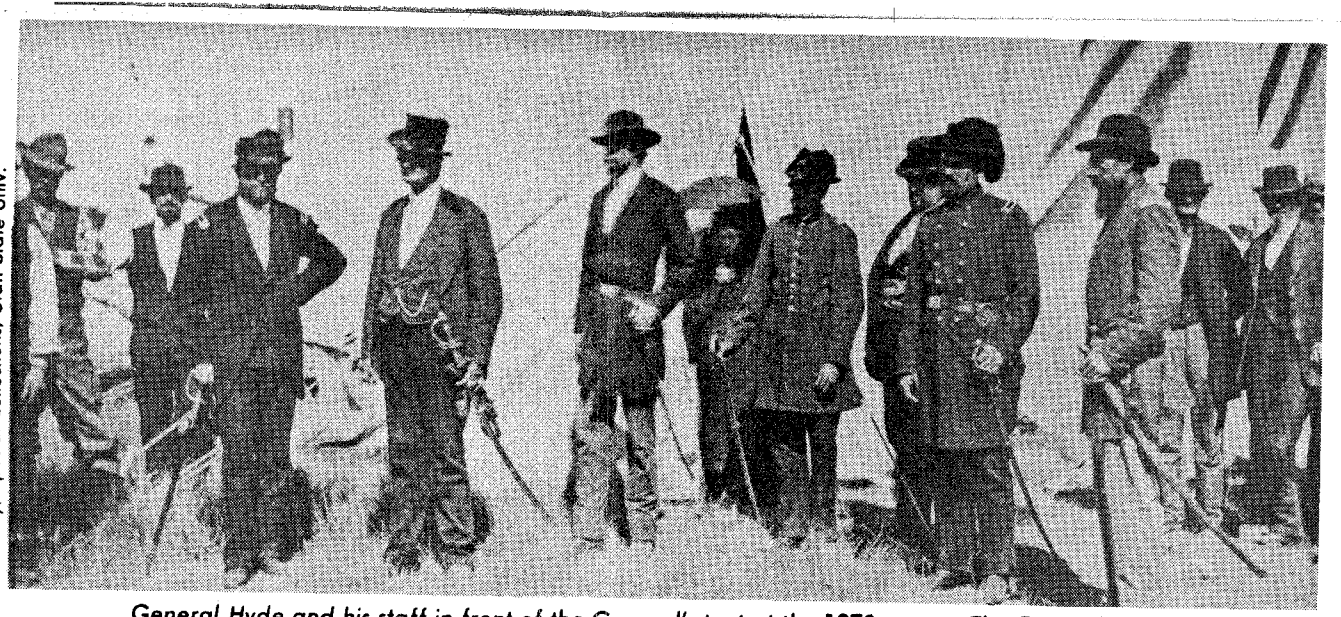

Courtesy, Special Collections, Utah State Univ.

General Hyde and his staff in front of the General's tent at the 1870 muster. The General's wife is standing with an umbrella at the tent flap. To the right of the tent entrance is Col. Maughan, Chaplain Roskelley, General Hyde and Col. Crockett. Officer on left, leaning on his sword is Col. Martineau, Brigade Adjutant.

But there were some problems.

The usual militia practice was for companies (and usually battalions) to be organized from the men of one community. But Cache Valley in the late 1860's contained a high percentage of Scandinavian emigrants. To accommodate them, General Benson organized the Sixth Battalion of the First Regiment of Infantry. Drawing its members from all the Cache settlements, the Sixth Battalion was entirely Danish-speaking. Orders were given in English to its commanding officer, Major Nels Hanson; and the major translated them into Danish for his men.

While Benson and Martineau did most of the work organizing the Brigade, Legion headquarters in Salt Lake helped out on details. General Wells sent Benson a copy of *Upton's Tactics,* which explained all about hollow squares and skirmish lines, and copies of the official Legion bugle calls. The Brigade buglers probably didn't have much trouble learning them, since they were all derived from popular songs. "Assembly" was taken from "The Old Oak Tree;" "Chaplain's Call" from "The Arab's Daughter;" "Breaking Camp" from "Coming Through the Rye." But the *piece de resistance* was the Nauvoo Legion call for "Charge." It was adapted from "Old Dan Tucker."

But however they were with literature, Legion headquarters didn't come up with the field piece which Benson had his heart set on. He'd wanted a cannon for years. In 1859 while he commanded the Cache Minutemen, his adjutant noted in his diary that Benson wanted a cannon because "they are great preservers of the peace, and without them our national birthday cannot be properly celebrated and the observance of many other national holidays would be insipid affairs if the roar of cannon was not heard among the other notes of rejoicing."

By the summer of 1866, Benson and Martineau had ironed out all the little imperfections in their army. At leat Benson had. In a long letter to Salt Lake, Martineau complained that the Brigade had no rank of corporal and no corps of engineers. He also thought that five platoons per company was too many, because in battle with the Indians it would be more difficult for a company to form a pentagon than a hollow square for firing.

Martineau could have saved his paper. Nothing came of his suggestions.

On October 17, 1866 General Benson issued General Order No. 9, commanding his reorganized (and hopefully polished) militia to muster at Logan for a three day drill beginning October 24.

It was all very well to have a local Brigade, but it came as something of a shock to many that General Benson was really serious about his army. Territorial law made attendance at drill compulsory. Militiamen who were AWOL could be fined. Chagrined that only 700 men turned out for muster and that one of those absent was Colonel William W. Maughan, commander of the 2nd Regt. of Infantry, the General ordered a series of courts-martial to try the shirkers.

Benson was furious when Maughan sent word that not only had he been too busy on his farm to attend the muster, he would also be too busy to attend his own court-martial.

Others did attend. Danish emigrant Jorgen Nelson excused his absence from muster because of sickness in his family and difficulties encountered when the roof fell off his house. Colonel Martineau noted that Nelson was excused but "was cautioned to control his affairs in future that he might attend to his military duties."

Englishman Thomas Morse was not so agreeable. Dutifully Martineau recorded the brief details of his appearance in court. Morse stated defiantly "that he was a subject of Queen Victoria, and would not drill anywhere and that this court might kiss his —" (the delicate blank is Martineau's). He was fined $9.00 for absence from drill and $5.00 for contempt. Morse told them he wouldn't pay a penny and stormed out of the room.

He was as good as his word. He paid no fine. Neither did anyone else. The courts levied $165.00 in fines, but nobody paid.

General Benson didn't have so much trouble the next year. Over 1,200 men turned out for drill. But the successful muster was due more to the presence of Indians camped in the northwest part of the valley rather than the General's courts-martial.

The treat of attack was real enough that Gen. Benson had to alter his neat organization. In October 1867 he detached from the direct chain of command all troops,

(continued on page 71)

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TWO DAYS That Shook THE FRONTIER

By Earl V. Chapin

In 1862, the Sioux Indians in the Minnesota River valley were angry because the Indian Agency was holding back the promised food and cash which they were supposed to receive. The Indians were hungry and their anger mounted until the day when the Sioux struck at the people who had taken their land in return for empty, broken promises.

From a painting by Frank B. Mayer

The Treaty of Traverse des Sioux at which the Sioux bargained away almost all of their lands in southern Minnesota.

It was like many streams that, forming in the hills, combine to make a mighty river that surges on until the thrust of it sweeps away the final barrier meant to contain it, wreaking wholesale death and destruction.

In this case, the water was brackish from the start; when it burst the dam, it was red with blood.

The secondary streams were many— avarice, cupidity and stupidity on one side, irresponsibility and savagery on the other. All combined they finally burst the dam of restraint on the part of the Sioux Indians corralled on their narrow reservations, the Upper and Lower Sioux Reserves along the Minnesota River, in Western Minnesota.

The result was the Sioux uprising which did not end until at least 450 and possibly as many as 800 white settlers and soldiers were killed. The outbreak was the worst in American history. But viewed from a broader perspective, the Sioux Uprising was the fuse that lit the final resistance of the Plains Indians against the encroaching whites, a conflict that did not end until 28 years later, with the Battle of Wounded Knee.

This all began on a beautiful Sunday on August 17, 1862. The white settlers along the Minnesota River valley had put aside their work and were enjoying the warm sun, relaxing at their homes or visiting neighbors.

The brief holiday was a needed relaxation. The Sioux Indians, among whom they lived, were restive, angry over the tardiness of the United States government in paying their annuity in goods and cash.

There had been some alarming confrontations, one but a month before when Indian Agent Thomas J. Galbraith had suddenly found himself in the midst of 5,000 Indians, all hungry and demanding that they be fed from the warehouse full of provisions at the Upper Agency. A crisis

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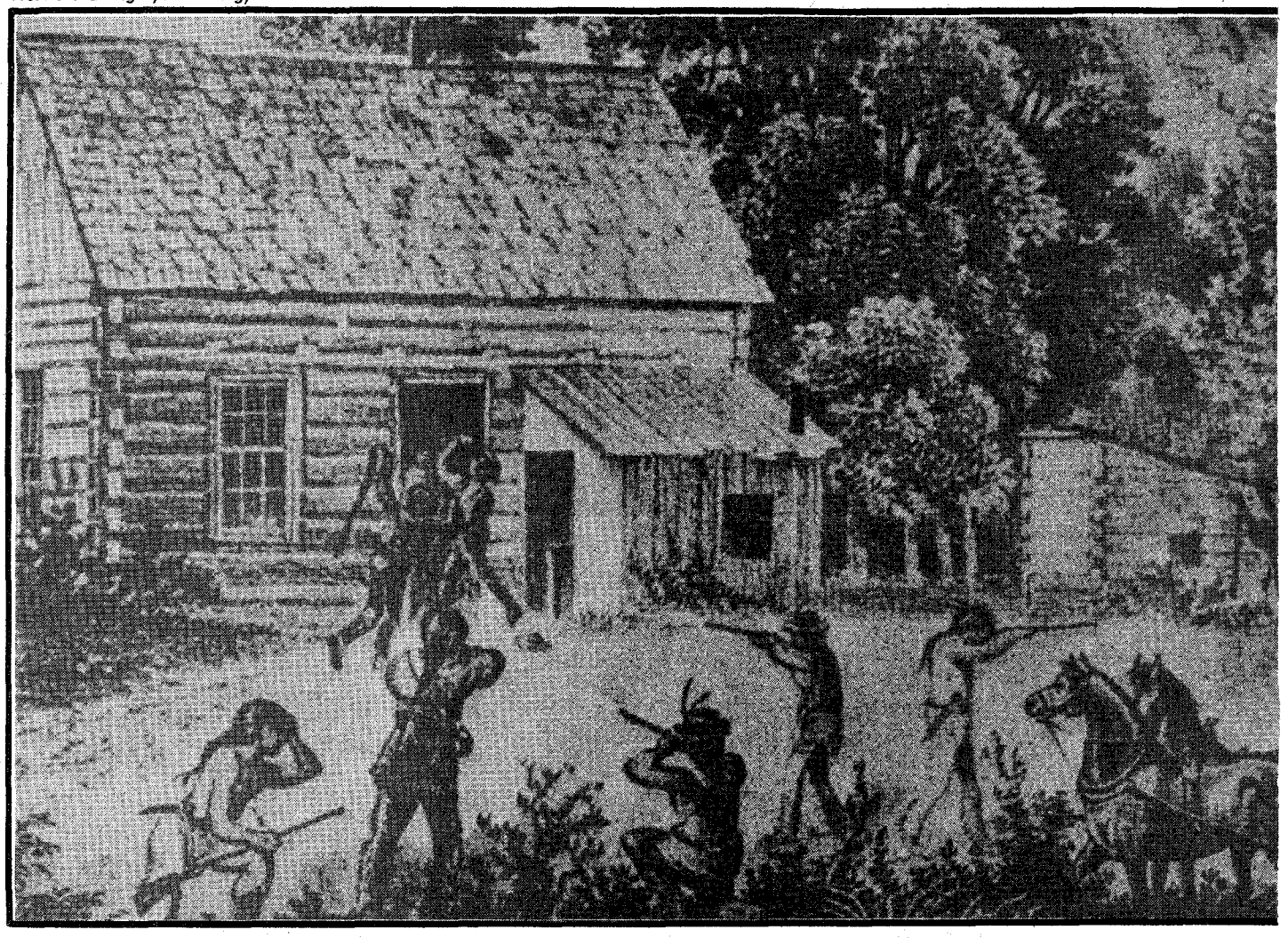
From a drawing by John Forgy



The killing at the Howard Baker cabin near Acton, Minnesota which triggered the Sioux uprising.

had been averted when Galbraith, a political appointee and new to the region, altered custom and issued a small amount of food although the designated supplies had not arrived.

There had been other clashes: rumor was as palpable on the air as the chirr of crickets. But on this August day, earth and heaven seemed to be in rhyme and the threat of Indian violence far away.

On that particular Sunday a group of four young Sioux were heading homeward after hunting in the Big Woods of Kandiyohi and surrounding counties. The braves, from Red Middle Voice's encampment on the south bank of the Minnesota near the confluence of the Redwood, were Brown Wing, Breaking Up, Killing Ghost and Runs Against Something When Crawling.

The group was some forty miles from home, but they were in no hurry. They trudged down the Pembina-Henderson trail, cutting capers as they went, and about noon they reached the homestead of Robinson Jones. The four were acquainted with Jones and his wife, who operated a post office, lodging and store at their place.

As the Indians walked along the rail fence marking the boundary of the Jones property, they found in the tall grass a nest of four Hen's eggs. One of the braves picked up the eggs, another warned him that they belonged to a white man. Angered, the first Indian dashed the eggs to the ground and exclaimed, "You are a coward! You dare not take even so little a thing from the white man, though you are half starved."

"I am not a coward," the other replied. "I am not afraid of the white man, and to show you, I will go to his house and shoot him."

Although among the most warlike of North American Indians, the Sioux had for more than a hundred years, been in retreat. Since the seventeenth century they had been engaged in a losing war with the Chippewa. This was not because the Chippewa were more valient, nor more numerous: it was because that coming first in contact with the whites, they were better armed. Gradually the Chippewa wrested control of Minnesota's northern lake and forest lands with its coveted game and wild rice and drove the Sioux down into the Big Woods, the Minnesota River valley, and on to the prairie.

The Sioux had no more than consolidated their hold on the new domain when they were invaded again, this time by the whites. They came, it seemed, like a plague of locusts. They came up the Mississippi River by steamboat and across country by covered wagon. They brought agricultural implements and household goods, and they came to stay.

By 1849 Minnesota was populous enough to become a territory. The moment it achieved that political entity, the biggest issue became the opening of the Suland, the land of the Sioux. This ruling passion of the times is illustrated in the Territorial Seal then adopted, which depicts a white man at his plow and an Indian riding off on his horse into the setting sun. In the picture, the settler's gun and powder horn rests against a stump.

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From a panorama painted about 1893 by three New Ulm artists.

Attack on the Lower Agency.

The seal had a Latin motto, "I fain would see what lies beyond," but what the engraving really meant was, "The white man is here with his plow, The Indian must go." It was the immemorial story of the warlike migrations of people, noted since recorded history.

The new territorial government lost no time in effecting the will of the settler. On July 23, 1851 the Wahpeton and Sisseton bands, at Traverse des Sioux, ceded to the United States an inland empire, all the lands in Minnesota and Iowa east of the Red River-Traverse des Sioux- Big Sioux line. On August 5, the Mdewakanton and Wahpekute bands of Lower Sioux "touched the feather" to the same treaty.

By this act the Sioux had turned over to the white man 24 million acres of rich agricultural land. For this the Great White Father was to pay, when Congress got around to it, $1,410,000 in cash and annuities. In return, the Indians consented to be confined on two reservations, each twenty miles wide on either side of the Minnesota River, and some 70 miles long.

But even that stupendous swindle did not satisfy the whites.

Within five years they were again knocking at the Indians' teepee. They wanted half of what little the Sioux had left, nearly a million acres, and they got it, for 30 cents an acre. And of that amount, the Sioux didn't get much after the traders' claims were satisfied.

Thus the seeds of the Sioux uprising were planted in bitter ground well fallowed by traders' claims, the delays of Congress, the ineptness of bureaucracy and other abrasive circumstances.

The restive Indians were kept at bay by fear of the white man's might. As one Indian patriot said, "They have too many men and too many guns." But a factor and an incident lessened the Sioux fear of reprisal. The factor was the Civil War— white men were fighting each other far away and many of the young men of the frontier had joined the fray. The Civil War was in its sixteenth month that August day when the four young braves from Rice Creek started for the house of Robinson Jones. And for five years Inkpaduta had gone unhanged for the Spirit Lake (Iowa) massacre, proving to the Indians that the white man's justice was not inexorable after all.

Inkpaduta (Scarlet Point) was an outlawed Wapekute chief who had gathered about him a band of renegades. Pitted by smallpox, he has been described as "much like Milton's Satan." The Sioux themselves believed that it was Inkpaduta and his band which had murdered Wamundiyakipi, the hereditary chief of the Wapekutes and seventeen companions while on a hunting trip.

Arnold's Park is today a small village on West Lake Okoboji in northwestern Iowa. It was settled in 1856 by a group of men who planned it as one of a series of towns to be platted by the Red Wing Land Site Company along a proposed mail route which was to run from St. Paul, Minn. to the Missouri River.

The upper reaches of the Little Sioux Valley had other visitors at about the same time, Inkpaduta and his band of some 14 men, with their families. They came in the fall, according to Doane Robinson's "History of the Dakotah Indians," and

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were insolent and quarrelsome with the settlers they found there.

Matters came to a head the following spring. Over at Smithland a party of white hunters got on the trail of an elk the Indians were trailing. There was an altercation. An Indian was bitten by a settler's dog. He killed it and got a thrashing by the owner in return.

Inkpaduta's band became so troublesome that several settlers organized a posse, rode to the Indian's camp and disarmed them. Their intention was to return the guns the next day and escort the Indians out of the country. But the next morning the band was gone.

Inkpaduta had gone on a rampage, breaking into homes, seizing guns, ammunition and provisions. A. S. Mead was not at home when the band thundered in. They killed his cattle, knocked Mrs. Mead to the floor and carried her daughter Hetty away to their camp. At the next place they knocked down E. Taylor, kicked his young son into the fireplace where he was badly burned, and carried off Mrs. Taylor. The two young women were subjected to every sort of indignity, then allowed to return home in the morning.

Later that same morning of March 8, 1856, the Indians showed up at the home of Rowland Gardner, one of the Arnold's Park settlers. The Gardners were eating breakfast when an Indian stalked in and asked for food. A place was prepared for him at the table and as he sat down, in came another and another until the house was filled with Indians— men, women and children.

All were fed though the settlers were nearly destitute after a hard winter and Gardner was that morning preparing to go to Fort Dodge for provisions. After they were fed the Indians became ugly. They demanded ammunition and when Gardner offered them some gun caps, the whole box was snatched from his grasp. Another Indian snatched a powder horn hanging on the wall. He was restrained by Harvey Luce, Gardner's son-in-law, who was nearly shot in the ensuing scuffle.

Resolute action on the part of the settlers may have averted the horror that was to follow. The Indians had left the house and were milling around in the yard when two settlers, Dr. Harriot and Bertell Snyder arrived with letters for Gardner to mail at Fort Dodge. They were informed of the trouble with the Indians and Gardner thought the other settlers should be warned. He suggested that they all gather at his house, the largest in the community, but the visitors paid little heed and went on their way. When Inkpaduta's braves left, they drove the Gardner cattle before them, shooting them down as they went on their way to the James Matlock cabin.

The afternoon dragged by in apprehension at the Gardner home. Toward sundown nine Indians were seen approaching the house.

"Barricade the door and fight it out," was Gardner's choice. But his wife believed that the friendly reception she had accorded the visitors that morning would spare their lives and she dissuaded her husband. Gardner greeted the Indians at the door. They asked for flour and as he bent over the bin to scrape out some leavings, the Indians shot him in the back. Others seized Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Luce, carried them outdoors and brained them with rifle butts.

Fourteen-year old Abigail Gardner stood in horror, clutching the two Luce children, one a baby, to her slender form. The Indians snatched them from her and brained them with sticks of stove wood.

The marauders smashed up the interior of the house, and with the fresh scalplocks tied to their belts, dragged Abigail along with them to the Mattlock cabin there again to witness murder and arson, to listen to the war whoops, the screams of the wounded and dying.

The killing continued for six days. When Inkpaduta departed, his band left forty of the settlement of forty-six, men, women and children, dead. They took with them several women prisoners. Such plunder that they could not carry with them, they wantonly destroyed.

For these monstrous acts, Inkpaduta and his renegades were never caught to be brought to justice. A detachment of infantry sent out from Fort Ridgely came so close to the retreating band that they were observed by Inkpaduta's scouts, but the Indains eluded them.

Other attempts to capture the Wapekute outlaw were also fruitless. Exasperated, the Indian office declared the Minnesota Sioux responsible for Inkpaduta's capture and declared that no annuities would be paid until that mission was accomplished. Mdewakanton Chief Little Crow led a search by his tribesmen for the renegade. This effort also proved fruitless. Inkpaduta had retreated to Dakota Territory.

The results of this fiasco were all bad. The stupidity of the Indian office in holding the Sioux accountable for the action of those they had cast out of their society, irked the treaty Sioux, even though the order was finally rescinded. And failure of U.S. military forces to bring justice to so small a band of Indian outlaws, lessened their respect for the white man's military might.

Brown Wing, Breaking Up, Killing Ghost and Runs Against Something When Crawling walked up to Robinson Jones' house and demanded liquor. They were refused.

Jones left his two adopted children, Clara Wilson, 15 and her infant half-brother at the store and hurried to the nearby homestead where his wife had gone to visit Howard Baker, her son by a previous marriage. Also at the Baker home were Mr. and Mrs. Viranous Webster, recently from Wisconsin, who were looking for land in the vicinity.

The Indians followed Jones. At the Baker home, the Indians challenged the whites to a friendly target shooting contest. The whites agreed, probably thinking to placate their visitors. But after they had fired their guns the Indians quickly reloaded. Webster, Baker and Mr. and Mrs. Jones were shot down. Mrs. Webster watched the murder cowering in the covered wagon. Mrs. Baker jumped into the cellar of their house, with a child in her arms.

After the shooting the Indians went back to the Jones place and killed Clara Wilson. Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Webster fled from the scene of carnage at the Baker home, to spread the alarm. The next day, shocked and sorrowing neighbors buried the victims of the massacre in a common grave in the Ness Norwegian cemetery. The site, near present day Litchfield, Minn. is now marked by a monument.

The dam had burst. The four Indians knew it. They hurried to the home of another settler nearby where they took a span of horses which stood harnessed in the stable, and hitching them to a wagon rode furiously for their encampment on Rice Creek.

The Sioux Uprising, like a des-

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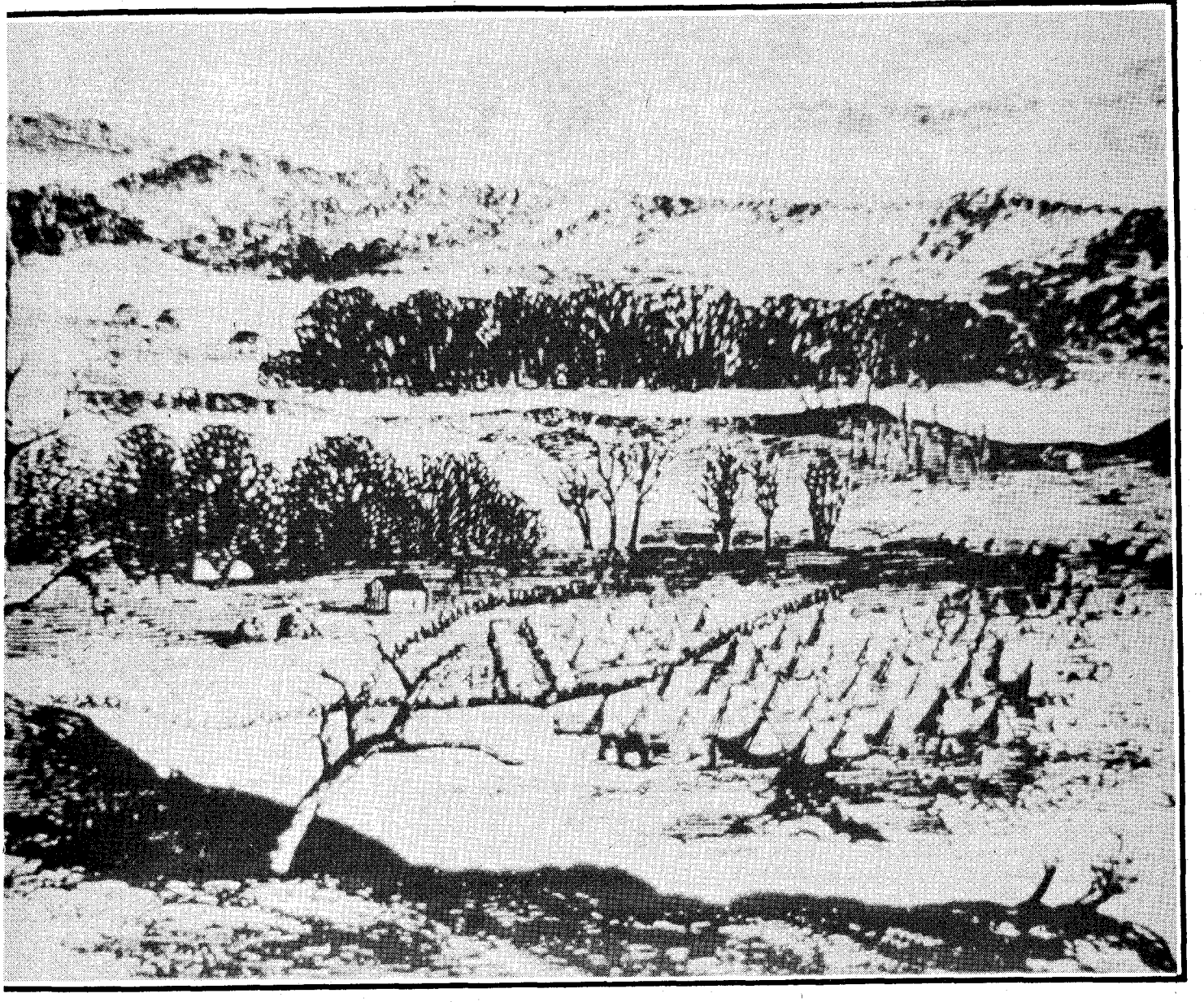

A Sioux village along the Minnesota River bluffs in the 1860's.

troying tornado, was to move down the valley on the morrow.

It was near dawn on the morning of August 18, 1862 that Chief Little Crow was awakened by the sound of horses' hooves, a medley of excited voices, a hammering at his door.

Obviously something portentious was afoot. In the lamplight the Sioux chieftain saw the faces of many leaders of the Sioux bands which, having given up their ancestral hunting grounds, had consented to be constrained in a narrow reservation along the Minnesota River in return for an annuity. Among them were Mankato, Wabasha, Traveling Hail, Wacouta, Big Eagle, Shakopee and Red Middle Voice. They were all talking at once, but the loudest voices were those of Shakopee (Little Six) and Red Middle Voice.

In spite of the confusion of the haranguing and wrangling, there was no question as to what this impromptu meeting was all about. It was about war. War against the whites.

Still sitting up in bed with a blanket around his shoulders, Little Crow finally untangled the threads of a narrative. Just hours before, Red Middle Voice explained, four members of his band, Brown Wing, Breaking Up, Killing Ghost and Runs Against Something When Crawling had, without provocation except that which all Sioux felt in these days of unfulfilled promises of the Great White Father, murdered five white settlers at Acton, to the north on the edge of the Big Woods. To make matters worse, two of them were women.

The Sioux's Rubicon had been crossed without their Caesars making a decision about it. That's what occasioned all the excitement.

Surely now, the soldiers would be upon them. The annuity payments which they had so long and in hunger awaited, would never come. Should the red man cower, awaiting the retaliatory blow, or should they grasp the advantage of surprise and strike first?

The latter course was strongly supported by Shakopee and Red Middle Voice. Little Crow listened. He didn't have much truck with Red Middle Voice and his braves. They were troublemakers and malcontents who had broken away from Shakopee's band. Moreover, the four miscreants were outsiders, you might say. They were Upper

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Sioux who had married Lower Sioux women.

For that matter, Shakopee was an upstart. He had been chief of his village for only a few weeks, following the death of his father. Shakopee and Red Middle Voice were hot for war.

Sitting in the middle of his bed in the house built for him by the Indian agency, Little Crow was wary. "Why do you come to me for advice?" he demanded. "Go to the man you elected speaker and ask him what to do."

Little Crow had been defeated in an election to the important post as speaker of the Lower Sioux by Traveling Hail, and the defeat still rankled. Traveling Hail was among the chiefs who had gathered at Little Crow's house.

As soon as Red Middle Voice got the startling news of the Acton murders, he and his young men had gone to Shakopee's village. Shakopee felt the drums beating in his heart, but he was cautious. If the Indians were to act, they must act all together. So Shakopee sent emissaries out into the night to the Lower Sioux leaders, with word to gather at Little Crow's house. Little Crow was the one among them who had the prestige and ability to lead the proposed uprising.

Little Crow read the signs correctly, but for a time he temporized.

"Braves," he said, "you are like little children; you know not what you are doing. You are full of White man's devil water. You are like dogs in the hot moon, when they run mad and snap at their own shadows. We are only a little herd of buffaloes left scattered; the great bands that once covered the prairies are no more. See! The White Men are like locusts, when they fly so thick that the whole sky is a snowstorm. You may kill one, two, ten, yes, as many as the leaves of the forest yonder, and their brothers will not miss them. Kill one, two, ten, and ten times ten will come to kill you. Count your fingers all day long and White Men with guns in their hands will come faster than you can count."

There were others who saw inevitable defeat. Traveling Hail was opposed to war, and was considered the spokesman for the "cut hairs" — Indians who had adopted the white man's ways. Wabasha and Big Eagle argued that the proposed uprising would fail. But the chiefs who were older and wiser men were overruled by the young men. The majority prevailed and the peacemakers agreed to bend to the will of their people.

Little Crow too, was won over. "The time has come," he agreed at last. War was declared. Blood had been shed, the payments would stop. The whites would take a terrible vengeance because women had been killed.

The conspirators also decided to wage war on the "cut hairs" who would not join them in the uprising.

August 18 dawned bright and warm. Folks were up early at the Lower Agency strung out on high ground on the south bank of the Minnesota River. The small settlement included quarters for the Indian agent and other government personnel, shops and barns and the trading posts of Nathan and Andrew Myrick, Louis Robert, William H. Forbes and Francois LaBathe.

Up the road soon after daybreak came some one hundred Indians walking, riding, all armed, painted, and dressed in breech clouts.

The whites dropped their various chores to watch in astonishment. What kind of mummery was this? Were they going to have a dance? Or off to fight the Chippewa?

The approaching warriors spread out, surrounding the posts. Others went on to the government buildings down the road.

James Lynde, clerk for the traders stood in the door of the post and watched the Indians pass. He was a squaw man and felt some kinship with Indians. But Lynde, a former state senator and newspaper publisher, was the first to fall by a shotgun blast. Said his killer, "Now I kill the dog who would not give me credit."

George Divoli, standing behind Lynde, was struck by a volley of rifle shots and fell with his head outside the door. August Fritz, Myrick's cook, was next to die.

Trader Andrew Myrick, a special object of the Indians' vengeance, ran upstairs. The warriors knew he was there, and to bring him down they talked of firing the building. Myrick let himself out of the window and descended to the ground by aid of a lightning rod. But when he made a break for the woods, he was riddled with a flight of arrows. He lay there, his sightless eyes staring into the sun, his mouth stuffed with grass, for he had said of the Indians who beseeched food, "Let them eat grass."

There were five men standing outside Forbes' store when the firing began. Four fell with the first volley. The fifth, George Spencer, struck three times, staggered inside the store and with William Bourat and Hypolite Auge, a half-breed, sought refuge in the loft.

Whooping and yelling, the Indians piled into the store to plunder, at the same time discussing how best to dispatch the hapless refuges in the loft. Bourat and Auge huddled by the window. Spencer lay on the bed, moaning. Below, the Indians called on them to surrender, promising not to hurt them.

Auge called out his surrender and climbed down from the window and was led away. Bourat came down the stairs, hands raised, then suddenly broke away from his captors and sprinted toward a nearby gull. Loads of bird shot in the leg and groin laid him low. The Indians stripped him of his clothing and piled logs around him to await their pleasure.

But Bourat did not wait. He wriggled from under the logs and gained cover of the woods. In a hegira of horror, the wounded Bourat reached the village of St. Cloud several days later.

The Indians entered the government stables after horses. A. H. Wagner, superintendent of the farms of the agency and two employes, were shot at Little Crow's order.

Rev. Hinman stood in the midst of the carnage, disbelieving. Little Crow's order of execution convinced him he was not having a nightmare. Galvanized into action, Rev. Hinman gathered his family and Emily West, a mission teacher, and fled. Though separated in the rout, all finally reached the temporary safety of Fort Ridgely.

Not so fortunate was Philander Prescott, an aged fur trader and interpreter. Knowing that his Sioux Wife and children would be safe, he set out on foot alone, along the New Ulm road. Reported the St. Paul Dispatch: "Pathetic indeed was the plea of Philander Prescott. "I am an old man. I have lived with you for 45 summers. My wife and children are of your blood. I have been your true friend. Why should you wish to kill Me?"

"The only reply was, 'We would save you if we could but the white man must die. We cannot spare you.' Thus perished the best friend the Indians had."

The agency physician, Dr. Philander P. Humphrey, with his

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sick wife and children, escaped the carnage at the Lower Agency. But after crossing the river, they stopped to rest at a vacated farmhouse. A Humphrey boy, 12, was sent to the spring for water. The Indians attacked the house, killed Dr. Humphrey, and burned the family in the building. The boy escaped to Fort Ridgely.

War movies often insert a bit of comedy relief to ease grim horror. Such was provided by James Powell, a cattle herder who "appeared on the scene riding a mule." Heading down the road to the ferry, Powell was confronted by a Sioux who stood with his legs planted, peering down the sights of a double-barreled shotgun. One trigger clicked, then the other. The exasperated Indian yelled at Powell to run.

The young man needed no urging. He slid off the mule's back and went down the road, showing a clean pair of heels. Soon he heard hoofbeats behind him and turned to see another Indian in pursuit on the mule he had abandoned. In the game of peek-a-boo that followed, Powell proved more agile than the mule and eluded his pursuer.

Let us return now to George Spencer lying wounded in the loft of the Forbes store, with wounds in his right arm, right breast and stomach. Spencer ignored the command to come down. Perhaps he wasn't able. Lying there, half conscious, as if in a dream he heard the voice of his Indian friend His Thunder. This is Spencer's own account of what happened:

"His Thunder came up and several others followed him, some of whom took me by the hand, and appeared to be very sorry that I had been hurt. My friend asked me if I was badly hurt and if I thought I would die.' I replied that I did not know, but that my wounds were very painful. He then said he would take me home with him and cure me, if he could, and if I died, he would bury me like a white man.

"He then assisted me in getting downstairs, when several Indians cried out, 'Kill him, Kill him! Show mercy to none! Spare no American! when my friend who was unarmed, seized a hatchet that was lying nearby, and declared that he would cut down the first one who tried to do me further injury. His Thunder was noted for his bravery and they knew he was not to be trifled with, Said he, 'This is my friend and comrade for ten years. If you had killed him before I got here, of course I would have said nothing, but now that I have seen him I will protect him or die with him.'

His Thunder put Spencer in charge of a couple of squaws with orders to take care of him, and found a wagon in which the wounded man could be carried. The wagon was stopped three or four times by Indians on horseback who asked 'what that meant.' Upon being told that this was His Thunder's friend, who saved his life, they were allowed to pass.

At His Thunder's home, Spencer's wounds were dressed with a compound of roots. "Several of the Indians came in to see me and talk over their wrongs and the reason they had declared war.

"Little Crow with whom I had been personally acquainted for many years, came in to see me frequently and assured me that I should be well treated and thought that I could be very useful to him as soon as I recovered from my wounds. This professed friendship, however, did not last long, for my friend utterly refused to join in the war against the whites — Little Crow attributed it to my influence over him — and they frequently quarreled in regard to the disposition that was to be made of me."

Spencer was the first adult male captive whose life was spared, and the only one.

The Indians became so preoccupied with looting around the traders' stores that people at the eastern end of the agency, where the government buildings were, had an opportunity to escape. Some went by ferry, others took the New Ulm road.

J. C. Dickinson, a boardinghouse keeper, was the first to reach Fort Ridgely with the news of the attack on the Lower Agency. He had started out with his hired girls in an ox-drawn wagon, trading for horses en route. This must have been one of the fastest transactions on record.

As Prescott died on the New Ulm road, so did Alexander Hunter, hobbling on crippled feet frozen the winter before. Mr. and Mrs. John Nairn, their four children and a hired girl made it, crossing the river below Fort Ridgely.

Mrs. Joseph DeCamp, wife of the sawmill operator, living below the bluff, wondered what was happening when an Indian took the family horses from the stable. With her three children, one of them ailing, she set out for the agency. As she reached the top of the bluff, she saw the agency building and traders' stores in flames and "hundreds of shouting savages were surging about the government warehouse, shrieking and brandishing their weapons."

In a state of shock, Mrs. DeCamp was found wandering aimlessly about with her children by an Indian woman who took them to Chief Wabasha's camp. On the way they were met by the chief himself, riding on a horse in the midst of a group of his warriors.

Said Mrs. DeCamp later, "He was dressed in a head-dress of red flannel adorned with bullock horns and eagle feathers, wings of feathers over his shoulders and down his back, great strings of beads around his neck and a belt of wampum around his waist. His lower limbs were clad in rich buckskin and he carried a beautiful rifle across his lap with two pistols in their holsters."

The braves surged toward the women and children but Chief Wabasha warned them away, upbraiding them. Wabasha took the frightened women and children to an abandoned house for temporary shelter. They left this sanctuary however, and were subsequently taken captive.

An outstanding hero of the day remains of doubtful identity. He was the ferryman who stayed at his post, taking refugees across the Minnesota River until he himself was killed. One informed source believes the man to have been Hubert Millier, though a marker commemorating the incident names Charles Martell.

It might have been worse. Best information is that thirteen people were killed in the attack on the Lower Agency, seven lost their lives while fleeing, and forty-seven escaped. ●**RW**

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Life on the Kansas Prairie as it was when Amelia and William McCauley homesteaded in 1876. Read this account of how the family survived the incredible Blizzard of 1888. See through the children's eyes the Autumn Harvest, the coming of a Kansas tornado, and other recollections.

From the family photo album

Edith Truex Johnson, the author, from a photo taken in 1902

BY EDITH TRUEX JOHNSON

HOMESTEADING On

March 11, 1888 was a beautiful day in western Kansas, and it was unseasonably warm for March. Overhead the honking of wild geese could be heard as they followed their leader to the nesting grounds in the wilds of Canada.

My mother was expecting father from Dodge City, where he had gone for groceries and to replenish our coal supply. While we, like every one else gathered sun-dried cow-chips from the prairie to burn, mother insisted we

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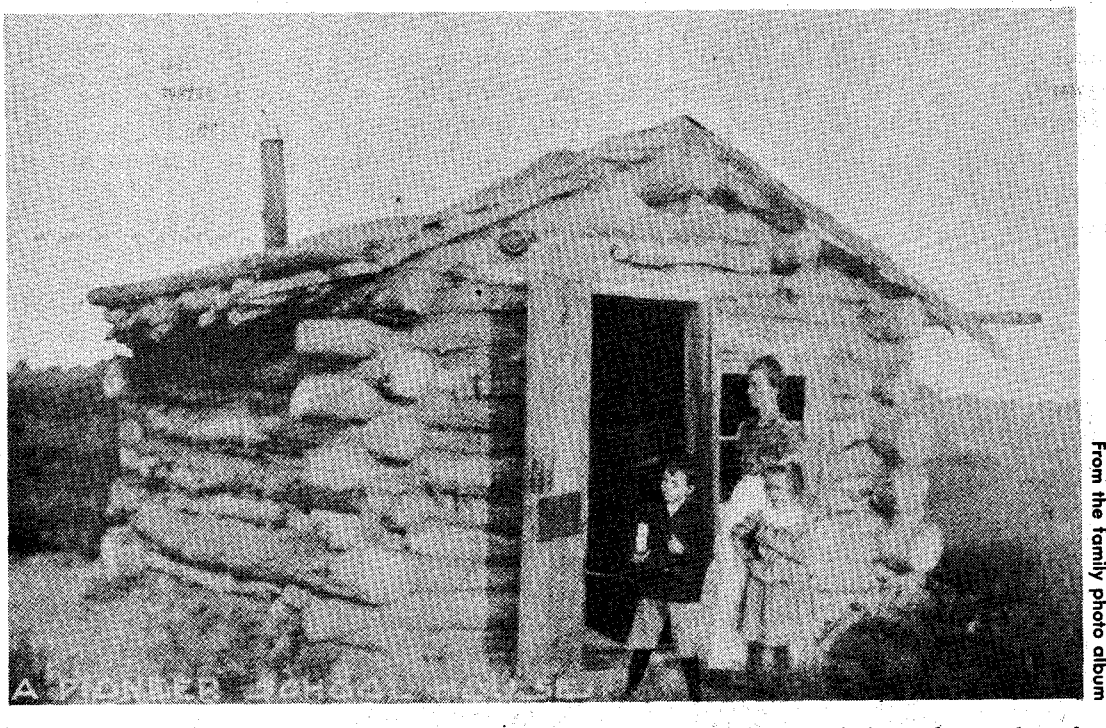

Bob Graves and the author at the log school house where she went to school in early Kansas

From the family photo album

keep a good supply of coal on hand. After twelve years on the plains, she still didn't trust the weather.

It was about three o'clock that afternoon when the sky darkened, the wind changed to the north, driving before it a great mass of blinding snow, the temperature dropped forty degrees in about that many minutes. Mother hurried to the barn where the restless cattle were waiting to find shelter. As the snow began swirling about her face she became thoroughly frightened, but managed to secure the barn doors and make her way to the house. My father was only a mile from home when the storm struck. But the suffocating snow soon brought visibility to zero. He gave the horses their reins and they took him safely to the barn. By the time he had his team taken care of, he knew that reaching the house would be an impossibility, and he was marooned in the barn for three days. Warmth from the animals and his buffalo robes kept him from freezing to death in the 34⁰ below zero nights.

Our parents, Amelia and William McCauley, came to the west with other immigrants in 1876. The railroad offered special rates to all who were willing to take a homestead and build up the west. My mother was a small French lady with black hair and large dark brown eyes, and had the complexion of the French. She was a beautiful and capable woman. My father was, he said, of a Dutch-Irish mixture. He was tall and slender and with the most kindly blue eyes. They staked their claim and built a twenty-six foot sod house in Ford County, Kansas. There we children were born, Charles, the oldest, Robert and myself. When winter winds moaned over the treeless prairie, and winter's icy blast blew, it was over, not through the three foot thick walls. Neither did the sun penetrate those walls, even in the hottest weather. It was a more comfortable abode than many would think.

When my parents left Chicago for the west, grandmother Durant insisted they bring a good supply of dried corn, dried peaches and apples. She was sure they would go hungry forever afterwards out on the bare plains. They never lacked for food, neither did they get rich—father's secret dream— but they did, along with others, help to settle the west, and give us our great heritage.

Their adopted state, Kansas, was named by the Indians in the Kaw language, which means, "People of the south wind". The wind blew incessantly from the south in the early eighties. We have seen the fine topsoil blown from the wheat fields, piled up on the north side of a hedge fence nearly a foot in depth. This hedge, Osage Orange, was also named for the Indians, in whose territory it was first known to grow. This hedge made an almost hog tight fence. We had such a fence between our homestead and Ben Hawkins place. It was a landmark.

Our pasture land was fenced using the native limestone rock. These posts were cut twelve to fourteen inches wide, and long enough so when set into the ground they would accommodate three strands of barbwire. The wire was stapled to a wooden plug that was set into the stone post for that purpose. Some of these stone posts can still be seen in Saline and McPherson Counties.

Mother was apprehensive about prairie fires, and with good reason. They were numerous and wiped out many a homesteader. For one to see a prairie fire coming with the black smoke and red flames rolling heavenward, was an awesome sight. And we kept a firebreak plowed around the buildings and feed stacks. When a fire did come, you met it with wet feed sacks, kept wet from buckets of water, and you worked like mad to beat out any sparks that might have jumped the firebreak. Such was the way of life, until much of the virgin soil had been turned under with a sodbuster, and the exposed black soil put an end to prairie fires.

The KANSAS PRAIRIES

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From the family photo album

Amelia McCauley, the mother of the author, as she looked before the trek to Kansas to homestead.

Father said the rains would follow cultivation, and indeed it seemed to. Kansas had a very fertile soil. All it lacked was rain. We planted both wheat and corn. If one crop failed, we had a chance for another. Wheat was the best crop money wise, also the straw had many uses.

The day the threshing machine pulled into our place, there was great excitement among us kids. Charles was nine and the oldest was allowed to drive a team hitched to the hayrack to bring the wheat bundles to the threshing machine, Robert, seven could take water to the field for the wheat hands. While I was to keep the wood box filled. The interesting things seemed to always stop just before they reached me. And with ten or twelve men to cook for, it took a lot of wood for the cast iron cook stove.

When the threshing was finished, we filled the bedticks with fresh straw before it rained and spoiled the freshness of the new straw. It was like getting a balloon into the house and upstairs, to get the newly filled tick on the bed. Then when a fluffy featherbed was lain on top of the straw tick, you nearly needed a ladder to get into bed. But little by little it packed down, until by threshing time the next year, they were ready for a refill.

Fresh straw was packed into the lye vat, a V shaped wooden receptacle with a drain underneath. On top of the straw we put the wood ashes from the stoves. Any liquid, (lye) that drained through, we put with meat drippings to make soap enough to last for a year.

When the weather was cold enough in the late fall, that was butchering time. Neighbors would change work, and whole families would come, making it a real fun day for everyone. Three or four hogs were taken care of in one day. Each group had its task. Sausage was made and stuffed ready to hang in the smoke house. Lard was rendered and stored in crocks. The hams and shoulders were first cured with a mixture of brown sugar, salt, pepper and saltpeter. We called it sugar cured. A lot of meat was quickly and effectively taken care of, even to a large kettle of mincemeat that was prepared and ready for canning the next day.

Robert and I were afraid of storms, and in the early days, Kansas had her share. Thunderheads would start banking up in the northwest about four o'clock in the afternoon, and by eleven that night it was. "Katy bar the door"! When Robert and I saw a cloud coming, it meant just one thing. Head for the cave. One of the worst storms came one afternoon. It became so dark the chickens went to roost. We watched the black monster coming with a terrible roar. The white funnel was swishing here and there, tossing the wheat bundles about like so many matches. Mother accompanied us to the cave that time, father stayed in the house, propping the door shut with a hedge post. But the wind blew the door casing loose taking the door in with it. We were lucky though, as the main part of the storm was east of us. And our farm buildings minus a few boards from the roofs were mostly intact.

Each fall we looked with much pleasure to visit at the Sam Debolt farm, several miles north of us. There was Neil and his sister Mabel, who were our age. It meant a long drive in the lumber wagon, but we didn't mind for it was always such a happy day for all of us. We always took a five gallon keg of our home cured vinegar in exchange for five gallons of their sorghum molasses. On this particular visit we hadn't more than hit the ground, when Neil, Robert's age, escorted us to his swing, an end of a grape vine suspended from a large cottonwood tree growing at the edge of the hogwallow, Neil and Robert would hold the grapevine, go back up the bank, lift their feet and swing across the wallow to the other side. Mable was afraid to try it, but it sure looked like fun to me, so eagerly

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seizing the vine, while Neil gave me a push away we went, but right in the middle of the wallow the vine broke, and I found myself kneedeep in the most pungent of hogwallows. And if that wasn't enough, Neil was mad at me the rest of the day for breaking his swing.

We depended on butter and eggs to supplement our income. Eggs were 10¢ a dozen, but the three dollars we received from a crate of eggs went a long way, for they bought most of our clothing. Father suspicioned his hens weren't doing their best, so to encourage them, he bought white glass nest eggs. One incorrigible old hen would steal the glass eggs from the other nest, and she attended them with the intensity of a mystic. Father's patience was wearing a little thin by her antics. Robert decided if we painted her tail feathers with some red barn paint that might take her mind off the subject. We agreed without a blink. Her acceleration knew no bounds, over, under, and around every thing on the place, until we got scared and caught her. While I held her seat flat on the chopping block, Robert grabbed the hatchet and began amputating her tail feathers. His technique wasn't the best, but the result was adequate, for when we turned her loose, she took to the hills.

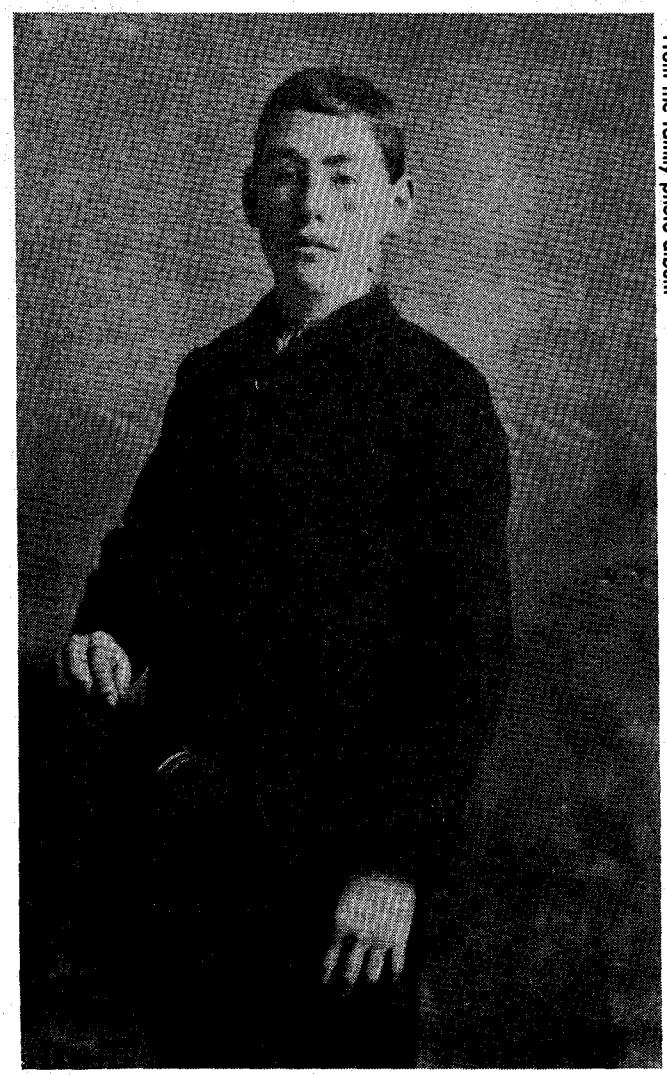
When the circuit rider came through, we used the log cabin school house for Sunday school and church. When it came time for mother to help with communion she would cut her homemade bread into squares, and furnish the grape juice or whatever other juice was available. On this particular Sunday morning when she brought the elderberry juice from the dugout, after it had been stored a considerable time, it had bubbles on top. While she was removing them, my father walked in, and when he tasted the juice, he said, "Hmm! That's sour, why don't you put some sugar in it?" It was incredible how quick that juice came to life.

After church services father asked the minister to come home with us for chicken dinner. In the afternoon Pastor Butterworth remarked how kind of mother to gather the elderberries to make juice for the church. And would she just give him a little taste of the juice? Mother gave him a glassful, which he kept tasting until it was all gone. It seemed that it had uncalculable consequences, for when he started home, he shook hands with mother and said, "Sister McCauley you sure have a way with elderberries," ..."Whoopee!"

Mother was a long time living that down.

Father kept a Chestnut bay stallion in the barn, and one morning he decided to turn him out to pasture. Mother asked him not to, as Frank, a white colt about a year old, that father had not gotten around to castrate as yet, was in the pasture. "Oh, he won't bother Frank. We will put a hobble chain on Red." That afternoon when mother and I were alone, we heard the klang! klang! of the log chain, and the pounding of hooves in the lane leading to the corral, mingled with blood curdling screams from Frank. Mother was ill in bed at the time, and she said, "Edith you will have to go roll the big barn door back enough to admit Frank, then close it before Red can get through. "Oh, no!" I cried, "I can't. I'm afraid!" "Well then I must go," she said. So I ran to the barn, rolled the heavy door open, not a minute too soon. As Frank slid through, I rolled the door shut and shot the bolt. Frank just stood there and shook. He wasn't the only one. While outside Red pawed the heavy door and screamed his rage. After a while wiping the tears from my eyes on my dress I ran to the house like a streak of lightning. That was one of the ways we remembered my eleventh birthday.

The next year, 1889, was a wet year. Everything grew in abundance. People were busy, if not too happy, with 50¢ wheat, 22¢ corn and 15¢ oats. Other commodities were cheap, and it averaged things up. Father bought more cattle, kept more grain, and put up twice the amount of hay. This seemed to be the year he could make money enough to build that large barn he yearned for. There was no end to the sweet corn we dried, the fruit we canned, and father and my two brothers dug a root cellar. Come the next year we were very glad to have all the good food we had taken care of the year before, for we had no rain of any importance throughout the territory, and the hot winds blew daily. Many sold or gave away their homesteads and moved away.



From the family photo album

Robert McCauley at 17. Robert left for the Alaska gold fields in 1898 and was never heard from again

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Among them was Ben Hawkins, our nearest neighbor. Our bins were groaning with their golden bounty. Still there was not enough to feed the large herd of cattle, and we sold them for three cents a pound less than we paid for them. And we just kept what livestock we could take care of and held on for another year.

Our neighbor, Ben Hawkins, had a speech impediment. He came to our place one morning and asked mother for a white rag. She asked why he wanted it. He said, to shite (sight) by. She finally made out he was planting a garden, and wanted straight rows. But the drought and hot winds were too much for Ben's garden and what little else he had planted. And lonesome and discouraged, he planned to leave the harsh country he had tried to tame.

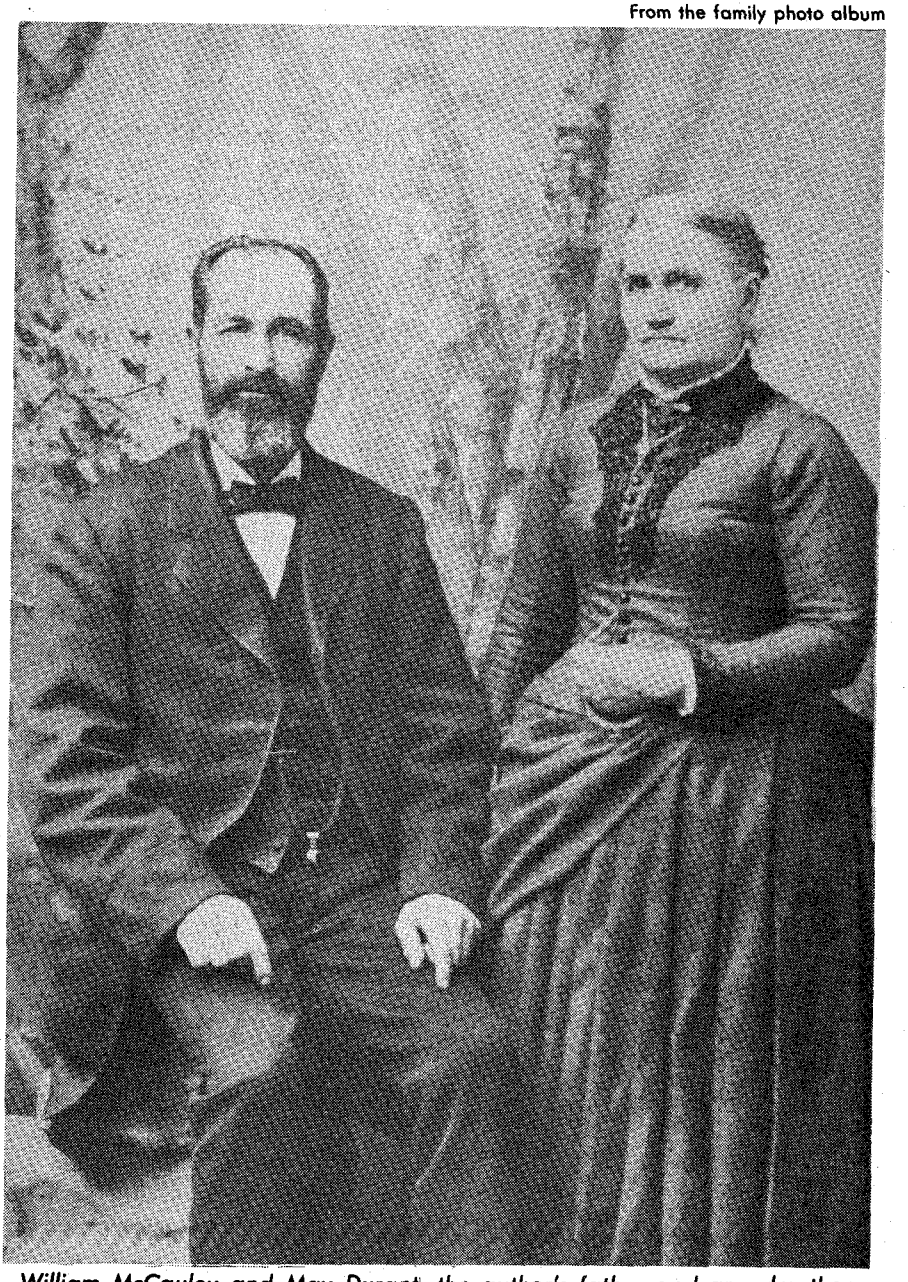
We saw Ben coming one morning amid a cloud of dust. He yanked his buckskin mare to a halt in our yard and called to father, "Will!" he said, "I'se goin back to Thaint Loose, and youse can hab ebery thing I'se got for a tousin dollars." He might just as well have asked for a million dollars. He was nearly in tears when he left. But next morning he was back again, and father offered him $200 for his homestead, which he was very glad to get. Later when Ben came to say good-by, he had all his earthly possessions in his prairie schooner. His lantern was swinging above his head as he smilingly drove away seeking greener pastures. Father chuckled a little and said, "Poor Ben, he will probably cuss chinch bugs, grasshoppers and hot winds all the way to Missouri."

My brother Charles, fell heir to Ben's buckskin mare. She thrived under Charles' loving care, and soon quit flinching whenever anyone approached her. She was no longer a victim of Ben's unpredictable temperament.

With more land to farm, father bought Charles a gang plow one could ride and plow two furrows at a time. It required four or six horses according to how much the sunflowers had grown since the wheat had been harvested. You can bet there were plenty, for they didn't call Kansas the sunflower State for nothing.

Farming and ranching was the chief industry in Kansas for many years, until oil was discovered near the east edge of Neodesha, on the bank of the Verdigrie River. It was the first oil well to yield oil in commercial quantity in Kansas. This well was drilled by William M. Mills, who, when he went broke in the oil business in Bedford Pennsylvania, came west hoping to rebuild his fortune.

From the family photo album



William McCauley and May Durant, the author's father and grandmother. William McCauley immigrated to Kansas in 1876 and built a home on the frontier.

He found in Western Kansas a few adventurous souls that were beginning to suspect that petroleum riches lay below the fertile Kansas soil. Mills finally received financial encouragement from several prominent men, and he persuaded T.J. Norman, the blacksmith, to let him drill for oil in his garden patch the summer of 1892. Father said they were wasting their time and money, that there was no oil in Kansas. However that proved wrong, for that was just the beginning of a new oil industry. And by 1893 the initial production of that well was 12 barrels a day.

My father was an ardent prohibitionist. He would lecture on the evils of liquor of any kind to anyone, and anywhere. Mother would have liked to have kept a little good whiskey on hand for medicinal purposes since we were so far from a doctor. She did have a homeopathy kit, but just how much she used it we never knew. We do know that I was married before we ever had a doctor.

Like most republicans, father had little use for the populist party, and they were quite active from about 1890 on. Then in 1896 the party was full of fire and ready for victory. Thousands thronged to hear the fiery orators proclaim the farmers grievances, and promise to bring back the prosperity that the panic of '93 had wiped out. Political passion was high, and it was no trouble to start an argument, or even now and

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then a few fistic encounters. After a few years the magnetic personality of William Jennings Bryan won my father over. He reflected this new party just might have something, maybe for the betterment of the people, and the country in general. And being the impulsive Irishman that he was, he embraced the populist party wholeheartedly. And when one of the party's orators was scheduled to speak in Dodge City, father rode the twenty-five miles to hear what the man had to say. The politician had been entertained royally, and in the process had imbibed a little too freely. During his speech while waving his arms, lambasting the democrats and republicans, he lost his balance and fell off the platform. When father returned home that night, mother asked how he liked the speech. "How in tarnation would I know, he got drunk, fell off the platform, and I left." He must have thought he had his money on the wrong horse, for he voted the republican ticket the rest of his life.

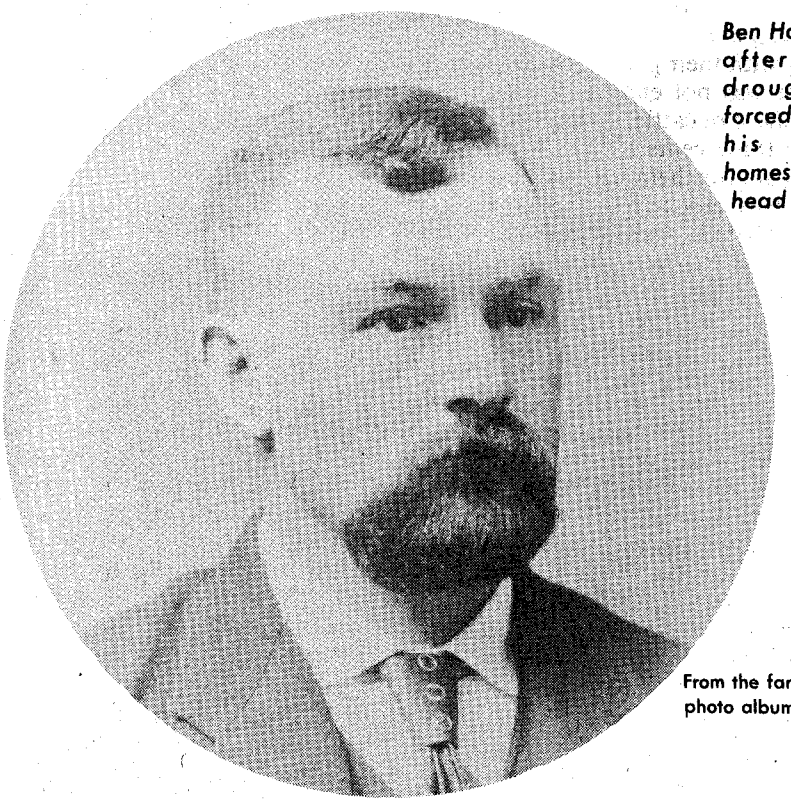
My brother Robert was the vulnerable age of seventeen when in 1896 George W. Carmac discovered gold in Rabbit Creek, Alaska. That touched off the great stampede to the Klondike. Overnight the Yukon country became a household word around the world. Never before had there been anything like it. Thousands left home and family for the gold field. They were going to get rich.

And Robert as so many others was smitten by gold fever. Mother said the rigors of a gold mining camp was not for a seventeen year old boy. Yet she would not hold him back. Had she not left the security of a timbered country, relatives and friends in the East for the lure of the western plains. After much talk and planning with Robert's close friend, Monty Cook, they left for the gold fields of Alaska on August 13, 1897.

Many months passed, and mother longed for news from Robert, but with the exception of a letter from Seattle, where they were to take the boat for Alaska, we never heard from Robert again.

As the months passed mother's health began to fail. The hardship of pioneer life and anxiety about Robert began to take their toll.

My oldest brother, Charles, was reluctant to leave home so soon after Robert's departure, but he had a bride waiting, so in September 1898, they were married and started farming on their own. And the closeness of our family life was never the same again.



Ben Hawkins, who after a bad drought, was forced to give up his Kansas homestead and head back east.

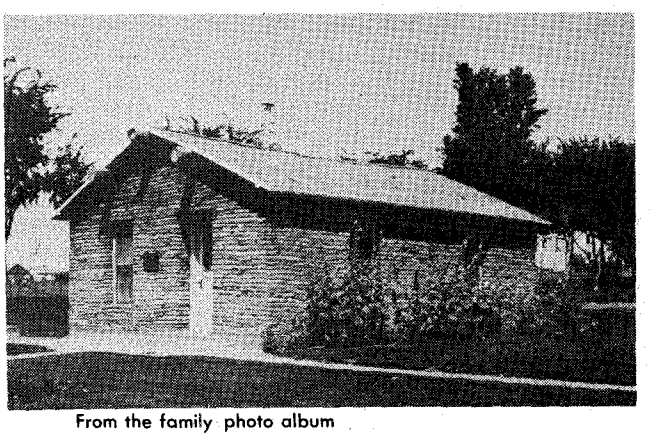
From the family photo album

That fall we noticed that mother seemed to be losing strength. Father said, "If we could only hear from Robert, it would help." Then one night at eleven o'clock father awakened me and said, "Edith you come sit with mother while I go for Dr. Millard, and Mrs. Stratton." While I held mother's hand she quietly slipped away, and I didn't even know it, so calm and peaceful was her passing.

Father and I were the only ones left at home. And it was very hard for me doing without mother. But father was so wonderfully good and kind and I was never alone. Eventually youth and time softened the loss. But I had to grow up before fully realizing how much father sacrificed for me, when his own grief was so great. But it was too late to tell him then, for he had already gone to meet mother in the land of the great beyond.

Now at 86, wonderful memories linger of the wild prairie chickens as they gathered on frosty mornings from March until early May. The cocks standing head to head, stamping their feet almost faster than the eye could follow, while the hens stood about assuming indifference. The cocks boob—oh—boom! could be heard for a mile on clear mornings, as they executed their never to be forgotten mating dance.

And to hear again the song of the meadowlark on the wind swept prairie. To see the prairie-dog towns, from which small furry animals stood on their hind legs to watch you lumbering by in a creaky wagon. To feel the cool sweet taste of water drawn by a rope pulley from an open well. Such was the west where I was born and grew to womanhood. The west that is fast fading into oblivion. Where memory lingers on only, on TV, dress and song. ●**RW**



Sod house much like the one built by William McCauley in Ford County, Kansas

From the family photo album

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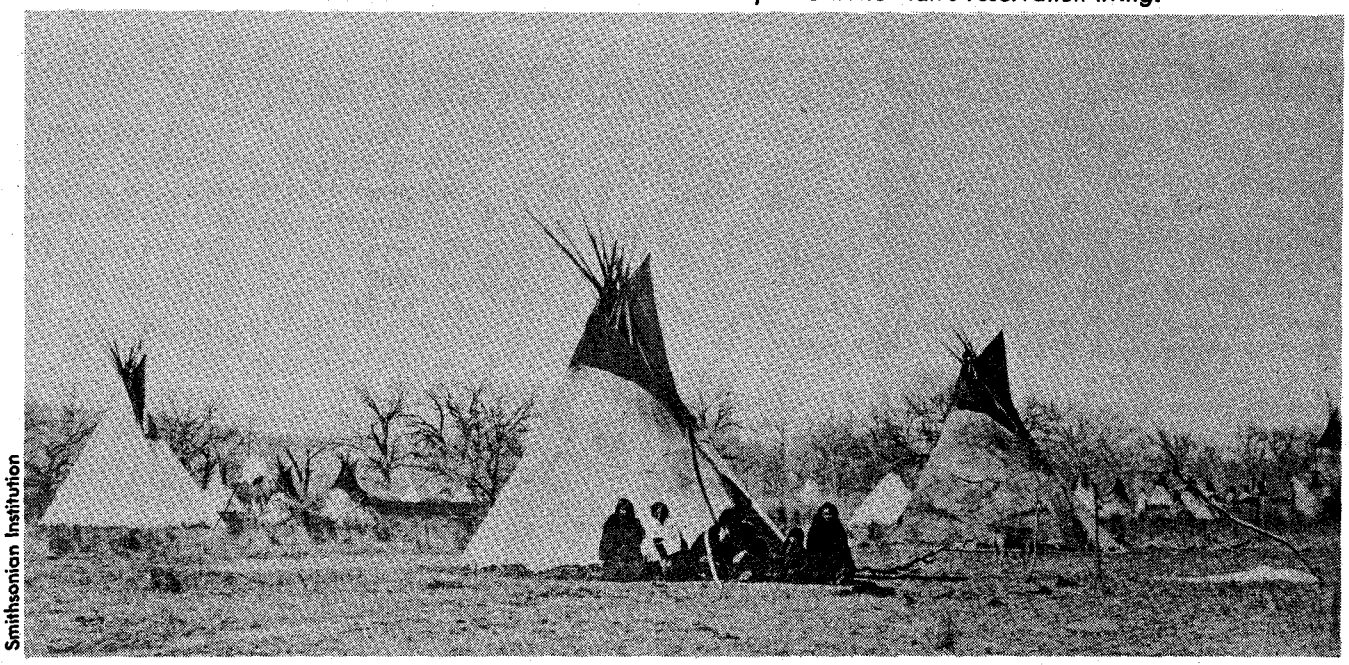
COMANCHE NATION

(continued from page 43)

Nomadic tribes like the Comanches followed the buffalo from north to south, living off the herds. When the Buffalo was killed off, they were forced to accept the white man's reservation living.



Smithsonian Institution

A reporter for the *New York Herald* portrays the scene:

"Fronting the table were the Yam-pa-ri-ko Comanches: Ten Bears, Iron Mountain, Little Crow, Gap-in-the-Woods; and close by them Chewing Elk or Quirto-Quip. To the right of these sat, smoking the pipe of peace, the representatives of the Arapahoes: Little Raven, Big Mouth, Yellow Bear, Left Hand, Spotted Wolf, Curley, White Crow, Yellow Horse and Little Neck, and on their extreme left Mrs. Keith, the half-breed, who lives with them and acts as their interpreter. Opposite the Arapahoes, on the left of the table and on the outer edge of the circle of chiefs, sat Pacer, chief of the Apaches; Taw-haw, head medicine man, and seven minor dignitaries of that tribe; Horseback, Milky Way, Mow-way, and Black Beaver of the Delawares (an old man, nearly white, and famous as the guide of Audubon), and Wah-Saupie (Guadalupe) second chief of the Caddoes. George Washington, an old, shrewd and well-to-do man, of dark complexion and gaudy dress, occupied a log in the right foreground, and near him sat Interpreters Jones and McCluskey (Philip McClusker), Agents Richards and Miles. Your Commissioner sat at the table. This was the position at the moment. Very shortly after, the bushes were parted and young warriors galloped up and dismounting formed a second and third circle; and then a party of Kiowas under Running Bear, strode up and took position under a shady oak ..."

Both sides dispensed with the usual amenities in this last council. Captain Henry Alvord opened the council by telling the Indians bluntly that the Great Father was angry with them for their raiding and misconduct of recent months. In the words of the Great Father, "the good Indians will be well fed and well treated, but the bad Indians will be punished."

With that undiplomatic opening, Alvord sat down. Milky Way, of the Penetekas, arose and reminded the Captain that "Washington's" agents had not kept their treaty-pledged word to the Indians. Alvord ignored the valid complaint, declaring sharply that the government was through dawdling and would henceforth punish both raiding Indians and their friends and protectors.

Voice-of-the-Sunrise, a chief of the Yampariko Comanches, roared an angry reply: "...I have kept out on the plains because the whites were bad. Now you (Alvord) come here to do good, you say, and yet the first thing you do is to pen us up in a narrow territory! I was on the war path but now I am not. I don't want to hear such talk about having me penned up on a reservation. I would rather stay out on the plains and eat dung!"

The talks continued, but their tenor remained the same; the "white Indians" pleading with the "out" bands to come in and the Comanches insisting that they would never come in to live on the reservation. Old Ten Bears injected a note of sardonic humor into the proceedings by suggesting that, since the United States government had moved the Indians so often with poor results, it might try moving the Texans. Shortly thereafter the council broke up. Tangible results were few, consisting of the surrender of some stolen stock and several captives by the Indians, and a temporary improvement in the conduct of the wild prairie bands.

Ten Bears went home to his lodge and told his oldest wife that he was ready to die. "The white men want our country to the last inch of earth," he continued. "Our treaties are but worthless scraps of paper. The buffaloes grow fewer with each passing moon as the white hide hunters slaughter them. Famine stalks the prairie, and the women mourn as the children grow hollow-eyed and big-bellied from hunger and die as sadly and quietly as falling leaves. I no longer wish to live in a land

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where men kill buffaloes for nothing but the hides, while children sicken and die for lack of the good red meat left on the ground to rot."

Ten Bears removed his clothing and bathed in the crystal-clear waters of a prairie stream. Donning ceremonial dress, he lay down upon his bed and willed himself to die. Death came within the hour.

Throughout the early and middle 1870's the Indians' melancholy life-pattern was repeated over and over: the red men came into the reservations during the cold winter months for rations, and moved back on the prairie in spring to hunt the diminishing game. The buffaloes were all but gone; yet still the "intractable" Comanches and Kiowas refused to believe that their wild, roving way of life was about finished. As other tribes had done in times of great stress, the Kiowas and Comanches turned to a powerful medicine man, a spiritual leader, to bring back the old days with his mighty magic.

Ishatai (Coyote Droppings), a young medicine man seemingly possessed of hypnotic powers, convinced the tribal leaders that he had "ascended above the clouds, where he had communed with the Great Spirit." He claimed, in addition to being bulletproof himself, the ability to bulletproof all who believed in his powers. Amazingly, Ishatai was also a clever—or lucky—weather prophet and astronomer. He predicted that a comet flaring over the Southwest early in 1873 would disappear in five days. It disappeared on the fifth day. He also announced that a sever summer-long drouth would follow the disappearance of the comet. The drouth followed precisely on schedule. All in all, Ishatai was just the man to influence the disillusioned and bitter Comanches and Kiowas, and when he told them to go to war and kill off the white men, his advice was easy to take. So hoodwinked were the Indians by this crafty trickster that several of them actually "saw" him belch forth a wagonload of cartridges and swallow them again!

The bleak spring of 1874, with game of all kinds scarce and starvation decimating the tribes, was the time the Prophet picked to sweep the hated white men from the plains. He announced that a great Medicine Dance would be held, at which time strategy would be formed for the all-out attack on the whites. R. N. Richardson, in his book *The Comanche Barrier to South Plains Settlement*, writes:

"...the call for a Comanche medicine dance and celebration was widely heralded, and when the tribesmen assembled in May at a point on Red River near the agency boundary, every band was represented, several of them by almost one hundred per cent of their people. For the first time in tribal history, nearly all the Comanches had been brought together at one time and in one place by the magnetism of a youthful medicine man."

The Medicine Dance, which took the form of a simplified Sun Dance, lasted for days. Leading off with a fiery speech, Ishatai warned the Comanches of the terrible fate in store for them if they bowed meekly to the white man's edict to go in to the reservations. "Look at the Caddoes and Wichitas and the other white Indians!" he thundered. "They are miserable, they are going down hill fast. I have visited the Great Spirit and he has told me that if the Comanches and their allies go on the war-path and kill off the whites, the buffaloes will come back!"

This was what the young braves of the tribes wanted to hear. Only the Penetekas remained unconvinced. These Texas Indians, who had endured white domination longer than any of the others, decided to go back home and have no part of Ishatai's impractical plans.

But if the Penetekas refused to be drawn into a hopeless struggle to regain their lost hunting grounds from the whites, there were hundreds of warriors who welcomed the opportunity. Kiowas, Arapahoes, and Southern Cheyennes succumbed readily to the spell of the Prophet's eloquence, and painted for war. A few of the older chiefs counseled against Ishatai's wild schemes but were howled down by the eager warriors.

In this month of June 1874, the country north of the Arkansas had been hunted clean of buffaloes, and the insatiable hide hunters had pushed south of the river into forbidden Indian territory. Hide men had entered the Texas Panhandle; and twenty-eight hunters, including famed Bat Masterson and the youthful Billy Dixon, had located at Adobe Walls on the South Fork of the Canadian in Hutchinson County, Texas. The 28 hunters and one white woman—a Mrs. Olds, wife of one of the party, occupied three buildings; Myers and Leonard's store, Rath and Wright's store, and Hanrahan's saloon.

About two o'clock on the morning of June 27, the two men sleeping in Hanrahan's saloon were awakened by a report that sounded like a gunshot. The ridgepole of the building had broken under the weight of the heavy dirt roof. Mike Welch, one of the men awakened by the noise, summoned help from the other buildings. A dozen men worked throughout the night repairing the shattered ridgepole. Billy Dixon and Billy Ogg went out at dawn to round up the horses for the journey back to their camp on the prairie. Ogg saw the attackers first, and he gave a piercing yell and dashed for the buildings. Dixon heard a sound like rolling thunder and glanced up to see a sight that never faded from his memory. In *The Life of Billy Dixon,* arranged and edited by his wife Olive K. Dixon, Billy vividly described what he saw:

"There was never a more splendidly barbaric sight. Hundreds of warriors, the flower of the fighting men of the Southwestern plains tribes, mounted upon their finest horses, armed with guns and lances, and carrying heavy shields of thick buffalo hide, were coming like the wind. Over all was splashed the rich colors of red, vermilion and ocher, on the bodies of the men, on the bodies of the running horses. Scalps dangled from bridles, gorgeous war-bonnets fluttered their plumes, bright feathers dangled from the manes and tails of the horses, and the bronzed half-naked bodies of the riders glittered with ornaments of silver and brass. Behind this charging host stretched the plains, on whose horizon the rising sun lifted its morning fires. The warriors seemed to emerge from this glowing background."

But young Dixon didn't linger very long after catching that first thrilling sight of the allied war party. He lit out for Hanrahan's saloon, and barely made it in time. Inspired by Ishatai and led by half-white Quanah Parker, the great war party of Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes charged right up to the buildings and hammered on the doors with their war clubs. The deadly Sharps rifles of the defenders dropped three warriors at the first volley, and the body of Indians split and swept on past, reuniting to circle the sod-walled houses at a

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gallop. A bugle blared somewhere out in the maelstrom of dust and smoke and racing horses, and the Indians charged again.

Seven hundred warriors were believed to have composed the attacking war party, but it is extremely unlikely that more than three hundred were involved. The Indians themselves claimed but 250 braves in the battle. The warriors were directed by bugle calls until their Negro bugler was killed late in the afternoon of the first day's fight. This trick boomeranged on the Indians, since the calls had been copied from the United States Army and were understood by the hunters. Thus they were tipped off to every coming maneuver of the Indians.

The first day saw most of the real fighting, and the battle had practically ceased by four o'clock. Three white men had been killed—one by the accidental discharge of his own rifle and the bodies of thirteen Indians were left near the buildings. The warriors hung around for several days, but the powerful Sharps rifles of the defenders kept them at a respectful distance. Billy Dixon, at a reported range of seven—eighths of a mile, dropped one brave from his horse among a party of mounted Indians watching from a bluff. All the Indians drifted away soon after.

The defeat was a terrific setback for the Comanches and their allies after the impassioned buildup by Ishatai. The medicine man neatly dodged responsibility for the disaster by explaining the failure of the attack as the result of a Cheyenne, on the way to Adobe Walls, killing and skinning a skunk. This messy business, according to the Prophet, had broken the charm and nullified his magic powers.

Despite their failure at Adobe Walls, the Indians stayed on the war-path. Near Buffalo springs, about fifty miles north of the Cheyenne Agency, a party of Cheyennes and Comanches attacked and burned a train of three wagons and killed four men. Early in July, the Cheyennes and Comanches swept through the ranch country of southern Colorado, burning buildings, running off stock, and killing between thirty and sixty people. This band later attacked the settlements in the vicinity of Sun City and Medicine Lodge, Kansas. Other flying war parties attacked settlements in Texas. The whole Southwestern frontier was in a turmoil, demanding that the Army move at once to destroy the hostiles.

The widespread Indian raids in 1874 quickly canceled out the limping Peace Policy, and official Washington took the handcuffs off the Army and told it to go in and clean up the hostiles. Troops poured into the hunting grounds of the Comanches and Kiowas. Colonel Nelson A. Miles's hard-bitten command jumped off from Camp Supply and moved south; Major William Price's column struck east from Fort Union in northern New Mexico; Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Davidson's outfit swung toward the west from Fort Sill. Other military forces in the field were the command of Colonel Mackenzie, moving out of Fort Concho, Texas, along the Fresh Water Fork of the Brazos; and the command of Colonel G. P. Buell, marching up Red River in the Davidson-Mackenzie area. The troops were jubilant, for—after months of chafing inactivity—they were marching again. The general orders given their commanders were starkly simple: "Drive all the Indians onto the reservation or kill them."

Colonel Mackenzie was first to contact the hostiles. A large band of Kiowas under Chief Lone Wolf had taken refuge in Palo Duro Canyon in northern Texas. At noon on the 28th of September, Mackenzie's Seminole and Ton-kawa scouts exchanged shots with the enemy near Tule Canyon. The enemy scouts melted into the wild country between Tule and Palo Duro Canyons, and Mackenzie camped that night a few miles down canyon from where the first skirmish had occurred.

All night the Kiowas harried the troops by sneaking close in the darkness and taking pot shots at the sentries. Kept awake by these tactics, the troops were in an angry mood next morning. Sergeant Charlton and two Ton-kawa scouts took the trail of the hostiles promptly after breakfast.

The signs finally indicated clearly that they were approaching a large Indian village, and Lone Wolf's stronghold deep in Palo Duro Canyon was discovered about midday. Far down in the canyon, strung along a creek, the scouts could see the long rows of *tipis* and the vast grazing horse herd that indicated a large concentration of Indians. The three men studied the scene carefully from the canyon's lofty brim. "Take a good look, boys," said Charlton. "It won't be long before a sight like this will be gone forever from the Plains."

The three scouts reported back to Mackenzie shortly after nightfall. The colonel had his men in the saddle immediately, and the command rode all night to catch the Kiowas off guard. At sunup the troops deployed in cover along the canyon brim, while the scouts searched diligently for a trail leading to the bottom. Finally a Tonkawa scout found a faint trail clinging precariously to the side of the steep canyon wall. The troops started the perilous descent.

It was Mackenzie's hope to surprise the Indians in their hideout, but halfway down the trail his luck ran out. A trooper dislodged a boulder, which kicked up a small landslide as it bounded and crashed to the bottom of the canyon.

Instantly the Kiowas rushed out of their lodges to give battle. Mackenzie's advance scouts barely had time to reach the canyon floor before the warriors were upon them. Hastily they took cover behind trees and rocks, and prepared to hold off the raging Kiowas until the main body of the troops had got down the trail.

Under the accurate screening fire of the scouts, Mackenzie made it. The colonel led the charge up the valley toward the Kiowa village. The warriors resisted stubbornly, fighting desperately to give the women and children time to escape. In this they were successful, for at sunset the troops still had not reached their goal. Full dark had fallen before Mackenzie won through to the village, and by that time Lone Wolf and his band had vanished. Mackenzie captured one hundred empty *tipis* and 1400 horses and mules. The colonel ordered the lodges fired. The following morning he drove the stock to the Tule Valley, and there shot them all. By military standards he had achieved a smashing victory.

The vast roundup of the Comanches and Kiowas continued without a letup. On October 9 Colonel Buell attacked and destroyed a Kiowa camp on the Salt Fork in Greer County, Texas. Four days later, Major Price attacked and defeated another band of so-called "hostiles" in Hemphill County. The hard-driving Miles rounded up the survivors of these various engagements deep in the desolate *Llano Estacado* (Staked Plain), where they had fled

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in the false hope of sanctuary. Hunger and cold weather finished what the troops had begun. Without supplies or enough horses, the Indians could not get through the winter. Band after band of ragged, starving refugees came in to surrender unconditionally and be placed in a crude stockade on Cache Creek. Some "recalcitrant" warriors were locked in an unfinished icehouse. Once a day an Army supply wagon pulled up beside the icehouse, and troopers tossed chunks of raw meat over the walls as if they were feeding dangerous wild beasts.

All remaining horses, mules, and weapons were stripped from the captives. Over 5,000 horses and mules were sold at an average of four dollars each. Many others were given to white soldiers and settlers and to Indian scouts.

The end was not long in coming for the Comanches still free upon the Plains. Over 400 came in before May of 1875, and on June 2, Quanah Parker rode in to Fort Sill to surrender his band. An official enrollment made later that summer disclosed that 1,597 Comanches and 1,076 Kiowas were on the reservations. It was estimated that only about fifty Comanches were still skulking about avoiding capture at the time of the enrollment. The one-time Lords of the South Plains were effectively subdued except for a quickly suppressed outbreak in 1877. As with the other Plains tribes, the almost total destruction of the buffaloes had finally conquered them. Hunger had drained the fighting spirit from their gaunt bodies and left them broken and lethargic. It would be pointless to follow this once-proud warrior people into the monotonous, stifling routine of reservation life—to observe them, sitting stolidly in the sun aware of the absurdity of their white man's clothing, waiting for death to release them from bondage.

Today, nearly a century after the infamous government "roundup of the hostiles" in 1875, the Comanches, along with all the 300 tribes with 650,000 members of U. S. Indians, are at last slowly and painfully emerging from the long, dark decades of apathy and anonymity. There is a growing coalition among the long-fragmented tribes, a new spirit, a helpful unity, a belated realization that in union there is strength and even political power.

New and aggressive leaders have spurned with despairing passivity of the past to demand equality in all civil rights with the white man. Among these modern red men is Lehman Brightman, a fiery South Dakota Sioux now teaching at the University of California, Berkeley, and working on his Ph.D. "Even the name Indian is not ours," snorts Brightman. "It was given to us by some dumb honky who got lost and thought he'd landed in India!" On a television panel show designed to explore "the Indian problem," Brightman jolted many white viewers still steeped in the heroic mystique of the last century by declaring flatly that Custer, far from being the dashing hero pictured in the white history books, had actually been a white egomaniac who led a campaign of ruthless genocide against the Indian people.

Clyde Bellecourt, a rugged Chippewa who has done time in the white man's prisons, organized an "Indian Patrol" utilizing short-wave radio to follow police activities in Minneapolis, which has one of the few Indian ghettos in any city. "We're on the lookout for any flagrant outrage, any police brutality against our people," says Bellecourt. The effectiveness of this surveillance is demonstrated by the significant fact that, after the patrol was formed, there were no arrests of Indians for 22 straight weekends.

In the literary field, there are N. Scott Momaday, Kiowa English teacher at Berkeley, whose distinguished novel *House Made of Dawn* won a Pulitzer Prize; and Vine Deloria, a Standing Rock Sioux, author of *Custer Died for Your Sins,* wryly depicting the "hangups and frustrations of Indians dealing with white society."

On the Washington political scene, Senator Edward Kennedy, carrying on the crusade begun by his murdered brother, Robert, has brought the shocking plight of the red man to the attention of Congress. His subcommittee on Indian education has charged that "our nation's policies and programs for educating American Indians are a national tragedy." Minnesota Senator Walter Mondale, an honorary Chippewa chief, has sharply criticized Indian schools, where "the first thing an Indian learns is that he is a loser."

Leading the movement on the distaff side is attractive and vivacious LaDonna Harris, part-Comanche wife of Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris. Her group "fights federal red tape to help reservation Indians, gathers evidence when whites discriminate against them, forms buying clubs to combat high grocery prices, trains young Indians for jobs and leadership."

On the direct confrontation level, Janet McCloud of the Washington State Tulalips, battles the authorities on the vital matter of fishing rights for her people. She contends that severe restrictions on catching salmon have reduced the Indian to "savages with no more rights than a bear." She, with others of her tribe, have deliberately violated these regulations that they consider a breach of their rights and have gone to jail as a result. Only in this manner, they believe, can they publicize the rank injustice of the white man's harsh and insensitive laws disrupting the Indian's ancient way of life.

The Comanches themselves eagerly await a new champion to battle the whites for them in the whole spectrum of civil and human rights. He need not possess the stately oratory of Ten Bears, the crafty trickery of Ishatai, nor the burning anger of Voice-of-the-Sunrise. Rather, he must be armed with the legal expertise and tough tenacity of the modern well-trained trial lawyer. When he appears on the scene, as the Comanches believe he surely will, the tribe will have a new hero to replace the old ones—a new leader to follow in the bitter courtroom struggles that will succeed the fruitless councils, and raids and counter-raids of long ago.

"And *this* time," predict the Comanches grimly, "*we* will win!"

●**RW**

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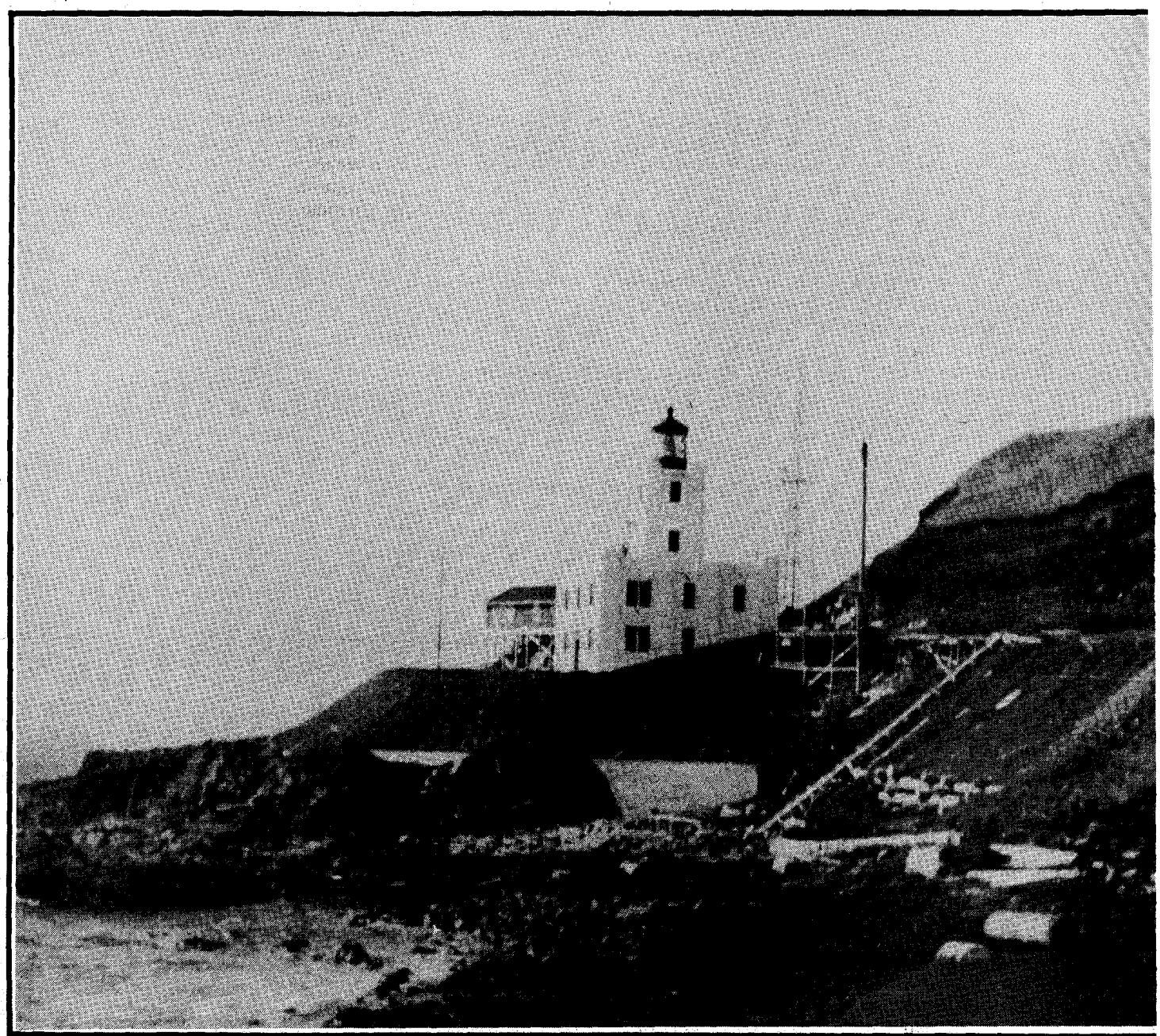
FAMOUS LIGHTHOUSES

(continued from page 17)

Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard



Scotch Cape Light Station, Unimak Island, Alaska before it was destroyed by the tidal wave of April 1, 1946.

feet above sea level, and in 1894, 13 panes of glass were broken in the lantern, and fish plopped into the lantern room. In October of 1912, a huge section of concrete was knocked off in another storm, and the lighthouse was shaken to the core, sustaining heavy damage, and during still another wild one in 1934, 110-mile winds boiled the sea to a fury, forcing water over the entire structure with such force that the roof was torn open. The keepers had to open a lower door to let the water pour through, but when it was all over, they found souvenirs that had been left behind, enough deep-sea creatures to fill an aquarium.

Many of the lights were constructed, like Tillamook, in reaction to terrible sea disasters that took place in their localities. The light at Cape Mendocino in California, which was regarded with awe and even superstition because of its cross-currents, fogs, and shifty winds, was built partly because of the wreck of a San Francisco ship, the NORTHERNER. Mile Rocks Lighthouse in San Francisco Bay,

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which stands on a single rock 30 x 40 feet that is usually submerged, was built in 1906 precisely where the RIO DE JANEIRO had been wrecked five years before.

More than 150 ships were known to have foundered near Cape Flattery, off the coast of northern Washington, so a lighthouse was erected on Tatoosh Island to warn other ships of the danger. Hundreds of vessels were caught on the shifting bars of the Columbia River; a similar problem existed on the Umpqua River in Oregon, where a lighthouse was put up, and the St. George's Reef light was built right on the site of the wreck of the BROTHER JONATHAN, which struck the reef and went down with the loss of 166 souls in 1865. Pigeon Point Lighthouse, near the Golden Gate, stands on a spot actually named for a wreck, that of the CARRIER PIGEON, which was destroyed there about twenty years before the light was established.

All lighthouses were intended to help avoid as many maritime disasters as possible. Unfortunately, there were times when their presence was not enough to avert a tragedy. Such was the case of the OLIVER CUTTS, which went down in a fog just off the Alcatraz Lighthouse, in 1868. Another ill-fated ship was a sidewheeler, the PACIFIC, which left Victoria, B.C., in the autumn of 1875, with 277 people aboard. Her captain was J. D. Howell, a brother-in-law of Jefferson Davis.

Off Cape Flattery on a stormy night near the new Cape Beale light, the ship collided in the dark with an unknown vessel, and sank quickly, with only two survivors left to tell the story.

The other ship, the ORPHEUS, which did not stop to render aid, was wrecked a few hours later, but her skipper, Captain Sawyer, was charged with dereliction of duty for failing to help the stricken PACIFIC. Some even claimed that he had purposely wrecked his own vessel to avoid prosecution. He was exonerated, however, in an official hearing.

People who did survive a shipwreck in those early days on the coast had every reason to fear trouble with Indians. The survivors of the ST. NICHOLAS, a Russian ship which went down in 1808 on the coast of Washington, were attacked by Indians, and some were captured, including the captain's young wife. She died in captivity a few months later, and most of the other captives were held as slaves. The whole sad story was related by some of them, who were ransomed later by passing ships.

The Indians were not enthusiastic about having white men on their lands, and tried to discourage the building of some of the lighthouses. During the construction of the Cape Flattery Lighthouse on Tatoosh Island, the Makah Indians generally made themselves as disagreeable as possible, and even after the light was in operation, the stench of dead whales, which they hunted and dragged to the island, made this station very hard to man. The weather may have contributed to Cape Flattery's unpopularity, too. It averaged measurable rainfall on 215 days per year!

Actual fighting broke out between Indians and the builders of the Umpqua Lighthouse in Oregon, which opened anyhow in 1857. But the Indians had the last laugh. Built on sand, the Umpqua light eventually collapsed into the river and had to be rebuilt on another site.
to Cape Flattery's Actual fighting broke out between Indians and the builders of the Umpqua Lighthouse in Oregon, which opened anyhow in 1857. But the Indians had the last laugh. Built on sand, the Umpqua light eventually collapsed into the river and had to be rebuilt on another site.

Western lighthouses were generally lower structures than eastern ones, but that was because of the high promontories on which they were built. Sometimes they were too high to be useful, as in the case of the Point Loma light, which was constructed on top of a rocky peninsula at the edge of San Diego Harbor. Heavy fog, hanging low over the sea, sometimes obscured the light, so a new structure had to be built at a lower elevation.

The fuel burned in these early lights was oil, sometimes whale oil, but more often a petroleum product. Quite early in the game, the multi-lantern light was replaced by a single unit, whose candlepower was fantastically increased by a gorgeous lens made in France, where it was first developed by Augustin Fresnel. It was a great departure in lighthouse lenses, using the refraction of numerous thick, exquisitely polished prisms arranged in concentric circles around a bull's eye panel of glass. Such a lens was encased in brass, and cast rainbows all over even the bleakest light tower. Fortunately, it was possible to electrify Fresnel lenses instead of replacing them as the years went by, and many are still in use.

The remoteness of lighthouse life, complete with Indian problems, dirty weather, supply delays from overworked tenders, and frequent shortages of water all made lighthouse keepers hard to find. More to the point, perhaps, the pay offered was incredibly low. For years a keeper's salary was only $1,000 a year or less, with assistant keepers earning from $500. to $650. Some keepers tried to add to their income by doing other work on the side, which was only possible if they were stationed not too far from civilization. Sometimes the keeper's wife was his assistant, and that increased the family income somewhat.

Despite the privations, however, there were people who loved lighthouse keeping. One old-timer, who had served for years on Tillamook, was offered a special treat - a trip to San Francisco, to serve as a guide in the Lighthouse Service exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. He was there exactly a week, when he asked permission to return to his lighthouse, away from "them noisy wise-cracking crowds."

To some, the loneliness was a curse. At least one keeper's wife jumped to her death from a cliff in sheer desperation. Others became mentally unfit. One keeper imagined a pet hen in the light tower, and wouldn't let anyone disturb her, and another had to be retired when he fancied that the ghosts of dead Indians were haunting his lighthouse. A keeper at Point Loma once wrote in disgust, "I have been unfortunate in respect of assistants. There comes a strange one every month."

The loneliness did funny things to perfectly normal people. Three men manning a very remote station in Alaska at Cape Hinchinbrook once had an argument over how the potatoes should be cooked, and for six months they never spoke a word to each other. Then there was the man stationed at the Cape Sarichef Lighthouse on Unimak Island, Alaska, who became very lonely for a friend stationed at the Scotch Cap Lighthouse, 17 miles away. He started out one spring day on foot to see his friend, but along the way he had to cross a swift river that was swollen by a spring thaw. In the

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rushing water, he lost his bundle of clothes, which he had removed to make the swim.

The man was only too aware of his danger, with eight miles of snow-covered trail ahead, and not so much as a fig leaf to shelter his body from the cold. He went grimly on, and was blue from head to foot by the time he reached the Scotch Cap Lighthouse. It took 24 hours of thawing by the fire to turn his color back to normal.

Needless to say, the blue-tinted naked apparition was a sight never to be forgotten by the keepers at Scotch Cap, but tragically, it was not the most surprising sight ever witnessed there. In 1946, an enormous tidal wave smashed into Unimak Island and tore the lighthouse out off its foundation, with the entire five-man crew lost. The lighthouse destroyed was a new structure of reinforced concrete, built in 1940 to replace the original wooden one, which had stood since 1903.

Earthquakes damaged and destroyed other western lighthouses, too. The Point Arena Lighthouse, opened in 1870, was demolished by the great earthquake that destroyed San Francisco in 1906. Everything was smashed, including the fine French lens. Point Pinos Lighthouse, near Monterey Bay, was also shaken hard and severely damaged by this powerful earthquake, and eventually had to be torn down and rebuilt. The keepers were two women, who escaped injury.

Lady lighthouse keepers were rare but not unheard of. As before noted, the keeper's wife was sometimes his official paid assistant, and circumstances might enable her to become principal keeper on his death. Two ladies were the keepers of the Point Fermin lighthouse near Los Angeles, and one heroic woman keeper on San Francisco's Angel Island tolled the fog bell by hand for 21 hours once in the summer of 1906.

One woman whose father and mother were both principal keepers at different times, had fond memories of Christmas in a western lighthouse. The family, consisting of 13 people, made gifts for each other out of such things as shells and driftwood, and all these things were locked away out of sight in the foghorn room until the big day. The father dressed up in a red suit every year, and there was a Christmas tree. There were many families raised in lighthouses, and some found the life much to their liking.

Some lighthouses supposedly had ghostly occupants as well as real ones. The Tillamook light, considered haunted by the Indians, is said to have a moaning ghost now that it has been deactivated. Another interesting ghost was the one in the Baranof Castle in Sitka. It was said to be that of a young woman who had died of grief because of a false report that her lover was dead, a genuine "Romeo and Juliet" lighthouse ghost story.

Yaquina Bay Lighthouse in Oregon, which was built by a mistake on the wrong site and only served from 1871-74, was said to be haunted by the ghosts of dead keepers. But one lighthouse has been able to get rid of its ghost. The picturesque Point Vicente Lighthouse, still in service on California's Palos Verdes Peninsula, had a restless spirit that was supposedly the wife of a man lost at sea. She would flit about the ceiling of the lantern room as the light turned, but she was forced to find other quarters when a little paint was applied to the top of the lens. This is the only known case of a lighthouse ghost that was exorcised.

Ghost stories are often coupled with tales of sunken treasure, and many treasures have been lost off the Pacific coast, some very near lighthouses. Way back in 1594, the Spanish galleon SAN AGUSTIN went down off Point Reyes, California, with a rich cargo. Another galleon, the SAN SEBASTIAN, sank in 1754 just off Santa Barbara, near the Anacapa Lighthouse, with two million dollars in gold that has never been found. Point Arguello, also in California, was the site of another wreck, that of the YANKEE BLADE, which carried a large amount of gold of unknown value, and the BROTHER JONATHAN, which went down in San Francisco Bay, supposedly held a large army payroll. It was never recovered. The old lighthouses certainly do have exciting stories to tell.

Many early West Coast lighthouses have been deactivated, because of changes in shipping lanes, and sometimes, as in the case of Tillamook light, because of the difficulties and expenses involved in manning and repair. The coast Guard, which has been in charge of American lighthouses since 1939, has automated many lights and plans to transform others in the future. However, certain remote stations may still have a lighthouse keeper and his wife for a very long time to come.

The remaining old western lighthouses are increasingly prized as mementoes of a colorful past. The original Point Loma Lighthouse, beautifully restored and open to the public, is now part of the Cabrillo National Monument in San Diego, and is visited by thousands of people every year. On view in its tower (though not in operation) is the lens used in the very first West Coast lighthouse, the one on Alcatraz Island. A committee of interested citizens is trying to save the old Point Fermin Lighthouse from being torn down, and other Pacific coast lighthouses are objects of growing public interest.

Although in a way lighthouses may seem a part of another world, they belong to frontier history. Like ranches, railroads, and gold mines, they were the ingenious creations of determined, enterprising Americans, who helped to win and hold the West. ●**RW**

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The Copper Mine That NEVER WAS

by Clarence M. Fink

The flats north of Rapid City, South Dakota in July 1877 possessed acres of lush grazing land. It was the ideal place to tether saddle horses not only because of the abundant greenery for the animals to consume but the flat terrain made it possible to observe the presence and approach of wandering Indians and bands of horse thieves in that vicinity. This greatly aided the owners in protection of their property.

While idly tending his horses in that area, a local miner picked up a sizable piece of green rock. (Copper carbonate called malachite, a copper ore used for making ornamental articles). This he considered a great find because the rock weighed over five pounds, and he knew it was high grade stuff.

The Rapid City man tried to keep it a secret but his close friends soon wormed the knowledge out of him, and this startling revelation quickly spread far and wide. In no time at all the horse grazing flats were quickly staked out in new claims located as far as the foothills. The townspeople clamored for their share of the wealth which they figured would come eventually. The copper rock was taken and placed in a conspicuous spot in the big window of Rapid City's main Harney Hotel.

Near the end of the third day the copper ore frenzy had captivated just about everyone in the vicinity. Ambitious plans were being made by the town fathers to mine the hidden wealth beneath the ground of the flats. While the excitement was nearing its height, Josh Jensen, a local miner returned from a three day spree in Deadwood and quickly desired to share with everyone in the good fortune about to be uncovered. He immediately wanted to know where the valuable ore was first discovered so he could locate his claim as close as possible. Told no one knew for sure the exact location and that he was probably too late to stake a good piece of land, he was taken and allowed to view the fabulous piece of ore in Harney's window that had triggered off all the fuss and feathers.

Jensen's startled eyes glued themselves to the window display. He stared searchingly at it. Then the street idlers by the hotel saw him do a strange thing. Jensen suddenly doubled over with hearty laughter. The curiosity concerning his uncontrolled levity about this serious subject finally forced a confession from the still smiling Jensen.

"This whole copper strike is a bust!" he remarked authoritatively, "That stone there in the window was the one I used to hammer down the 'picket pin' to hold my horses on the flats last week when I couldn't find any rocks about. I secured it from the 'Blue Lead Mine' which is fourteen miles from here, and just forgot to put it back in my saddlebag!" ●RW

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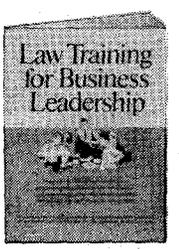

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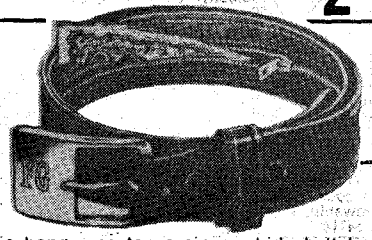

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LA TULES- GAMBLING LADY

(continued from page 22)

Jose Sisneros y Lucero, she was the known mistress of General Manuel Armijo who was governor of New Mexico. Supposedly she also carried on sordid affairs with numerous leading politicos.

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

General Manuel Armijo, Mexico governor of New Mexico during the time Madame La Tules ran her gambling house.

It wasn't until about 1950 that the true story about La Tules was uncovered. Fray Angelico Chavez, a distinguished poet-historian, and author of *Origins of New Mexico Families,* became interested in the name, Barcelo, because it is a rare one in New Mexico. Then when a university student wrote asking for more information about La Tules' costly burial (according to Davis's version in *El Gringo,*) Chavez decided to seriously research the gambling lady.

Persuing church registers, he discovered those in Tome in Valencia County were the only ones containing entries regarding the Barcelo family. Dona Dolores Herrero Barcelo had two daughters, one of which was Gertrudis Barcelo, who married Manuel Antonio Sisneros at Tome, June 20, 1823. Her mother later moved from Tome to Santa Fe, but La Tules and her husband did not go there until several years after. La Tules is the Spanish diminutive for Gertrudis (English Gertrude).

Why all the fuss and derogatory remarks about a woman anyway? Probably the principal reason was the fact that she operated a gambling establishment where drinking, smoking, and general relaxation were enjoyed. Spanish people thought nothing of it, and historians do not condemn her. Apparently she conducted such an establishment until her death. She was buried in Santa Fe, January 17, 1852, according to an entry in the Catholic church records.

Even her death was reported erroneously by Twitchell as being in 1851 and the author of *The Wind Leaves No Shadow,* Ruth L. Alexander, listed the month as February instead of January.

The grossest error was by Davis, which was repeated verbatim by Twitchell, that she was buried with the highest honors of the church at an exorbitant expense of over $1600 for spiritual services in the interment ceremonies alone. Fees for the bishop, it was reported, was another $1000 and other charges paid out to the church for extra candles lit, stops made on the way to the grave at $50 for each stop, etc. etc. As a rica (rich one) she probably had requested all this pomp or her relatives wanted to put on a big show.

Historian Chavez points out, though, that $1600 dwindles considerably when it is noted that church fees were computed in pesos. If the peso at that time was worth a quarter, La Tules' relatives got just about $400 worth of showing off.

Research has proved that La Tules was a respectable woman and a faithful wife whose only sin per se was that she brought some bit of glamour to the quiet frontier town of Santa Fe by operating an open gambling house. ●**RW**

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TOLTEC RAILROAD

(continued from page 27)

the guests was now largely black powder smoke. When it cleared, the defenders were found to have in their hands one of the invaders.

He was promptly strung up from the "Hanging Tree" near the Rio Grande's freight yard and a week later was still dangling evidence that virtue triumphed at last in Durango. It was not until the grand opening of the West End Hotel was held again, and its festivities went unmarred by gun fire that the body was cut down.

Durango's hanging tree was conveniently located between the Rio Grande tracks and the front door of the European Hotel and informal trials were often shared between these two places. Durango's only legal hanging which took place several years later was performed on a gallows well removed from town, but overlooking the freight yard. So, it managed to retain something of the flavor of railroading.

These San Juan rails leading westward from Antonito, to Durango and Silverton, went through one of the sublimest sections of America. At one point the road doubled upon itself twice, making three parallel tracks within a distance of little more than a stone's throw. An hour's ride from Antonito the traveler caught his first glimpse down into Los Pinos Valley, and for the next four miles the track glided around in graceful curves on the very brow of the mountains, giving occasional glimpses of the valley far below.

Continuing its ascent until the head of the valley was reached, an easy curve was made and the train doubled back on the opposite side to nearly the starting point. The scenery for the next nine miles challenged all description. The road tenaciously clung to the steep mountainside for four miles, and plunged into a tunnel at the point where the romantic and thrilling grandeurs of Toltec Gorge culminated. Here was a sheer drop of 1200 feet, so close to the track one could fall from the platform into the awful and yawning chasm below.

At Toltec Gorge the train stopped to pay respect both to the chasm and to the Garfield memorial, erected to the memory of the martyred president. Word of his death arrived from the East just as the excursion train of the National Association of General Passenger & Ticket Agents arrived at Toltec. A collection was taken up for the monument which was built after completion of the line to Durango.

Travelers on the through trains, eastern capitalists, English lords, young men out of Harvard, all lived high on the hog aboard the Rio Grande's diners. The menus which have come down to us tell us hock and champagne were acceptable for breakfast with quail and partridge, vension and antelope among the entrees. Colorado steer meat was there in the form of steak. Filets were two bits and a porterhouse was 75¢. Rocky Mountain trout from the state's hatcheries were always a Rio Grande staple.

The forty-five mile route to Silverton from Durango above the yawning canyon of the Animas River has held the popular imagination of nearly three generations of Western Americans. Up until 1970 the Silverton train was the only regularly scheduled narrow gauge operation in the forty-eight adjacent states. Silverton's night life was always boisterous, but not often lethal.

One evening a drummer was sitting in the Hub Saloon when the wife of a Pullman porter on the night run flounced through in search of her spouse. "If I don't find that man, there's gonna be a hot time in the old town tonight," she muttered. The drummer, taken by the homely phrase, went on to write a song called "There'll Be a Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight."

On another occasion Bat Masterson rode in on the narrow gauge. Bat was now the city marshal of Trinidad and was in search of his old friend, Wyatt Earp. Masterson told him that their friend, Luke Short, gambler and gunman, was having a rough time back in Dodge in their absence. Neither man was one to desert a friend and they were inflamed by the deal. Both left Silverton and headed south to Durango and then east on the cars over Cumbres. In Durango they sent telegrams to four of their gunslinger friends: Jack Vermillion, Johnny Green, Johnny Millsap, and Dan Tipton.

The gang converged on Dodge

(continued on page 78)

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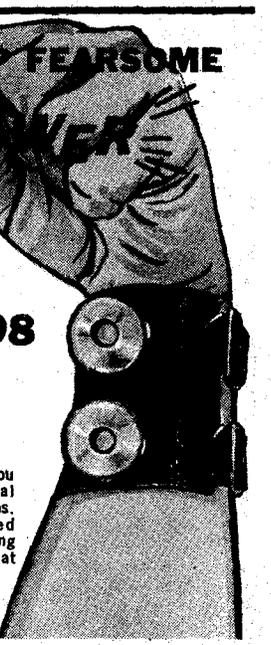

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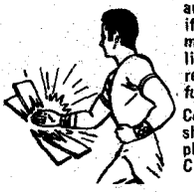

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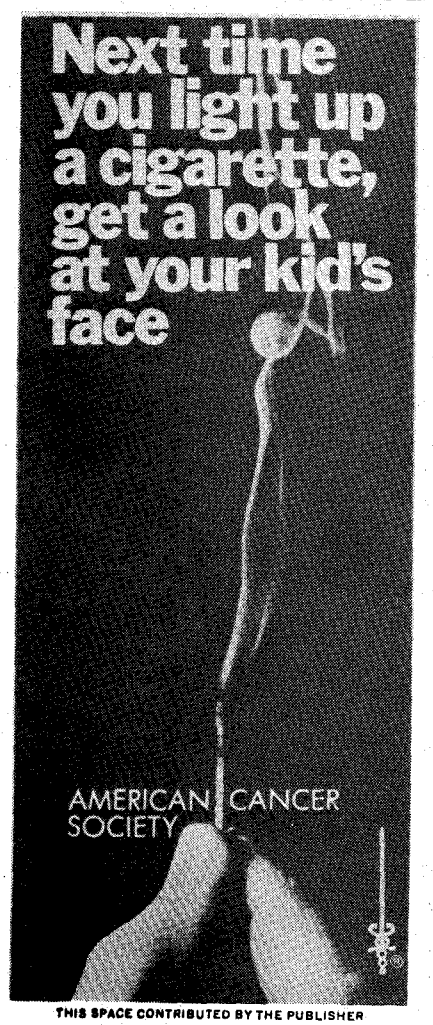


THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

THRESHER ENGINE BLOWUP

(continued from page 31)

discussing the explosion further while walking to the house where a light burned in the kitchen.

While eating supper the entire story had to be gone over again. Two of father's cowboys came from their room to listen while it was being told to mother. It was hardly believed until the next day in town when lurid details were circulated.

After the tragedy men who were there descended to wild exaggerations of what happened, especially their personal experiences. As time went on their tales grew more impossible.

One said that straws were driven into one side of his wagon hayrack as thick as hair on a dog. Another claimed that force of the explosion lifted his hayrack up in the air off the running gear and then dropped it back completely turned around.

Of course there were some who related how near they came to being killed that terrible afternoon. More than a dozen saw heavy pieces of iron from the torn apart boiler high in the air and they always fell within a few inches of them.

One of the Jimson boys told for years how rivets from the boiler came flying through the air. He said, "They stitched a line of button holes across my near horse from shoulder to rump—and there wasn't no buttons in the critter's hide!"

He was one of those who had a horse killed during the big blowup. But I doubt if any, and certainly only a very few, rivets were torn from the boiler plates. All the pieces I examined still had smashed head rivets in the seams.

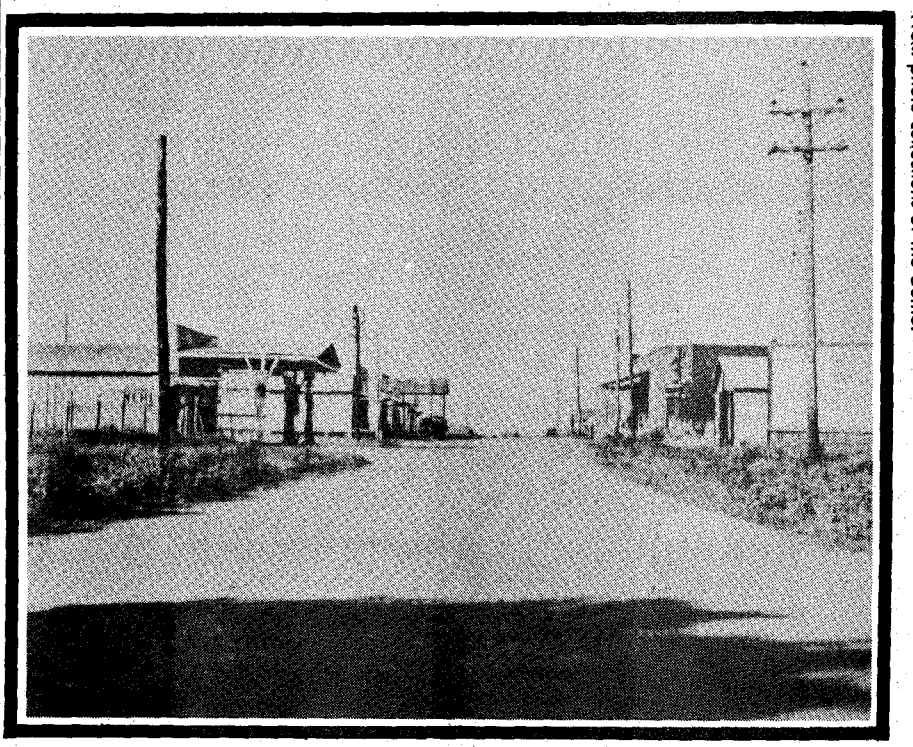
The aged "Pappy" Scroggs was a civil war veteran who claimed to be afraid of nothing. He was always hanging around the threshing outfit. When the explosion came he was first to start running. Never slowing down, he reached home a couple of miles away and crawled under the bed.

His fat wife often laughed in telling the story, of how she was only able to get him out with a broom two days later. Of course this was an overly enlarged yarn but Pappy Scroggs certainly did run, with a speed that no one believed possible in his stove up condition.

For two or three threshing seasons farmers were leary of the engines, afraid there would be another disastrous blowup. ● **RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Personal reminiscences.



The little farm village of Clarita, Oklahoma

From photo collections of the author

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GENERAL BENSON

(continued from page 46)

both cavalry and infantry, in the exposed western part of the Valley, across the turbulent Bear River from Logan. They were placed under Major William F. Rigby, and for the next three years the "Battalion West of the River," as it was called, was kept apart from regular Brigade command.

But the "Battalion West of the River" was General Benson's only compromise with military necessity.

After the drill of 1867 the Brigade went into swift decline. No drill at all was held in 1868. Everybody was working on the Transcontinental Railroad which was being rushed to completion. Notwithstanding the way Benson felt about Maughan staying home to thresh wheat, the General wasn't even in Cache Valley in 1868. He was out near Promontory Summit, a leading grading contractor for the Central Pacific.

The next year Benson issued orders for a three-day muster in September. It was his last official act. On September 3, 1869 he dropped dead of a heart attack. His funeral procession in Logan on September 5, included the bands, his personal staff, and units from both the infantry and cavalry.

William Hyde was appointed Benson's successor. General Hyde had learned his military arts from his predecessor. He increased the size of the officer corps to 177 out of a militia enrollment of 1,386 and finally wormed a cannon out of Legion headquarters so that he could fire salutes. It was only a two-pounder (there were probably muskets in the Brigade with a bigger bore), but it was a cannon.

Poor Colonel Martineau got no further with Hyde than with Benson. Companies stayed at five platoons, but he finally got the general to appoint some corporals. So in 1870, with a Brigade of 20 companies, there were 20 captains, 37 lieutenants, 66 sergeants, and 10 corporals.

Colonel Martineau summarized the 1870 muster in his report to General Wells. "The muster passed off very well, the men being animated by a very patriotic feeling. The weather was fine, and no accidents occurred to mar the enjoyment of the troops and the many lady visitors and other spectators."

General Hyde died in 1874 and Brigham Young, Jr. was appointed to take his place. But it was a parting gesture. The muster of 1875 was attended by only 600 militiamen, and things got so festive that General Young had to station a provost guard to protect the soldiers from the drunks who came out to watch the drill.

Though a small muster of volunteers was held in 1876, that was the last. The Brigade was dead.

In their ten-year existence, the men of the Cache Valley Brigade didn't do any fighting—except with one another. They just mustered once a year, marched around their own town squares on weekends, and watched to see what color tablecloth was flying from General Benson's flagpole. Their many officers bought regulation U.S. uniforms; their privates wore leaves in their hats. They were purred over by General Benson, worried over by Col. Martineau, and deserted by even their officers when there was something better to do.

For ten years the men of the Cache Valley Brigade of the Nauvoo Legion didn't do anything but provide a little color. But on a colorless frontier of small farms and long hours, maybe that was enough.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

There are few studies which have been done on the Nauvoo Legion. For this article I have consulted the following: Hamilton Gardner, "The Utah Territorial Militia," unpublished study in the library of the Utah State Historical Society, Salt Lake City; Paul B. Bailey, *The Armies of God* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1969); James H. Martineau, "The Military History of Cache Valley," in Edward H. Tullidge, *History of Northern Utah and Southern Idaho* (Salt Lake City: 1889).

My chief source, however, has been "The Journal of the Cache Military District, 1865-1876," and the yearly muster returns from the Cache Brigade to Legion headquarters in Salt Lake City. Largely written by Colonel James H. Martineau, these manuscripts are in the Military Records Section, Utah State Archives, The Capitol, Salt Lake City, Utah (microfilm copies are in the Special Collections Department, Merrill Library, Utah State University, Logan, Utah).

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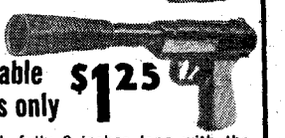

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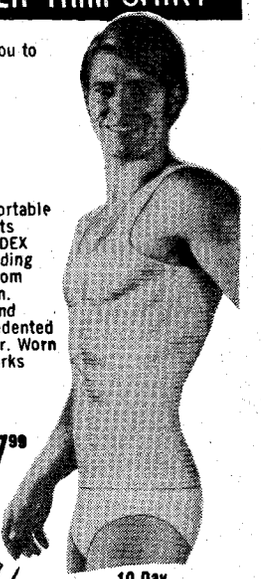

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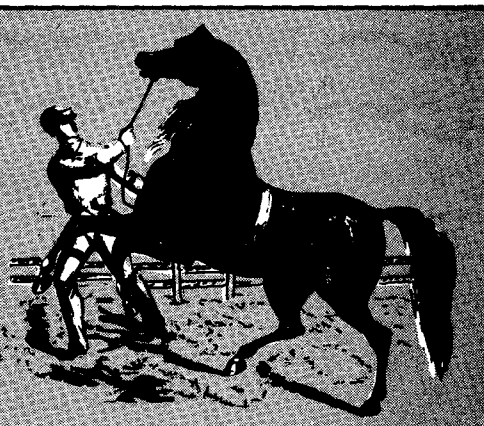
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

CROOK ASSIGNED TO DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI

Major-General Crook has been assigned to the command of the Division of the Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
May 5, 1888

COWBOYS' DIVERSIONS

This is the season of the toilsome round-up, which means many days of rough riding for the cowboys, and camping on the open plains. They have their diversions, however, one of the chief of which, is the riding of a bucking steer. These steers, which run wild on the prairies during the greater part of the year, are not much more tractable than buffalo bulls. To see a cowboy mount and ride one of them is as exciting as a Mexican bull-fight, without the latter's revolting cruelty; and the sport is characteristic of our stalwart American Cossacks of the Western plains.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
May 5, 1888

FIRE AT CENTRAL CITY

The town of Central City, in Dakota, with 1,000 population, was totally destroyed by fire on the 26th of April.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
May 5, 1888

LAW AND ORDER IN MEXICO

The Mexican authorities certainly have a positive way of dealing with violators of law. The two army officers who followed a deserter across the Rio Grande into Texas and attempted to arrest him have been sentenced each to ten years' imprisonment, while the Stein Pass train-robbers were burned out of a hut, in which they had taken refuge on Mexican soil, and shot down by soldiers who intercepted their retreat.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
May 5, 1888

TEXAS STOCKMAN BITTEN BY WOLF

William Chamberlain, the Texas stockman who was bitten by a mad wolf some three months ago, has returned home from Paris, where he was completely cured by M. Pasteur's treatment.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 2, 1888

GRANDIOSE PLANS FOR WESTERN CANADA

A syndicate of American capitalists has employed an engineer to explore the Provinces of Athabasca, Alberta and British Columbia, and then to take a look at Alaska, all with the purpose of ascertaining the feasibility of building a railway line from some point on the Northern Pacific Railway, in Dakota to Calgary, on the Canadian Pacific, thence through Alberta to Edmonton, the heart of a wheat district richer than Dakota in fertility. Thence the proposed road is to run across the rich plains and through the enormous forests of Athabasca, rounding the northern limit of the Rocky Mountains and having its northwestern terminus at or near Fort Wrangel, Alaska, and having close connection by steamer with Sitka and Yukon. The country through which it is proposed to run the road is all open, except here and there a patch of woods, and the finest farming and grazing lands in the world. The foothills of the Rocky Mountains in the region are rich in coal and iron, and along the Athabasca, Liard and Peace Rivers there is gold in large quantities.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspapers,
June 9, 1888

ANTI WOMAN'S LIB

A local judge in Spokane Falls, W. T. has declared the Act of the Legislature extending the franchise to women to be unconstitutional.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 9, 1888

The solemn conference at the Standing Rock Agency, in Dakota, came to an ignominious end on the 31st day of July by the positive refusal of the Sioux to sign away their lands. The eloquence of the Commissioners and the threatening language of the chairman, Pratt, were equally wasted. The Indian chiefs had held a conference the night before, and had unanimously sworn by the Great Spirit that they would sign no paper offered to them. It is impossible not to commend this spirit and their good sense. They have been taught by their own experience, as well as by their observation of what has happened to other tribes, that the white man is not to be trusted; and every right-minded American must say, at whatever cost to his national pride, that the red men do well in holding the Government to its plighted faith, according to the bond.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
August 11, 1888

FREMONT ON RETIRED LIST

The Bill to place John C. Fremont on the retired list as Major-general of the Army has passed the United States Senate by a vote of 29 to 21.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
July 28, 1888

SPOTTED TAIL, JR. DIES

Spotted Tail, Jr., "The last of the great Sioux", died near Rosebud Agency, Dakota, a few days ago. He was sometimes called "Cushion Back" because of his broad shoulders. He was something of a poet. At his grave his favorite horse was shot. The dead chief was the son of the famous Spotted Tail.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
July 28, 1888

BUFFALO BILL TO ENTERTAIN ROYALTY

Colonel Cody, the only "Buffalo Bill", after the conclusion of his season at Erastina, on Staten Island, proposes to conduct a party of British noblemen and men in political life, together with several distinguished Americans, on a pleasure excursion across the plains. The party will start from his ranch

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at North Platte, Neb., and travel in wagons and on saddle-horses, camping out at night. Since Major North's death, Colonel Cody has been elected the White Chief of the Pawnees, and to this tribe he will first pay a visit. Thence he will take his party into New Mexico and Arizona, stopping at all military posts and forts en route. He will come out through Lower California.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
July 7, 1888

MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

photographer's error.

I'm not concerned with your correcting this, but thought that you might be interested because of your obvious desire for authenticity.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Eve Ball
Box 3215
Ruidoso, New Mexico

Dear Editor:

In your issue of REAL WEST #108, the MAIL ROUNDUP section, a question was asked by Mr. J. Spriggs in regards to the movie "Soldier Blue" being a version of the Battle of Wounded Knee. I don't believe it was that battle they were referring to, but it was a version of the Battle of Sand Creek, which took place on Nov. 28, 1864.

I have studied Indian Battles and saw the movie and from all indications this is the battle they are referring to. Colonel Chivington and the Colorado Volunteers on the mentioned date, attacked the peaceful village of Black Kettle, Chief of the Southern Cheyenne and massacred 133 men, women and children, 105 being women and children. These were mutilated, some beyond recognition and this was shown in the movie. The movie also showed many other atrocities and this is what happened at Sand Creek.

If you read any books on the Battle of Sand Creek and happen to have seen the movie, you will agree that this is the battle they are referring to.

My wife is a direct descendant of Black Kettle, being a Great-Great-Niece.

If Mr. Spriggs would like further information, I would be glad to assist him.

Yours Sincerely,

R.C. Bombardier
12 McKenna Drive
Middletown, Conn.
06457

(continued on page 80)

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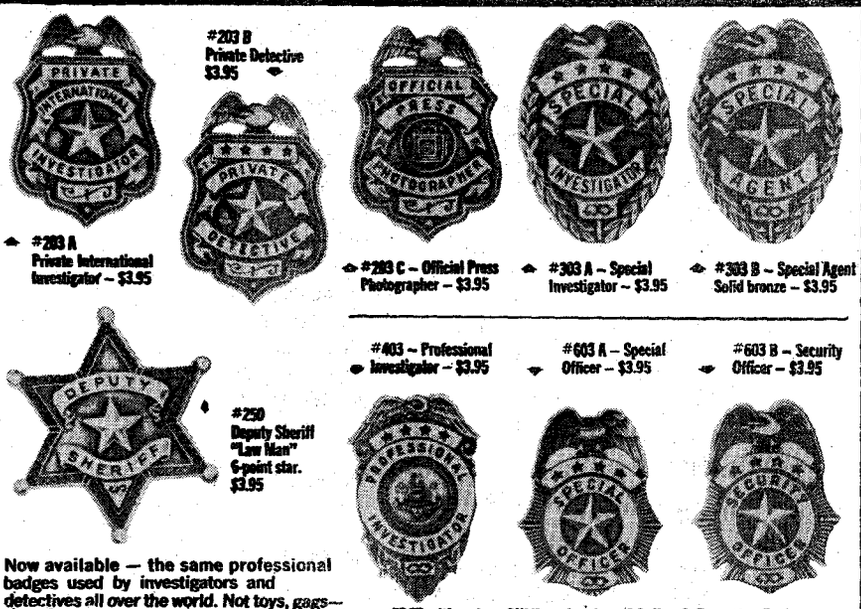

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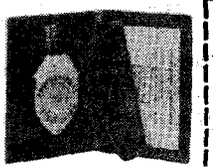

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MOTHER, GOODBYE

by W. W. Grapes

From author's collection.

Photo of the Dalton homestead about three miles northeast of Kingfisher, Oklahoma. This is the house where the three outlaw brothers came to bid their mother goodbye just before the Coffeyville raid. It stood for many years after the death of Mrs. Dalton, but it is gone now and the farm is no longer in the Dalton family.

What were old time badmen really like? Most of the tales told center around smoking guns, shootouts, and holdups. But frequently, he demonstrated a capacity for sentiment and concern for loved ones, that some of the law-abiding of today don't possess. His reputation was largely built on his ability to stay alive and out of jail, and required he live an "owlhoot" existence which kept him constantly on the move. Through it all some contact with the "folks" was usually maintained, and often, when overwhelmed by thoughts of the "green, green, grass of home", he threw all caution to the four winds...

A documented episode in the lives of three infamous outlaw brothers serves to illustrate this "back home urge". The three, after planning one of the boldest ventures in the history of American banditry, a double bank robbery, suddenly left their hideout with a common purpose in mind—to see their mother. For two of them it was a last farewell, the third wrote this account many years later.

"We reached mother's home late in the evening, just a little after dark. A short distance off we halted., held by an odd restraint. At the last moment we couldn't bring ourselves to go into the lighted house. It wasn't that we feared official vigilance, which might well have stood in the shadows of her house. No, it was a reluctance to hurt her with a swift futile visit. To arouse hopes we could not fulfill, to have no comforting answer for questions of maternal concern—no that would be too cruel. Better she should not know how close we were, her outlawed sons. For a moment we saw her in a distant window listening intently, as if she heard the passing hoofbeats."

Such was Bob and Grat Dalton's last salute to Adeline Dalton, the grand old lady who bore them. Emmett, the youngest was to survive the carnage at Coffeyville, with eighteen buckshots in his husky frame. Bob and Grat died with their boots on. But it was many months before mother Dalton back at her home near Kingfisher, Oklahoma I. T., learned that her three bad boys had come home to say goodbye. Dangerous, desperate men, they were—but not all bad. On his release from prison, Emmett Dalton, became a respected business man and useful citizen. In later years on the lecture platform, he became a champion of the adage "crime does not pay".

To some of the Robin Hoods of yesterday goes a little bit of respect, not for their dark deeds, but for the peculiar code of honor they lived by.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Pictorial History of the Wild West by James D. Horan and Paul Sann

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"MY 4 WINNING SYSTEMS"

Racing Editor about to Retire, now Reveals his Secrets of 45 Years at Track!

As you can see from my picture, I'm getting on in years. I've been a horseplayer all my adult life and still try to get down to the track daily.

I've spent over 45 years going to the track and in that time I've seen about every method of play said to be a winner. Some had good points, some just downright bad. There were a few really good ones that showed a consistent profit. I've spent my time thinking, analyzing, weighing every angle against the other, trying to dig up winning patterns. Figuring ways to profit from horseracing was and is a passion with me.

Yet, frankly, I've come up with very little that's good. If you average it out, I've only produced one real winning system for every 11 years I've spent at the track. Systems I've tried and discarded as worthless would make a mountain. The four systems that remained are consistent winners, tested and proven over many years.

Horseracing has been very good to me in enabling me to live a life of leisure. As I get older, I still want to keep my finger in the pie of horseracing, even when away from the track. I have always kept my methods of play to myself, except for a few close friends. With my retirement drawing near, I would like finally to impart my knowledge to my fellow horseplayer.

There is no such thing as one method of play for every horseplayer, thus you'll have a system to fit your individual taste and changing approach to racing. When you get my report and have any question at all, simply write and I'll answer you personally.

John Kearney

Famed Sports Editor, Publisher, Writer, Racehorse Owner, Consultant and Account Executive to Retire

New York, N.Y. — John Kearney who has an extensive writing, editing and publishing background in the area of sports, is about to retire. He was the racing sports editor of 'Police Gazette' and its Vice-President from 1935 to 1969.

His educational background has been at the University of Kentucky, in the field of Education.

Mr. Kearney has attended the track regularly since 1927. He has traveled the world extensively and been to almost every track in the world. He knows many 'in' people and most big-name owners and trainers. Some of his friends and people he has known include Uncle George Rowe, one of the world's great trainers, Colonel E. R. Bradley, owner of 5 Kentucky Derby winners, Isi 'Rip' Newborn, one of the greatest horseracing authorities, Eddie Arcaro, and the greatest jockey of all time, Earl Sande.

John Kearney

John Kearney's credentials are such that he has been issued a Pass to every race track in the country.

Over a period of over 45 years, Mr. Kearney has come up with four unique winning systems.

These are being revealed for the very first time in his own report entitled 'My Four Winning Systems.'

1 3-J SYSTEM

The 3-J System will open your eyes to a new world of racing. It is based on consistently working *principles and will get many winners* at excellent prices.

The 3-J System cuts through a *maze of hodge-podge and confusion.* It requires no prior *knowledge of handicapping* and advises you to forget what you know or what you think you know. Therefore, you do not need past performance charts for your selections.

It is based on a sound premise that holds true at all times. It *has all the important factors for* picking winners built into it, and eliminates confusion and perplexity.

2 WALL STREET SYSTEM

Horseplayers know that they *would make a fortune if they* could only get the 'inside dope' at the track.

Many successful players have connections to get the best information.

Even if you knew where to buy such information, it would cost much more than the average fan could afford to pay.

The Wall Street System will show you how to get this inside information ABSOLUTELY FREE.

In a few minutes, you'll see *what insiders are planning* to do in a given race. You'll be able to discern the secret, intelligent insider's hidden play.

3 DAILY DOUBLE & EXACTA SYSTEM

The Daily Double and Exacta are perhaps the most popular form of wagering — the lure lies in the promise of a large return for a small investment. Doubles and Exactas pay anywhere from $10 to several thousands for a $2 ticket.

The average horseplayer is *completely in the dark about intelligent methods of play and* trusts to luck.
Of course, anyone can win by betting and combining every horse. The secret is correct combinations, and these vary from race to race. I've devoted more effort on this system than any of my others because the success factors were more elusive.

4 DISCOVERY SYSTEM

This is the only System I have ever seen based on the intangible *and mysterious factors of horseracing.*

Inconsistency, strange as it *may seem, rather than consistency,* is the key here. In fact, to this day neither I nor anyone else can understand why it works, and it most assuredly does, which is *all that counts.*

When it's time to play the selection will stand out like a sore *thumb. The only thing you may* regret is the limited number of plays.

It took *me 20 years to see* what had been in front of my *nose all the time. I'll include* proof of the uncanny winning ability of this approach.

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- Ex-Vice President 'Police Gazette'
- Ex-Editor a Turf Magazine
- Writer - Author - Publisher
- Professional Handicapper
- Racehorse Owner
- Racing Consultant
- Consultant to Horse Owners
- Account Executive
- 45 Years Track Attendance
- Educator - Man in the Know

JOHN KEARNEY SYSTEM	3-J	Wall Street	Daily Double	Discovery
Needs Past Performance	NO	NO	NO	NO
Attendance at Track	NO	YES	NO	NO
Used at Flats or Harness	YES	YES	YES	YES
Time to Make Selection	2 to 3 minutes	2 to 3 minutes	4 to 5 minutes	10 seconds
Frequency of Play	Most Races	Most Races	Daily	Not Often

John Kearney, Suite 710-BD, 227 East 45 St., New York, N.Y. 10017

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. I have a wager that Horace Greeley originated the phrase "Go West, young man, go West." Am I right? V. Pinto, Decatur, Ala.
A. I'm so sorry—you are wrong. The phrase was originated by John B. L. Soule, editor of the Terre Haute EXPRESS, in 1851. Horace Greeley reprinted Soule's editorial which contained the phrase in his New York TRIBUNE. It has since been erroneously attributed to Greeley.

Q. In all the pictures I've seen, the Indians always look so grim. Did they have a sense of humor? B. Coyne, Quincy, Ill.
A. Yes, indeed. Of course, it wasn't the sophisticated humor prevalent on television or Broadway shows, but it reflected their life style and experiences. It consisted of an elemental sort of wit and the simplest type of punning.

Q. Would you explain the cruel practice of "eyeballing"? L. Senn, Ottumwa, Iowa.
A. "Eyeballing" was the cutting off of the upper eyelids of cattle, a reprehensible act resorted to occasionally in the brush country to prevent cattle from going back into the brush. Not being able to protect their eyes from the brush, the animals presumably were glad to stay in the open country.

Q. Is there a book on Negro cowboys? O. Glover, Jackson, Miss.
A. Yes, a very good one, named THE NEGRO COWBOYS, by Philip Durham and Everett L. Jones, illustrated, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1965.

Q. I'm glad to see that you are receiving and answering questions about Western movie stars. How about my favorite, Gene Autry? B. Crewe, Hutchinson, Kansas.
A. Gene Autry, one of the greatest successes in motion picture history, was born in Tioga, Texas on September 29, 1907. Quit high school in 1925 to work as a telegraph operator. Transferred to Oklahoma as a dispatcher, where he met Will Rogers, who advised him to try show business. Performed on a radio station in Tulsa. Was later featured on "National Barn Dance". Made many recordings and personal appearances. First cinema appearance was in Ken Maynard's movies. It was upward from then on. Career postponed in 1942 when he joined Air Transport Command in World War II. Roy Rogers replaced him. Came back and resumed successful career, branching out into television. More or less retired in 1960. Reputed to be worth fifty million dollars, Gene devotes his time to his enterprises, which include real estate, oil wells, radio stations, newspapers, theatres, recording firms and a variety of other interests. In 1961 he became part owner of a major league ball club, the Los Angeles Angels. The town of Autry, Oklahoma is named in his honor.

Q. Who was the bad man known as "The law west of the Pecos"? C. Corr, Grand Forks, N.D.
A. That was Roy Bean (1825-1903), but he wasn't really a bad man—I mean, not the bank-robbing, gun-slinging type of bad man. Of course, you probably wouldn't invite him into your parlor for tea, either. Roy was born in Kentucky, ran a trading post in Mexico, adventured in California, and finally landed in Vinegaroon, Texas, which he renamed Langtry, because of his infatuation with the famous actress Lily Langtry. Roy became Justice of the Peace, administering questionable justice from his saloon, the outside of which flaunted the sign, "Law West of the Pecos".

Q. I am looking for information about Chief Phillip Hawk of the Leni-Lenape tribe. He may have been born in the early 1800's, and had two brothers, Joseph and Godfrey. Their village was Chintewink, where Phillipsburg, N. J. now stands. O. Olson, Scottsdale, Ariz.
A. I'm sorry, our library reveals nothing about this chief. I suggest that you write to the Historical Society of Phillipsburg, N. J., which may (assuming he was prominent locally) have the information you desire. In the meantime, any of our readers who have information on Chief Phillip, please contact this column. Your answer will be published promptly.

Q. Did the Indians use narcotics? P. Herlihy, Austin, Minn.
A. Yes, most tribes used narcotics, primarily for their medicinal effect, but the undesirable physical results were presumably from unintentional overdosages and were not planned. A Mexican tribe used a certain mushroom, the Teonanacatl, as a remedy for fever and gout. An early missionary priest, Fray Bernardino do Sahagun, wrote that it was bitter and caustic and "...makes one besotted; it deranges one...it saddens, depresses, troubles one; it makes one hide. He who eats many of them sees many things which make him afraid, or make him laugh. He flees, hangs himself, hurls himself from a cliff, cries out, takes fright." The Aztec narcotic, derived from a wild morning glory, had substantially the same effect. Peyote, from a cactus, was used by American Indians of the Southwest as a pain killer. It was chewed for application to large wounds, fractures and snakebite. The Kansas and Potawatomi tribes used it for rheumatism and paralysis, and adventuresome individuals consumed it because of its ability to effect visions. The Tonkawas used the seeds of Sophora speciosa, a shrub growing in Texas, as an intoxicant, producing delirious exhilaration followed by a long sleep.

Q. Just what were the "longhorns" and can you recommend a book about them? Q. Calihan, Lansing, Mich.
A. The longhorns were the early cattle of Texas, descended from the Spanish cattle imported to the region. They were so-called because of the truly enormous spread of their horns. An excellent book on the subject is THE LONGHORNS, by J. Frank Dobie, published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1941. The term is also sometimes used to describe a native Texan.

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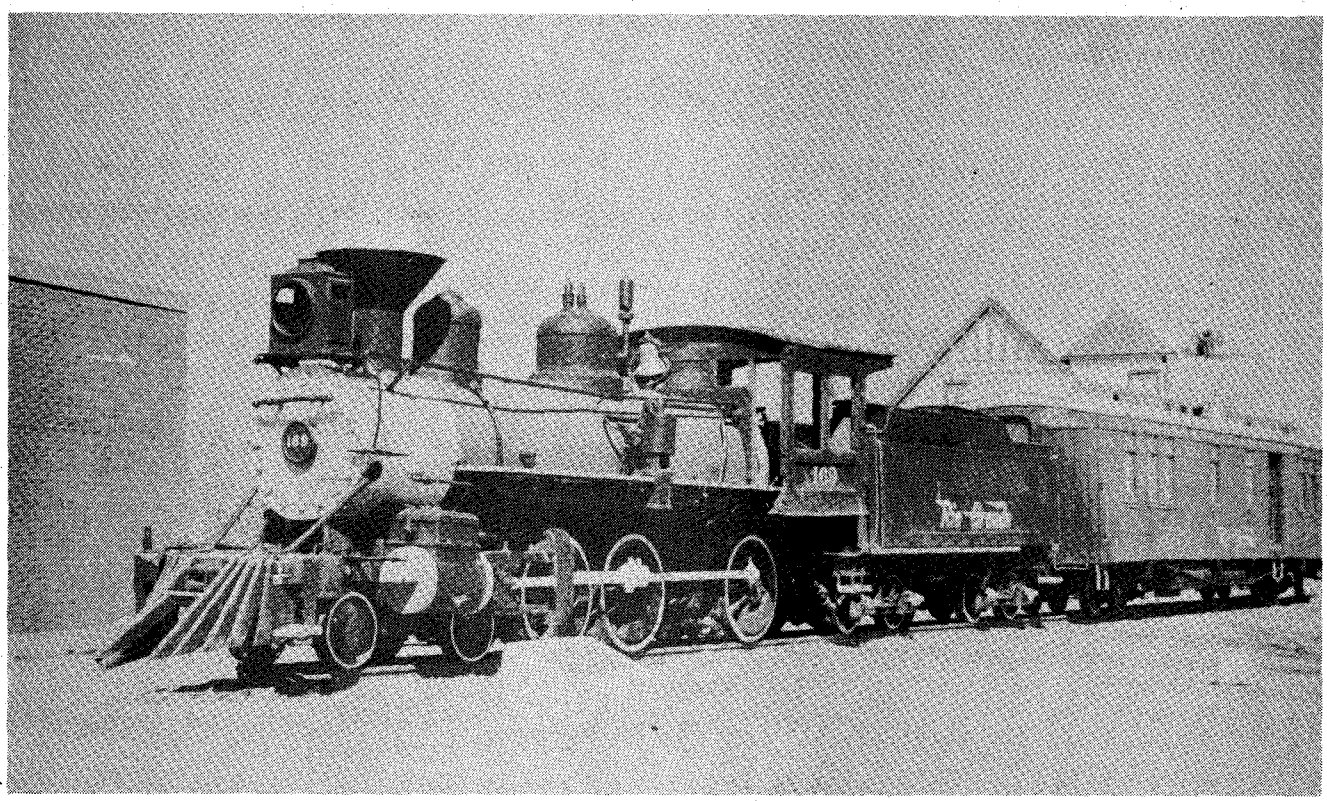
TOLTEC RAILROAD

(continued from page 69)

Denver & Rio Grande narrow gauge engine on display at Alamosa, Colorado, February 1971



Cy Martin Photo

City, and on the outskirts of town, they picked up "Curly Dog" Dave Morrow and called in a body on Mayor A. B. Webster. The mayor quickly saw the error of his ways and promised to ease up in his riding herd on Luke Short.

Following World War II the Silverton Train was luckily rediscovered by an avalanche of tourists. Al Perlman who was General Manager for the Rio Grande was known throughout Colorado as "The Butcher Boy." He had a policy of ruthless elimination of unprofitable operations and wanted to completely abandon all narrow gauge operations on the Rio Grande. The Silverton Train was in constant jeopardy as accountants ran wild, but the trickle of tourists became a torrent. Space was sold out weeks in advance and motorists with the sole objective of Durango clogged the highways for weeks on end in the summers. The Silverton operation turned substantial, if not gaudy, profits and the fame of the narrow gauge train gave vitality to the entire economy of the countryside.

But Perlman and the accountants completely butchered the "San Juan." On the snowy evening of January 31, 1951, at 11:30 p.m. D. & R. G. W.'s locomotive #488, its pilot plow packed with snow, quietly and without fanfare pulled eight tiny passenger cars into the station at Alamosa. History was quietly being made, as this was the final run of the regularly scheduled passenger service on the nation's first narrow gauge line. The public utilities commission authorized permanent discontinuance of this, the nation's last luxury "name" train operating on narrow gauge rails. During the ensuing years, spasmodic freight service was continued and a number of special passenger excursions were made in which the train was chartered by civic and rail-fan enthusiasts.

But even all this came to an end when engine #484 pulled a long string of coaches into Alamosa on the early evening of Sunday, October 9, 1963 and the D. & R. G. W. coldly announced the final train of any type now had rolled on the San Juan extension. There would be no more!

Slowly it dawned on the citizens of both Colorado and New Mexico this must not happen. Something wonderful and irreplaceable was disappearing. The narrow gauge was once the lifeline of Western Colorado. Quickly, an organization was formed called "Save The Narrow Gauge," and contributions poured in. Both the state governments of Colorado and New Mexico finally took action and money was appropriated. The two states purchased the sixty-four miles of track from Antonito to Chama from the D. & R. G. W. at salvage prices.

Volunteers donated their work in clearing rock and debris from the right-of-way. Two locomotives were refurbished and before a wildly cheering crowd at the historic depot at Chama on Labor Day of 1970, the first train to cross Cumbres in several years arrived from Antonito. A new railroad was born, named the "Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad."

Today the C. & T. S. R. R. operates in the summer over the most spectacular remnant of the Denver and Rio Grande's narrow gauge system: the one which once linked Denver with the fabulous gold and silver mines in the San Juan Mountains Basin. ●**RW**

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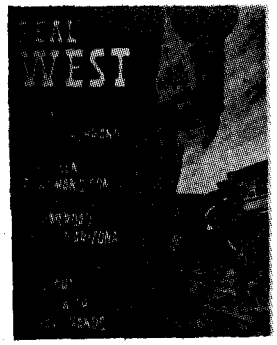


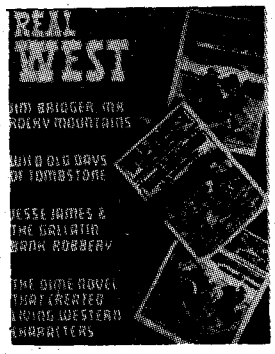
SEPT.,1971

Jim Lane, Kansas Firebrand

George Bent, Owl Woman's Son

The Railroad Comes To Arizona

He Caught Wolves With His Bare Hands



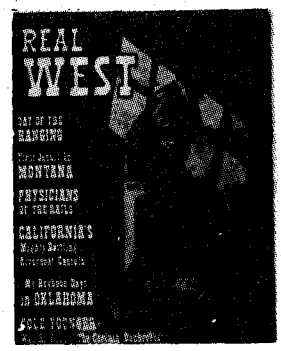
OCT., 1971

Jim Bridger, Mr. Rocky Mountains

Wild Old Days Of Tombstone

Jesse James & The Gallatin Bank Robbery

The Dime Novel That Created Living Western Characters



NOV., 1971

Day Of The Hanging

First Jesuit In Montana

Physicians Of The Rails

California's Mighty Battling Riverboat Captain

"My Boyhood Days in Oklahoma"

DEC , 1971

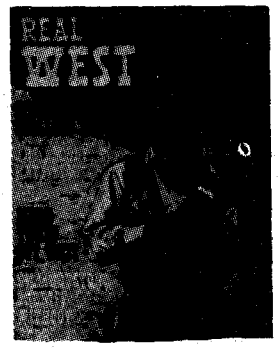
Boone Helm Man-Beast of the Frontier

The Man Who Took Custer's Place

Boone Helm Man-Beast of the Frontier

The Mysterious Message

More Facts Revealed Jesse James' Death



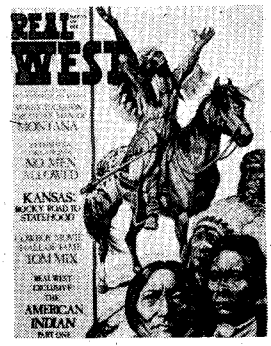
JAN , 1972

Escape of the Stallion King

The Bloody Hayfield Fight

Mark Twain Out West

Bill Houston - Sheriff Without Fear



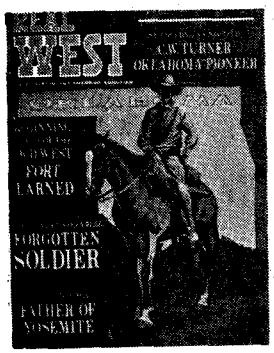
MARCH, 1972

Sidney Edgerton-Forgotten Man of Montana

Bethsheba, Oklahoma--No Men Allowed

Kansas: Rocky Road to Statehood

Cowboy Movie Hall of Fame--Tom Mix



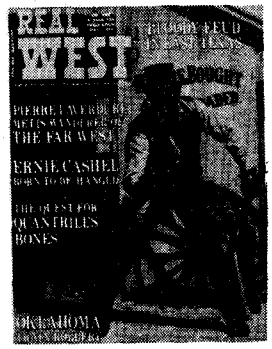
APRIL, 1972

Beginning Forts of the Old West--Fort Larned

Lieutenant Sternberg--Forgotten Soldier.

James Hutchings, Father of Yosemite

C.W.Turner--Oklahoma Pioneer



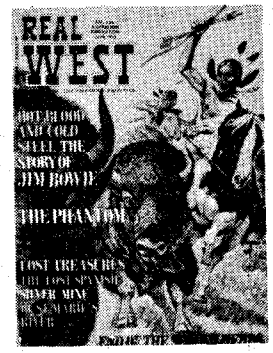
MAY, 1972

Pierre Laverdure--Metis Wanderer of the Far West

Ernie Cashel--Born to be Hanged

The Quest for Quantrill's Bones

Oklahoma Train Robbery



JUNE, 1972

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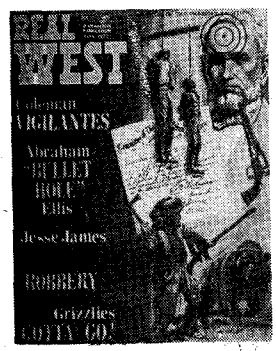
Lost Treasures-The Lost Spanish Silver Mine of St. Marie's River

End of the Shaggy Herds



AUG., 1972

Coleman of the Vigilantes

Abraham "Bullet-hole" Ellis

Jesse James and the Liberty Bank Robbery

The Grizzlies Gotta go

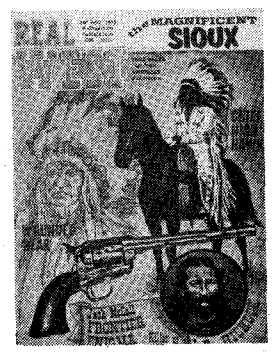
SEPT., 1972

Tom Horn - Lawman & Outlaw

Red Power - The Ponca Trail of Tears

Standing Bear -

Zane Grey - Man of the West



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AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

the chest, move them up and down.
LIE or to speak with a forked tongue. Bring two fingers of the right hand to the mouth. Point to the left and past the mouth.
LISTEN—Hold four fingers of the right hand cupped near the right ear. Turn the hand slightly back and forth.
MEET—Hold one finger of each hand opposite each other and pointing upward. Bring the hands towards each other until tips of fingers meet.

SEE—Bring two fingers of the right hand opposite the eye, then point in the direction looking.
SEIZE—Move the open hands out in front of the body. Close them briskly and draw them towards the body as if seizing something.
SHAKE HANDS—Clasp hands in front of the body.
SILENT—Place the tips of the fingers right hand, over the lips, and incline the head slightly to the front.
SUPERIOR—as one person over the other. Extend the index fingers of each hand side by side, pointing up, one a little higher than the other. The highest representing the superior one.
TASTE—Touch the tip of the tongue with the finger of the right hand.
TELL ME or TALK to me. Place the open right hand with palm up in front of the mouth, then draw it towards the lips with a jerk.
TRUE—or to speak the truth. Hold one finger of the right hand with the back up under the chin, close to the neck. Move the index finger straight to the front.
UP—Point upward with the right index finger.
WANT—Hold the right hand close to the chin, the fingers enclosed in a semi circle. Move the fingers slightly downward, outwards and upward.
WORK—Bring the hands held flat in front of the body, holding them edgewise a few inches apart. The right hand should be a little higher than the left hand to indicate working.
YES—Hold the right hand back, in front of the right breast the height of the shoulder. Point the index finger upward keep the other fingers closed.
YOU—Point the index finger of the right hand at the person indicated.

 ●RW

MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 73)

"SOLDIER BLUE" INDIAN BATTLE HISTORICALLY CORRECT

Editor:

A reader of yours wrote in concerning a question of what Indian massacre was supposed to have taken place in 1864 as portrayed in the motion picture, "Soldier Blue". As a screen writer, I realize sometimes dramatic license is taken which, while enhancing the story, may distort history somewhat, but such was not the case with your reader. The movie, "Soldier Blue", concerns the Sand Creek Massacre which did indeed take place in 1864. Had your reader stayed through to the final credits he would have seen an epilogue which explained this.

Yours truly,

Lee Kaplan
1901 Yucca Ave.
Fullerton, California
92632

LOOKING FOR ANCESTORS NAMED PIEARCE

Dear Sir:

Having been a reader of your fine magazine for a few years, I would like to congratulate you on some outstanding fine articles. Articles of the old West have really been an exciting part of life.

I would like to hear from anyone that is related to a PIEARCE, that is spelled with an added "a" in the middle. I am from Dallas, Texas and don't know that much of my father's side. The only other PIEARCE'S I know are related to me, but there are only three of them. I was told that my great grandfather came from Germany and by the time he had reached Texas, he had been married seven times and had children by all seven wives. I would appreciate any information that any reader might be able to supply.

Thank you,

David E. Piearce
1720 Capitol Ave.
Sacramento, California
95814

●RW

ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ

(continued from page 39)

but the people aboard the vessel had already spotted him and were lowering a boat. When they reached him Swaney implored them to leave him be, but being rescue minded they hauled him to safety. In a fit of weakness he confessed to the sailors that he was a deserter, and upon learning this they feared the consequence of harboring him and took him back to the army commander on Angel Island.

Having dicarded most of his clothing including his shoes this water soaked swimmer at first refused to identify himself to the commander as a military man saying he had capsized while out for a sail. The officer, already suspicious, refused to believe his story and said he would wait him out until he told the truth. Swaney eventually fainted from exhaustion and the exposure to the cold depths in which he had battled the seas for five hours. Shivering like a shaking leaf and completely bushed the man from Alcatraz finally gave in and confessed. The Commander immediately took him to his nearby quarters, fed and warmed Swaney with stimulants and a fire, then gave him warm clothing.

Next day he was taken back to Alcatraz Island on the steamer McPherson to start his trial for desertion. Later Swaney told officials that he had seen both of his comrades get ashore in the bay, though Frank was never seen or heard of again. King carefully cut the story from the newspaper headed: "A FOUR MILE SWIM — A Desperate Swim for Life and Liberty!" and carefully folded it into his wallet. Here he mused would be something to show his grandchildren, and tell them how he had braved a real stormy sea to escape the harsh tyranny of army life.

King did not know that he was one of the very few who escaped from the "Rock", as Alcatraz became known in the twentieth century. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE: "The San Francisco Bay," by John Wilson, San Francisco 1908; "The Portland Transcript" Portland Maine October 24, 1868. "San Francisco Bulletin," same month and year.

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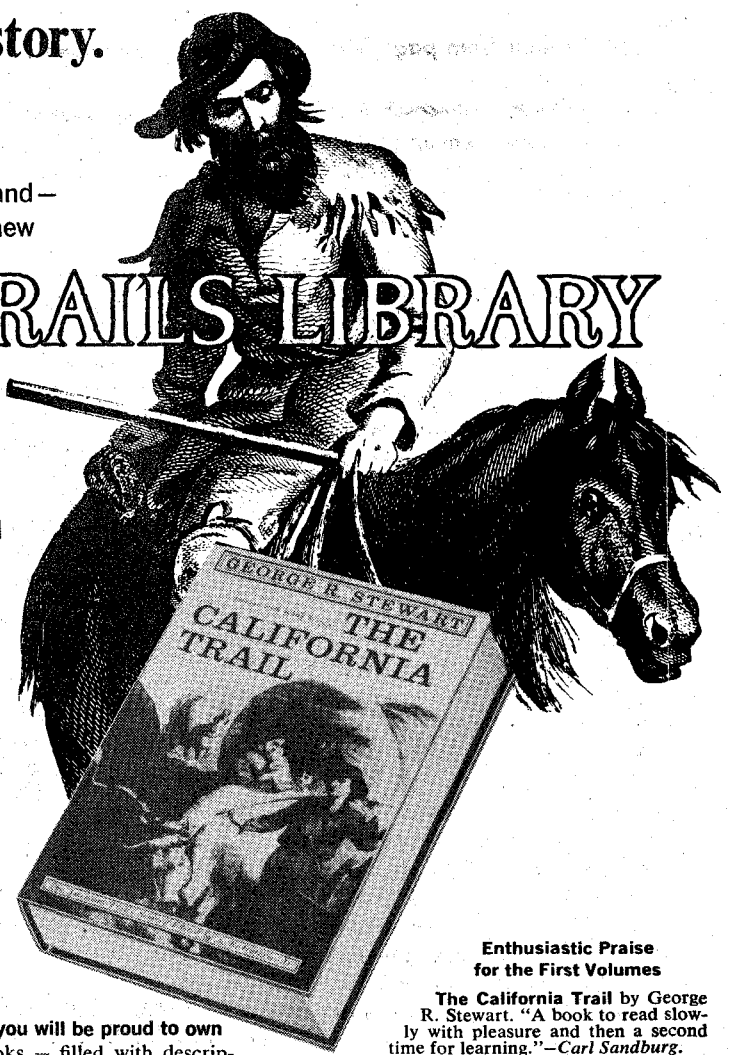

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Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR – SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

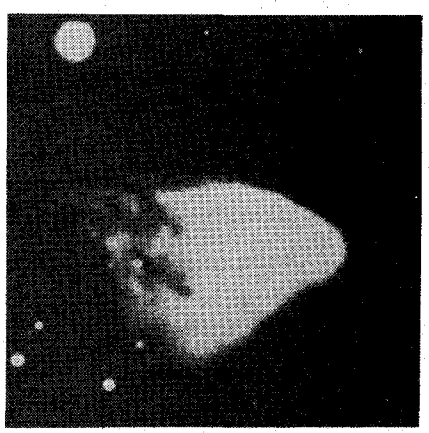
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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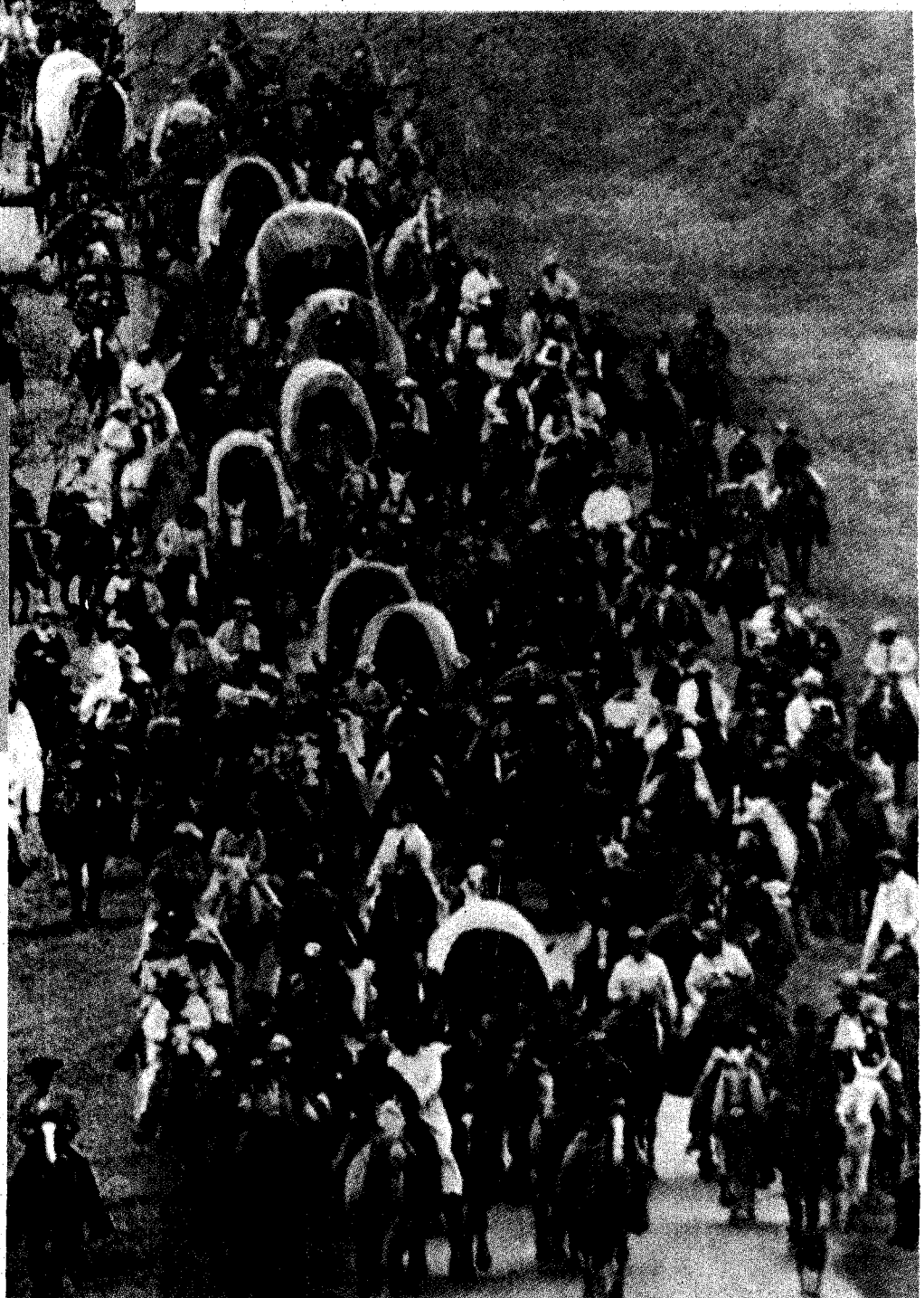

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